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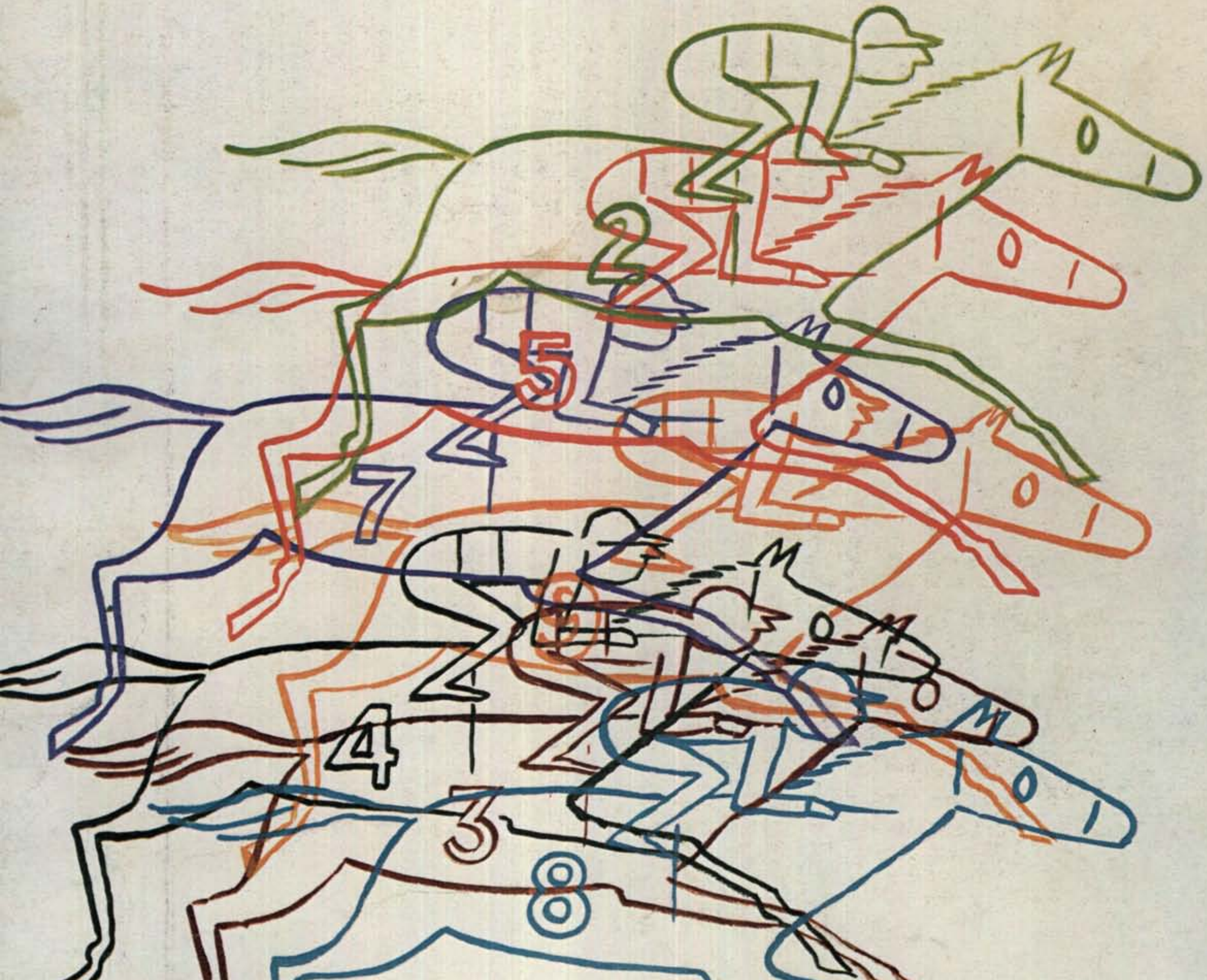

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Jim Galate

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abelard and Heloise—A London play by Ronald Millar, suggested by Helen Waddell's novel "Peter Abelard" and the letters of Heloise and Abelard. Diana Rigg and Keith Michell head a cast directed by Robin Phillips. Opens Wednesday, March 10. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AC/DC—A London import by Heathcote Williams, directed by John Hirsch. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Acrobats and Line—A brace of one-acters by Israel Horovitz. "Line," by far the longer of the two, is a comedy with sad and grim undertones about a group of people jockeying for position in a line that goes nowhere. The characters are droll and the actors—Michael Del Medico, John Randolph, John Cazale, Richard Dreyfuss, and Ann Wedgeworth—do them full justice. The curtain-raiser is a brief, alarming skit about a pair of acrobats. James Hammerstein was the director. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A tiresomely old-fashioned family melodrama by Paul Zindel, starring Julie Harris, Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, Rae Allen, and Bill Macy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

Father's Day—Brenda Vaccaro in a play by Oliver Hailey. Donald Moffat is the director. Previews through Monday, March 15. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 16. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Four on a Garden—Four primitive blackout skits of painful ineptitude, starring Carol Channing and Sid Caesar, who look properly astonished and dismayed. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—A sad play about a middle-aged alcoholic entertainer. Because its author is Neil Simon it is full of gags, many of them funny. The cast, which includes Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen, is superior. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, satiric, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, March 10, at 2. Extra performance Thursday, March 18, at 10:30 A.M.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—You will either like Peter Brook's interpretation of Shakespeare's wedding masque very much, or you will detest it; no middle ground on which the wild thyme blows. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Wednesday through Friday at 7:20, and Saturday at 1:50 and 7:20. Moves on Tuesday, March 16, to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., ST 3-2434, where performances will be given Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday at 7:30, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 27.)

The Philanthropist—Christopher Hampton's

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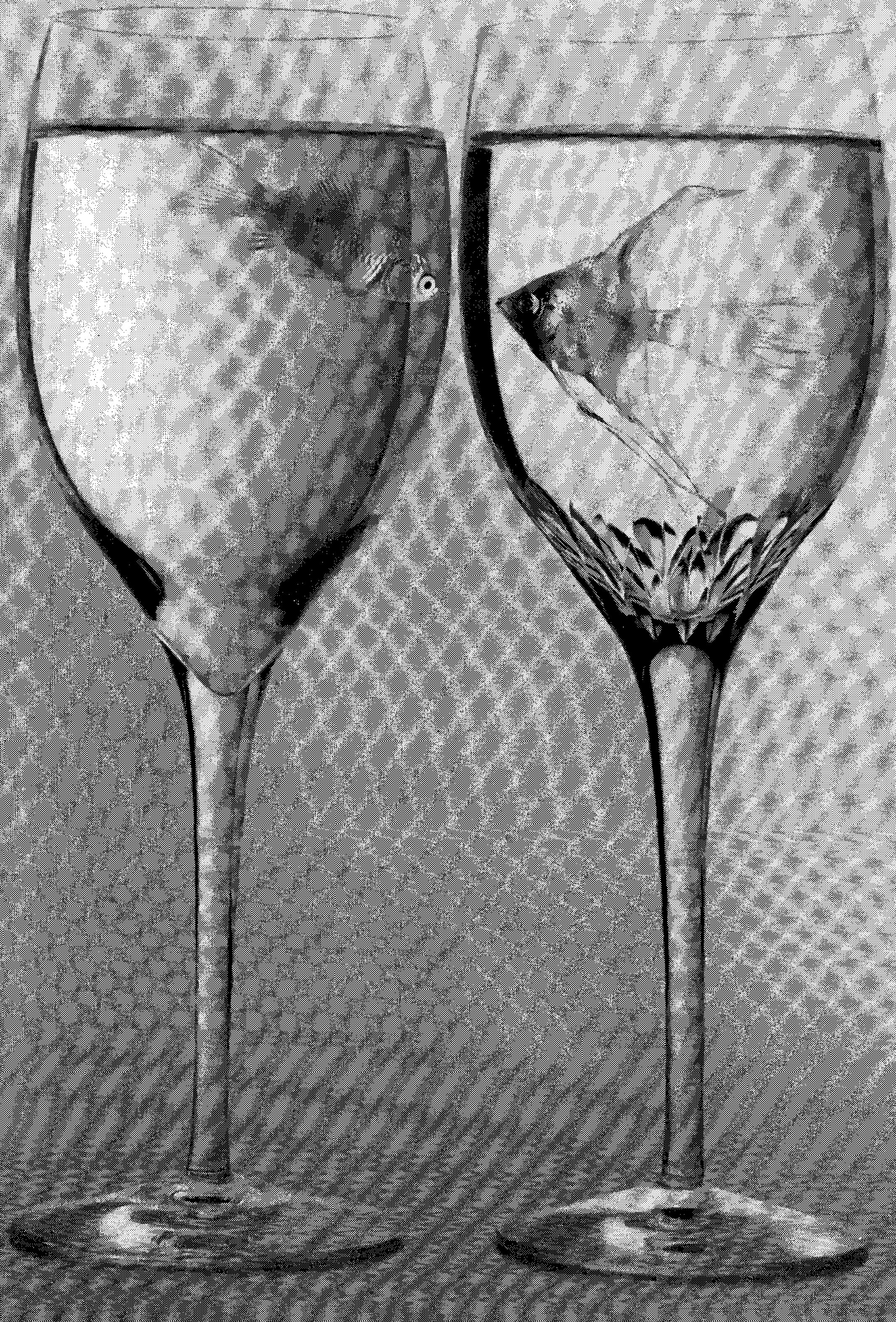

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

London comedy, with Alec McCowen, Jane Asher, and Victor Spinetti. Robert Kidd is the director. Previews Thursday through Sunday, March 11-14. Opens officially on Monday, March 15. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pinkville—A play by George Tabori, with music by Stanley Walden. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's **AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE** will be the third in this season's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, March 10. Opens officially on Thursday, March 11, at 7, and will run through Sunday, April 18. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: An entertaining production of Harold Pinter's early, funny, scary play, **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**, with Betty Field. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Friday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

The School for Wives—A competent revival, in a translation by Richard Wilbur, of Molière's depiction of a raving, staving sexist. Brian Bedford is the star. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Slag—This offering, by the young English dramatist David Hare, may be a try at a satire on British society, or it may be just an eccentric, often puzzling comedy about three schoolmistresses. Whatever, there are many entertaining moments, and the performance, under Roger Hendricks Simon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. With Roberta Maxwell. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

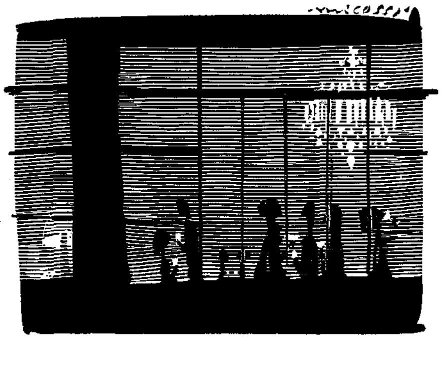
Story Theatre—A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed by Paul Sills. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—**A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Saturday, March 13.... **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is quite good, though not all it might be, and she is given rather weak support by the rest of the cast. Monday through Saturday, March 15-20. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Uncle Vanya—The Roundabout Theatre's production of Chekhov's play. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays—except Thursday, March 11—and Sundays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Blood—A musical conceived and directed by Doug Dyer, with text and music a collaboration of the Blood Company. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Day in the Life of Just About Everyone—A musical by Earl Wilson, Jr., starring him and June Gable. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Earthlight—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 14.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Survival of St. Joan—A rock opera, with a book and lyrics by James Lineberger and music by Hank and Gary Ruffin. (Anderson, 66 Second Ave., at 4th St. 228-5737. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 7:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Tarot—An entertainment of mime and folk-rock music. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Stephen, taking his ashplant from its leaning-place, followed them out and, as they went down the ladder, pulled to the slow iron door and locked it. He put the huge key in his inner pocket. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** At the foot of the ladder Buck Mulligan asked: —Did you bring the key? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —I have it, Stephen said, preceding them. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** The heir presumptive, the very William Walter Elliot, Esq., whose rights had been so generously supported by her father, had disappointed her. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** She had, while a very young girl, as soon as she had known him to be, in the event of her having no brother, the future baronet, meant to marry him; and her father had always meant that she should. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** —He had not been known to them as a boy; but soon after Lady Elliot's death, Sir Walter had sought the acquaintance; and though his overtures had not been met with any warmth, he had persevered in seeking it, making allowance for the modest drawing back of youth; and, in one of their spring excursions to London, when Elizabeth was in her first bloom, Mr. Elliot had been forced into the introduction. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a

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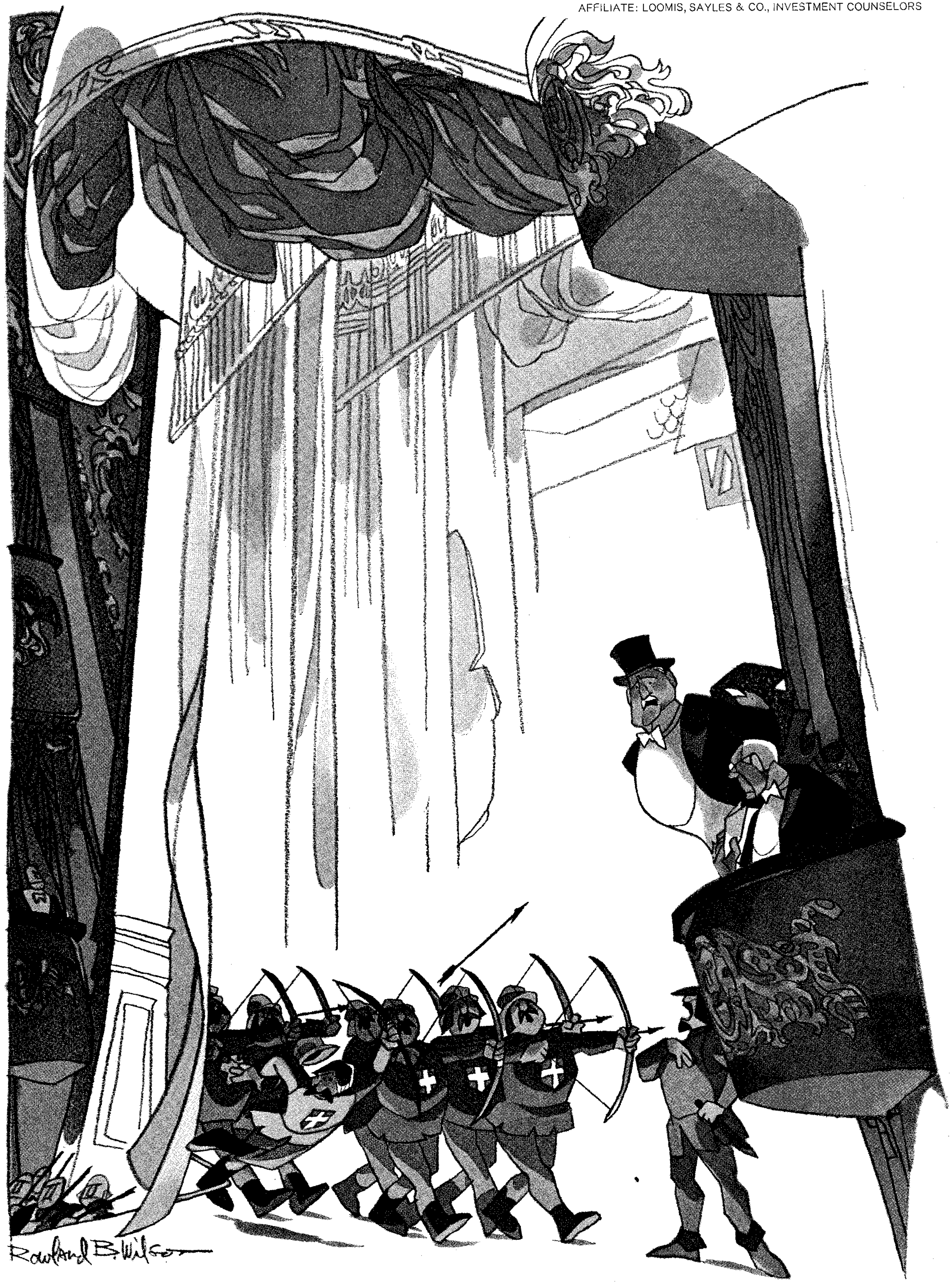

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refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Moves on Wednesday, March 17, to the ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W., 246-6270. Tuesdays, except March 16, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 10, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Valentine" (première), "Confetti," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: "Moves," "Abyss," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Valentine," "Abyss," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Moves," "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 2:30: "Olympics," "Confetti," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "Reflections," and "Astarte."... ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 8: "Trinity," "Abyss," and "Astarte."... ¶ Wednesday, March 17, at 8: "Olympics," "Secret Places," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "The Still Point," and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Reflections," "Abyss," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 28.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—End of a winter series of appearances by nine companies. **DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM.** Wednesday, March 10, at 2: "Design for Strings," "Biosfera," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fête Noire."... ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "Fête Noire," "Fun and Games," and "Rhythmetron."... **ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY.** Wednesday, March 10, at 8, and Saturday, March 13, at 2:30: "Lords of Persia," "Naked Leopard," "Black Lake," and "Of Love."... **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY.** Thursday, March 11, and Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Jibe," "Air Antique," "Cahoots," "Implex" (première), "Tristan, Isolde, Aida, Hansel and Gretel" (première), "Earthling," and "Slouching Toward Bethlehem." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

MISCELLANY

Mask & Wig Show—A musical, "Who's Whom," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 18-20, at 8:30. For tickets, call 524-6366.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A folk-rock fivesome known as the New Seekers performs through Sunday, March 14. Singer-guitarist Tony Joe White, who sings about people and their activities in a country-Southern way, arrives on Wednesday, March 17. Tuesdays are a different bag, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Monday, March 15.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—The jazz in this congenial spot can be in the foreground or background, depending on how you listen. Hal Galper will be on electric piano and Victor Gaskin on bass through Saturday, March 13. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Character by character, Barney Josephson, inventor of Café Society, Uptown as well as Downtown, is restoring life as it was then as he brings back the ones who lived there; i.e., Mary Lou Williams, typing out (she uses the ten-finger method) her concise history of the jazz piano on a most amiable instrument, accompanied by Michael Fleming on bass, from eight to one, but not on Sundays; and Sammy Price, the boogie-woogie specialist, on Sundays, from seven to twelve. Long life to this life!

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, friendly sort of place where the jazz guitar has been getting its best exposure in New York. George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are playing twin instruments Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. The cooking is Southern.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Consistency is one of the virtues of the easy-swinging quartet led by tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims. His sidemen are Ross Tompkins, Victor Sproles, and Mousey Alexander. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing is around Fridays through Sundays. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

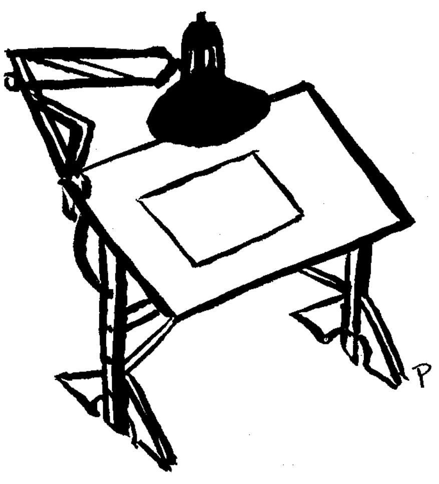
Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Jazz pianist Eddie Thompson, who can give the illusion of raising the rafters when he wants, plays solo on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. His accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Some like it straight, which is the way the band in this Dixieland headquarters plays it. The bandsmen: Jimmy McPartland, Oliver Jackson, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—A new establishment with soft lights and quietly with-it surroundings. Cecil Young is on piano, assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums, and when Mr. Young is *not* playing piano, he may be up and around the room singing scat like nobody's business. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul-food dinners.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia raised to the tenth power. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully played. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody is supposed to show a kind of fraternal-organization jolliness, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.



Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. Guitarist Larry Coryell leads his quartet until Tuesday, March 16, when drummer Elvin Jones brings in a foursome. Music from nine until closing. Closed Mondays.

Village Gaslight, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Dingy surroundings here, but some of the performers make the scene bearable. Comic Richard Pryor performs through Monday, March 15. Blues singer Bukka White takes over on Wednesday, March 17. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers onstage.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, Billy Taylor's sure-fingered, sure-headed trio entertains, except on Mondays, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: A jazz-and-pop policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Through Thursday, March 11, Joe Beck Control and Glory River; Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, Joe Beck Control and Soulosophy; Tuesday through Thursday, March 16-18, NRBQ, guitarist Susan Hoover, and the Luther Johnson Blues Band; Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, NRBQ and Simpson. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist McCoy Tyner will lead his active quintet through Sunday, March 14. On Tuesday, March 16, tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson, who can get fairly *avant* when he wants, will bring in his sextet. Mondays are reserved for the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with skill and vigor. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—French history made easy, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and adequate dancing (from nine-thirty to three or four). Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu, except on Sundays, when only couscous is available. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—"What is *this* place supposed to be?" said the tourist. "Obviously, it is supposed to be a re-creation of something old and Egyptian," said his wife. They danced and danced, and when they got back home they told all their friends about it. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by some Latins named Los Vegas. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a glittery brass bar, a non-glittery bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with Holy Modal Rounders (Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays) or with Freeway (Fridays and Saturdays). Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—*Savoir faire, savoir danser*—this shiny downstairs den is marked by civility and contemporaneity. Large drinks and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Antonio Santaella's flamencan troupe is small indeed, but the manner in which this young man's feet fly out from under him makes up for everything. The rest of the evening is jolly, roly-poly Bertha Dupuy, a Cubana who is a pleasure for as long as she hews to strictly Latin lyrics. This castle keep is in session every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), colloquial Latin (French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese) streams across the tapes (some of the best tapes in town, in fact), with enough instrumentation for those who would dance as well as listen. From nine to four every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The training camp for the Temptations, whose nine miles of roadwork every night are done in full view of the audience. The Temptations sing sturdily as they go. On Thursday, March 18, James Brown will take over from them, to sing with a controlled frenzy all his own. Slappy White and Steve Rossi will arrive the same evening, but let not their tried-and-true (or is it tired-and-true?) jests deter you. Twice a night, and never an idle night in this den. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is appropriate music, night after night, by characters calling themselves the Companions and the Wonderful World of Charlie Brown.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The Save Our Environment movement attains a sort of climax in **LA FORÊT,** a Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of music. Phil Wayne's quartet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, and a brace of other small bands make sure that there is dancing from eight until two, after which the tunes come by pipeline. Only Tuesday through Saturday, or not quite enough of a good thing. . . . ¶ The adjacent **CAFÉ** goes its calm way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** at nine and eleven-thirty, Abbe Lane, a big, strong girl, delivers her piratical purrs in the old mating-call manner, just as though she'd never heard of Women's Lib. The band run by Burt Farber, which is full of light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble **EDWARDIAN ROOM.** . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Pie in the sky, and Beef Wellington, too, and *fraises des bois*. For the roving ear, the management has provided Louis Prima and his followers (Sam Butera and the Witnesses) to make clamorous music during dinner and supper. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and dancing commences at eight.

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ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero is the starting quarterback in the **MAISONETTE,** and the special maneuvers that are best accomplished to the Latin music of his band can be seen (to advantage) and/or participated in. The resourceful band of Hal Turner does the rest of the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE,** which is designed for non-levitating diners, there is sedate piano from around eight right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** the pre-theatre buffet (five-thirty until seven-thirty) likewise gets a piano background, and after ten the prepossessing twosome of Jason & Maryhazel lightly turn their thoughts to ballads of much more than saving grace. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** at dinner and supper, Louis Armstrong engages in heated colloquys with his favorite horn, which he treats in his old Deep South, Rebel-rousing fashion. He and his band sign off on Saturday, March 13. Ten o'clock on Tuesday, March 16, will bring on Peggy Lee, whose almost unique belief it is that gentle persuasion is all one needs to make a ballad come alive. Thenceforward, she will sing during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

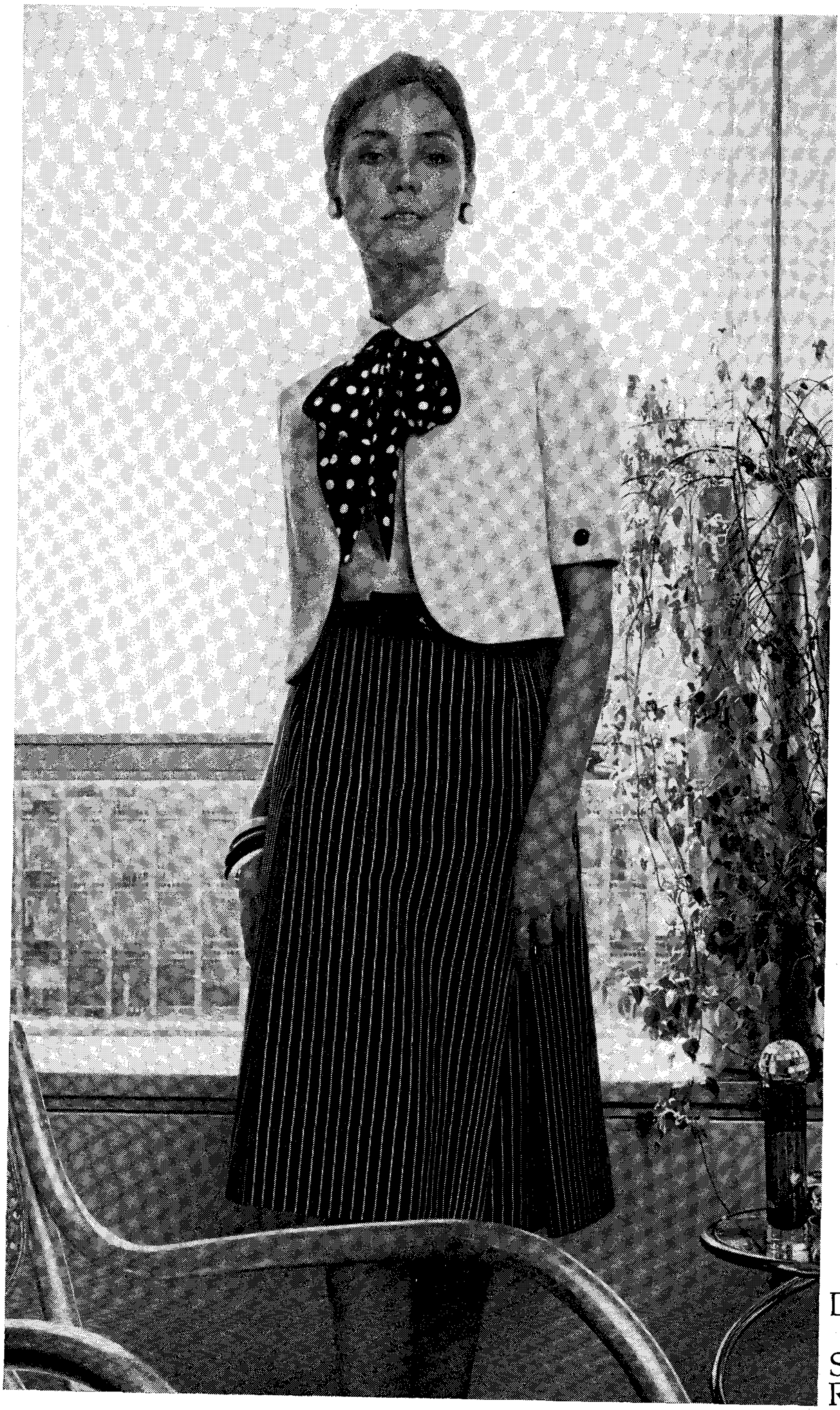
CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens, the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): By reason of a sudden change in plan, it is Jackie Vernon, latter-day Hamlet, who occupies the podium, emitting an entertaining to-be-or-not-to-be soliloquy. He departs on Saturday, March 13. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, looking its very best, and kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm, and *amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Greta Keller, whose arias often remind us of May evenings in the open-air *heuriger* taverns of Grinzing, ends her brief return to America on Saturday, March 13. On Monday, March 15, George Feyer comes back to the piano of this exemplary restaurant. No music Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life. Among the strollers along the Way is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Rudy Barron. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers

but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Port of call on a little-known island. People waiting for the weekly mail steamer can hear Wayne Sanders reminiscing at his piano about gone but not forgotten days. He sits up fairly late. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE**, 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): A trimmed but not at all tattered account of "Cabaret," that stalwart Broadway musical, is in the hands of a good little parcel of actor-singers, set right in the middle of dining-room tables. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, and again at eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Jo Baer—Minimal paintings done in 1962 and 1963; through April 14. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Bruce Beasley—Cast-Lucite sculptures by a West Coast artist; through Wednesday, March 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Virginia Berresford—Watercolors, mostly of Maine and Martha's Vineyard, and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 13. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Callahan—Paintings of nature with symbolic overtones, and drawings of landscapes and creatures; starting Monday, March 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist; through March 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony DeBlasi—Paintings stressing color; through March 25. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Delvaux and Paul Wunderlich—Paintings by the former, a Belgian Surrealist who specializes in mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings, and paintings and gouaches, some of nudes, by the latter, a German Surrealist; through Saturday, March 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Twenty-three drawings, some with color, by this West Coast artist; through April 1. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Laddie John Dill—Settings created by tubes of colored lights; through Saturday, March 20. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleade Enders—Realistic paintings of American subjects; through Saturday, March 20. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Flavin—Compositions of fluorescent lights; through April 1. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Works by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases; through April 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joel Goldblatt—Still-lifes in simplified handling; through April 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Gordon—The artist's first one-man show of realistic still-lifes and figures; starting Saturday, March 13. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sante Graziani—Paintings and graphics based on Old Masters, by the head of an art school in Massachusetts; through March 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Gussow—Polished-bronze and stainless-steel abstract sculptures; through March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Harvey (1916-67)—School of Paris oil paintings, pastels, and drawings of nudes, still-lifes, and interiors by an American expatriate; through Thursday, March 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Carl Heidenreich (1901-65)—A selection of paintings covering the career of this German Expressionist, who worked in the United States after 1941; starting Monday, March 15. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

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Clinton Hill—Romantic color abstractions that emphasize texture and transparency; through March 27. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Jamison—More paintings of Maine and Pennsylvania; through March 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lester Johnson—Paintings that apply Abstract Expressionist principles in figurative compositions; through March 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Six satiric figure sculptures made of painted canvas; through Saturday, March 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Betty Klavun—Painted- or welded-aluminum abstractions; starting Tuesday, March 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints of this artist's social subjects, and portraits; through Saturday, March 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through March 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Kuehn—Lines running around the edge of raw canvases; starting Saturday, March 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Terence La Noue—Abstract wall pieces of rubber, wood, glass, molded latex, and other materials; through Wednesday, March 17. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Golda Lewis—Abstract compositions that combine paper, canvas, and found objects; through March 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Rectangular, round, and oval paintings on the subject of mirrors and the light reflected in them; starting Saturday, March 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eleanor Lockspeiser—Abstract paintings based on American Indian motifs; through March 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

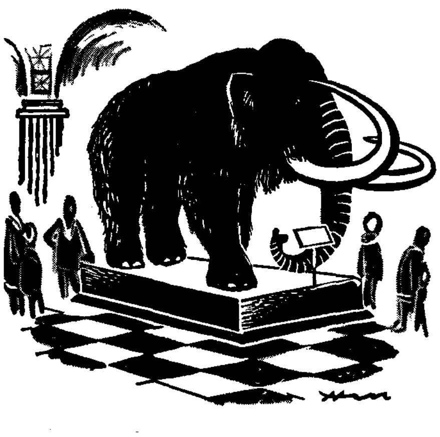
Alvin Loving—Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by a Detroit black; through March 27. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Mayhew—Recent quiet, low-keyed landscapes by an artist frequently seen in Afro-American exhibitions; starting Tuesday, March 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Clement Meadmore—One large sculpture in steel and five smaller works by this Australian; through March 31. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 20. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned oils on canvas; through March 25. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)



Kenzo Okada—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; starting Tuesday, March 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jules Olitski—Recent paintings by this artist known for his spray-gun color fields; through March 31. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Owen—A first one-man show of paintings with the effect of spreading chemical substances; starting Saturday, March 13. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69)—Abstract paintings in a variety of surfaces by this widely known Russian; through April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeanne Reynal and Gregory Masurovsky—Sculptures by the former, a well-known mosaicist, and drawings by the latter; through Saturday, March 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jane Sargeant—Still-lifes; through Saturday, March 20. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics; through Saturday, March 13. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Sidney Simon—Figurative sculptures, most of them in bronze, some incorporating mirrors; through April 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Smith—Large, shaped canvases; through Wednesday, March 17. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Harry Sternberg—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure compositions; through March 27. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Michael Sweeney—The first one-man show of wood and metal constructions with neon tubing by this teacher at Ohio State; through March 27. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

George Vander Sluis—Abstract paintings; through March 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

William T. Williams—Interwoven arcs of bright color; through March 27. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Artists associated with the Bauhaus—Feininger, Kandinsky, Schlemmer, Klee, Moholy-Nagy, and lesser figures; through March 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; through March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through March 27. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works from the gallery collection by nineteenth-century to present-day artists, among them Ensor, Nolde, Duchamp, Matta, Beckmann, and Graham; starting Saturday, March 13. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Avery, Noland, Poons, Stella, Reinhardt, and others; through March 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Hudson River artists—Durand, Cole, Bierstadt, Church, and Doughty, for example; through Saturday, March 13. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the twentieth by Copley, Eakins, Davis, and other American artists; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Four Latin-American sculptors working in advanced modes; through Thursday, March 18. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to midnight.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists, including Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, William Thon, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; through Saturday, March 13. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred Italian drawings from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth; through Tuesday, March 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 8.). . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Realistic paintings by Richard McLean and Stephen

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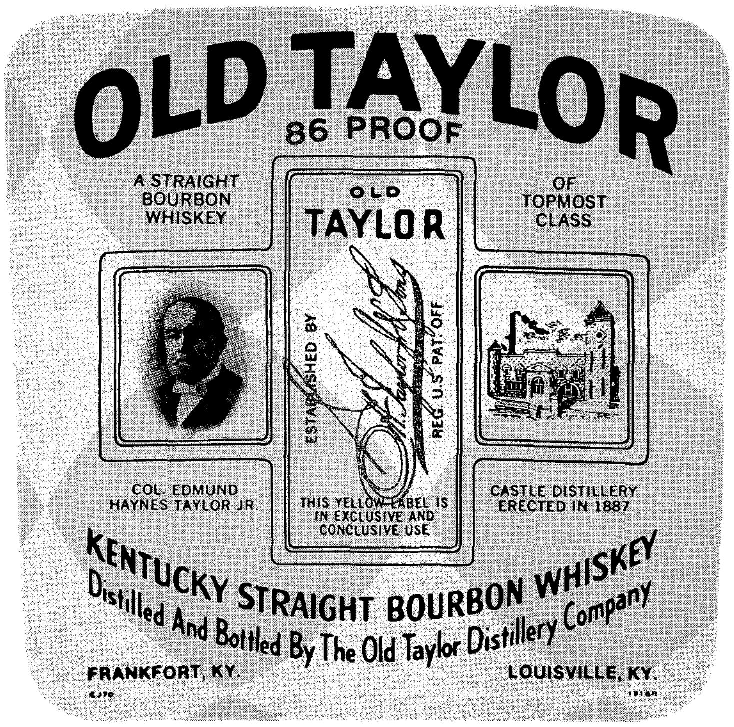
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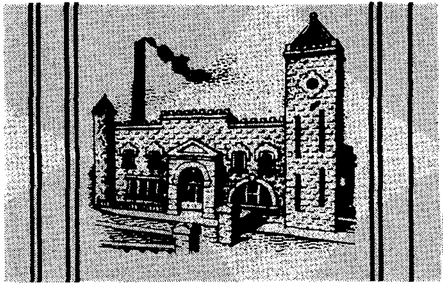

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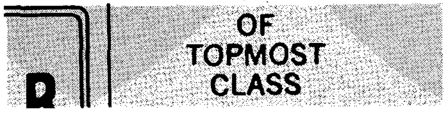
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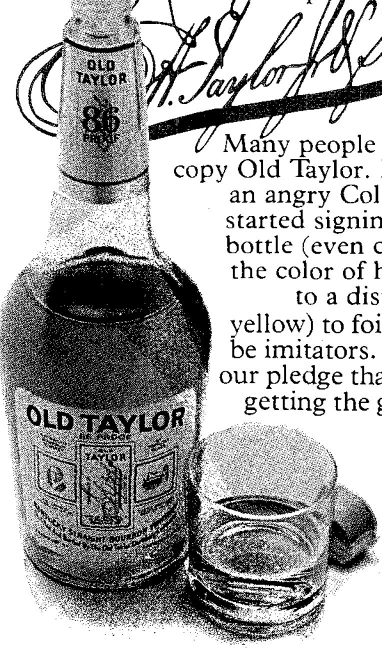
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Posen, abstract paintings by David Noyes and R. Benton Peugh, and sound-making objects by Allan Erdmann; starting Saturday, March 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **PALEY & LOWE,** 59 Wooster St.: Paintings, prints, and sculptures by ten artists; through Wednesday, March 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through March 26. (Closed Saturdays.)... **WESTBETH COURTYARD GALLERIES,** 155 Bank St.: Works by nine painters and three sculptors who are residents of Westbeth, the artists' housing project, among them Zacharias, Daphnis, Gechtoff, Stefanelli, and Tania; through March 28. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and forty-one paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and prints by Whistler and European and American contemporaries such as Bonnard, Courbet, Manet, Redon, Sargent, and Seurat; through April 3.... **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Works by Americans, including Dickinson, Graves, Ryder, Tobey, and Ossorio; starting Tuesday, March 16.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1.... ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23.... ¶ Three hundred drawings by fifty-four artists of eighteenth-century Italy, among them Tiepolo, Domenico, Guardi, and Piranesi; through March 21. ... ¶ Forty photographs by Stephen Shore, a young New York photographer; through March 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's leading documentary photographers of this century; through April 11.... ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works; through April 11.... ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures done prior to World War II by Duchamp, Matisse, and Picasso, whose gift, "Guitar," is included; starting Saturday, March 13. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, and conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; through April 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-seven watercolors, oils, drawings, and etchings constituting a centennial exhibition covering all periods of the career of John Marin (1870-1953); through March 28.... ¶ Thirty-nine paintings (by as many artists) done between 1950 and 1970 and organized around the idea that they are primarily structured by means of color. Among the artists are Albers, Hofmann, Newman, Noland, Poons, Reinhardt, Rothko, Stella, and Still. Through April 18. ... ¶ Ten paintings representing a turn toward a new orderliness by Jack Tworkov, a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Sunday, March 14.... ¶ A first one-man exhibit of paintings and drawings by Malcolm Bailey, a young New York artist seen in exhibitions of black art; starting Tuesday, March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ On Tuesday, March 16, there will be a Composers' Showcase program by the Open Window, a chamber rock group. Tickets will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, March 10.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen major paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh, borrowed from the artist's nephew and the van Gogh Foundation in Holland; through April 4. (Admission is $1.)... ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Monday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Memorial exhibit: Gatch, Hofmann, Hopper, Schnakenberg, and Sheeler. In the gallery: contemporary paintings and sculptures, candidates for awards. Through April 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Films, slides, tapes, kinetoscopes presenting approximately a hundred and twenty artists *at work in their studios or out of doors*; starting Saturday, March 13.... ¶ Forty-five paintings by Dutch, Flemish, British, and Italian artists of the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through April 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A cache of autographs, books, drawings, and manuscripts acquired during the last few years. Highlighted is the second part of the Hours of Catherine of Cleves with thirty-five transparencies. Through May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show examining the subject of drugs through photomurals, multiple screens, and other mediums; through May 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings; also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), who was a friend of Laurens. Through March 21.... ¶ A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing "the Swiss avant-garde;" through May 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Thirty large paintings by two contemporaries—Robert Carter and Michael Singletary; through April 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 10: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Robert Goodloe. ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 11: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Friday evening, March 12: "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 13: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 13: "La Bohème," with Lucine Ama-

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ra, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, William Walker, Justino Díaz, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 15: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 16: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Judith DePaul, Luciano Pavarotti, William Walker, John Macurdy, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 17: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 18: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 19: "La Bohème," with Adriana Maliponte, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 20: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jeannette Pilou, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 20: "Il Trovatore," with Lucine Amara, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, and Raymond Michalski. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, March 10, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Salvador Novoa. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Deborah Kieffer, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 7:15: "The Most Important Man," with Beverly Wolff, Joanna Bruno, Harry Theyard, and Eugene Holmes. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Johanna Meier, Norman Treigle, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Deborah Kieffer, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 1:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Dominic Cossa, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 7:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Richard Fredricks, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 17, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8:15: "The Most Important Man," with Beverly Wolff, Joanna Bruno, Harry Theyard, and Eugene Holmes. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Barbara Shuttleworth, Kenneth Riegel, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Deborah Kieffer, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Busoni's "Arlecchino" and Rossellini's "La Guerra," staged by James Lucas. Anton Coppola will direct the Manhattan Opera Orchestra and Manhattan Concert Chorale. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Karl Böhm conducting on Thursday, March 11, at 8:30; Friday, March 12, at 2; and Monday, March 15, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 13, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano). . . . ¶ Karl Böhm conducting on Thursday, March 18, at 8:30; Friday, March 19, at 2; Saturday, March 20, at 8:30; and Monday, March 22, at 7:30 (no soloists).

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Philharmonic Hall—Sunday, March 14, at 3: Howard Mitchell conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting a pop concert, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 17, and Friday, March 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, March 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30, with Paul Zukofsky, violin.)

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Leontyne Price, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

I SOLISTI VENETI—Claudio Scimone conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Donald P. Barra directing, with Joel Sachs, piano, and a chorus. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau directing, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society, the Midwood High School Choral Society, and soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting a benefit concert, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 9.)

WORLD OF MUSIC—Stephen Simon directing members of the American Symphony Orchestra, with Ten Wheel Drive and Genya Ravan. The second in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 2:30.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of J.A. Hasse's opera "L'Olimpiade" in concert form, with Rita Shane, soprano; Joan Caplan, Helen Vanni, and Morella Muñoz, mezzo-sopranos; Richard Conrad, tenor; and Daniel Collins countertenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 16, at 8.)

MENUHIN FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Yehudi Menuhin conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 16, at 8:30.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Seymour Lipkin directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY AND ITZHAK PERLMAN—Piano and violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET AND JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—The last two in a series of three programs of works for flute and strings. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 11, and Sunday, March 14, at 7:30.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Isidore Cohen, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; Craig Sheppard, piano; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

ROBERTA PETERS—Soprano, with the New York Chamber Soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

VAN CLIBURN—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Charles Treger, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Peter Serkin and Richard Goode, piano; and Luciano Berio, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 13, at 9.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall. Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Sunday, March 14, at 2: Richard Goode, Ruth Laredo, and Peter Serkin, piano; Felix Galimir, Jaime Laredo, Alexander Schneider, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Arnold Steinhardt and Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas and Robert Sylvester, cello; Patricia Brooks and Mary Burgess, sopranos; and Harold Wright, clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 8: The Messrs. Goode, Serkin, Schneider, Parnas, and

Wright, together with Murray Perahia, piano; Benita Valente, soprano; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Loren Glickman, bassoon. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 15, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Concert Ensemble—A program of German music of the Renaissance and early baroque. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 18, at 8:30.)

William Masselos—Piano, with the Guarneri Quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Bert Lucarelli—Oboe, in the last in a series of recitals, this one a program of five baroque concertos, with a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 9.)

Tel Aviv Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Paul Hindemith Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Jean Hakes and Diana Hoagland, sopranos; Michael Best and David Smith, tenors; John Graham, viola; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and the Janus Chorale, directed by Robert Hickok. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 17, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

James Taylor, Carole King, and Jo Mama—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Kenny Burrell Quartet, and Frank Forster Quartet—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Johnny Winter And, Elvin Bishop Group, and Allman Brothers—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The fourth in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Johnny Mercer) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 14, at 8.)

David Amram—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tuesday, March 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 598-2116.

Cactus, Humble Pie, and Dada—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, March 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 12, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 13. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17.

Tennis—At Madison Square Garden—1971 Tennis Champions Classic. Thursday, March 18, at 7:30 (semifinals): Rod Laver vs. Dennis Ralston and Tom Okker vs. Roy Emerson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 7:30: The final match of the series.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, March 13, at 1.) . . . **master virtuosi of new york:** Gene

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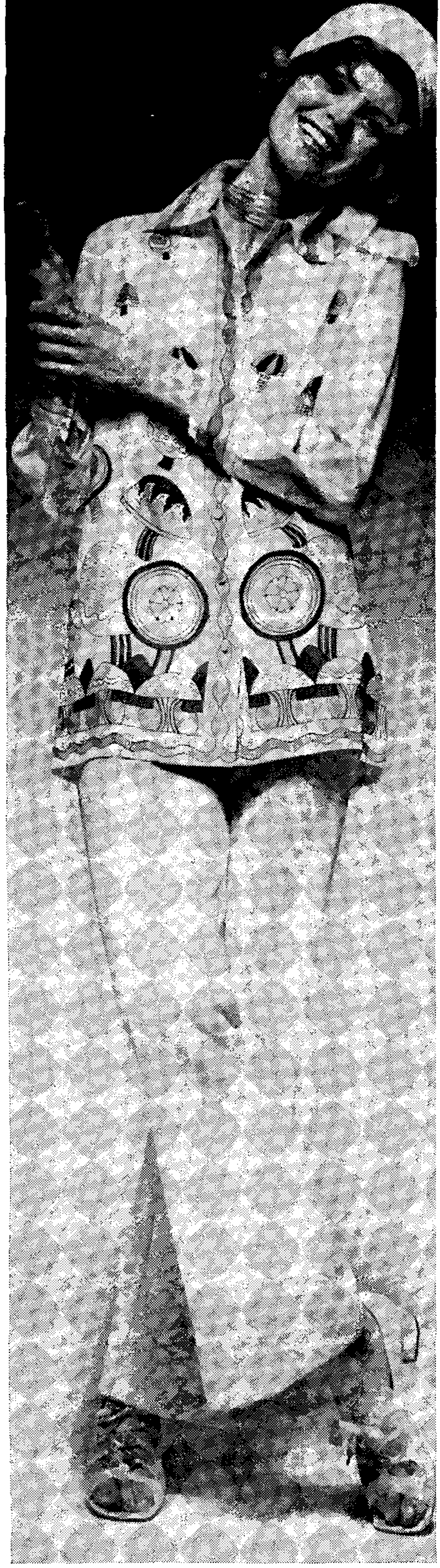

Forrell conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 13, at 2:30.)

Theatre Fair for Children—The final programs in a series of weekend shows, sponsored by the New York State Council on the Arts. Saturday, March 13: "There Are Two Lives" and "I Sing to Myself," by the Touchstone Players. . . . Sunday, March 14: "Journeys," by the Little Theatre of the Deaf. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. Performances at 1 and 3:30. For information about tickets, call 753-6431.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 1 and 3:30: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings," by the Bil Baird Marionettes. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. For information about tickets, call 753-6431.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, March 13-14, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S REPERTORY GROUP:** "Persephone." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 13, at 3.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, March 13, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, March 14, and Saturday, March 20, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER:** "Young Tom Edison." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, March 20, at 1.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Cinderella." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 14, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **TRIANGLE THEATRE:** "The Marvelous Adventures of Tyl." (316 E. 88th St. Fridays at 4 and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Admission is free.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Creative Puppetry." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 13, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Eskimo Art in Poetry and Pictures," an exhibition of drawings by the Eskimo artist Oonark, together with a selection of twenty Eskimo poems. Circulated by the Canadian Government and the National Museum of Man in Ottawa. Through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Steering by the Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

St. Patrick's Day Parade—Starts at noon on Wednesday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 86th Street.

Poetry Readings—Ted Hughes and Richard Murphy reading a selection of English and Irish poetry, including some of their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Lecture—"New Educational Strategy," by R. Buckminster Fuller. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Antiques Fair with Gardens—American and European furniture, paintings, silver, and other relics, combined with flower exhibits and garden displays. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, March 10-13, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, March 14, from 1 to 7.)

Flower Show—The Spring Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, March 17, from 10 to 9, and Thursday, March 18, from 10 to 4.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 10, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings, from the Huntington Hartford collection and from other sources. (Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.) . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures, including works by Giacometti, Calder, Rodin, and Moore; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 10:15 and 2: Continental porcelains, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 10:15 and 2: Fine books and manuscripts, from the collections of the late James B. Donavan and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 2: English and American silver, including a caster by Paul Revere, a tankard and teapot by Thomas Hammersley, and a set of George III table candlesticks; from various sources. Exhibition starts Friday, March 12.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eleven programs in a series of films directed by Allan Dwan. March 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Fighting Odds" (1917), with Maxine Elliott. . . . March 11 at 2 and 5:30: "I Spy" (1933), with Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon. . . . March 11 at 8: "Manhandled" (1924), with Gloria Swanson. . . . March 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Stage Struck" (1925), with Gloria Swanson. . . . March 13 at 3 and 5:30: "Zaza" (1923), with Gloria Swanson. . . . March 14 at 2 and 5:30: "What a Widow!" (1930), with Gloria Swanson and "Getting Mary Married" (1919), with Marion Davies. . . . March 15 at 12:30: "Manhandled" (1924), with Gloria Swanson. . . . March 16 at 5:30: "Wicked" (1931), with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. . . . March 17 at 2 and 5:30: "High Tension" (1936), with Brian Donlevy and Glenda Farrell. . . . March 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Joy Girl" (1927), with Olive Borden and Marie Dressler. . . . March 18 at 8: "While Paris Sleeps" (1932), with Victor McLaglen and Helen Mack. . . . ¶ March 13 at 11:30: "The Lonedale Operator" (1911), "The Musketeers of Pig Alley" (1912), and "Judith of Bethulia" (1914), all directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ March 15 at 6 and March 16 at 2: "Father Sergius" (1918), a Russian film, directed by Yakov Protazanov. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of French films. March 10: "Ubu Roi," directed by Jean-Christophe Averty. . . . March 11-12: "Les Mystères de Paris," with Jacques Dacqmine and François Chaumette. . . . March 13-14: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), directed by Jean Cocteau, with Josette Day and Jean Marais. . . . March 17-18: Four short films. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. No showings on Wednesday, March 10.

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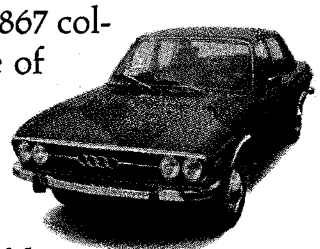

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 16: "Trash."
From March 17: "Women in Love."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Twelve Chairs" and "The Landlord."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 16: "Groupies" and "Greetings."
From March 17: "Joe" and "Isabel."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 16: "This Man Must Die" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!"
From March 17: "The Night Visitor."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
March 10: "Apache Woman" and two other Roger Corman films.
March 11: "Rock All Night," "Teenage Doll," and "Sorority Girl."
March 12-13: "Bloody Mama" and "The Wild Angels."
March 14-15: "The Secret Invasion" and "Ski Troop Attack."
March 16: "Five Guns West," "The Gunslinger," and "The Oklahoma Woman."
March 17-18: Two more Roger Corman films.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Music Lovers."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Tender Moment."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Priest's Wife."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 11: "The Pursuit of Happiness."
From March 12: "The Buttercup Chain."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sporting Club."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Night Visitor."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Wanda."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 11: "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Go Into Your Dance."
March 12-13: "42nd Street" and "Flirtation Walk."
March 14-16: "Footlight Parade" and "Dames."
From March 17: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Women in Love."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Act of the Heart" and "In Search of Gregory."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"M*A*S*H" and "Patton."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 16: "Bullitt" and "Bonnie and Clyde."
From March 17: "The Night Visitor."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
March 10: "Doctors' Wives."
From March 11: "THX 1138."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 16: "Get Carter."
From March 17: "Cold Turkey."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
March 10: "My Night at Maud's" and "My Life to Live."
March 11-17: "Groupies."
From March 18: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 16: "Where's Poppa?"
From March 17: "The Great White Hope."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ramparts of Clay."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 16: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."
From March 17: "Husbands."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 16: W. C. Fields shorts.
From March 17: Buster Keaton festival.

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
Through March 14: "Double Suicide."
March 15-16: "Sanjuro" and "The Bad Sleep Well."
From March 17: "I Want to Be a Shellfish" and "The Hidden Fortress."

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Lawrence of Arabia."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
March 10: "Wuthering Heights."
From March 11: "A New Leaf."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Dead of Summer."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Pigeons."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Body."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through March 18 (tentative): "The Projectionist."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Road to Salina."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Owl and the Pussycat" and "The Comic."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 10: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Pierrot le Fou."
March 11-17: "Chikamatzu Monogatari" and "Au Hasard, Balthazar."
From March 18: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 16: "The Adventurers" and "Barbarella."
From March 17: "The McKenzie Break" and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 11: "The Birthday Party" and "A Taste of Honey."
March 12-14: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Nights of Cabiria."
March 15-16: "Ulysses."
March 17-18: "The Stranger" and "Persona."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 16 (tentative): "The Act of the Heart" and "In Search of Gregory."
From March 17: "First Love."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Act of the Heart—Flaming hearts, priestly vows, and self-immolation. Geneviève Bujold doing her Peter Pan-Joan of Arc specialty in a masochistic feminine fantasy written and directed by her husband, Paul Almond. He goes for obsessions and fatalities and an elliptical style, and he's very high on portents. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Midtown; through March 16, tentative.)

The Adventurers (1970)—There's carnage or a cloddish sex scene every fifteen minutes or so to keep you from losing interest in the slack story and Harold Robbins' philosophical gems. A low in sleazy big pictures. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Symphony; through March 16.)

Apache Woman (1955)—Undistinguished low-budget Western with Lloyd Bridges as a government man who falls in love with a half-breed girl. Directed by Roger Corman, who is now being advertised as if his having made poor pictures on a low budget were avant-garde. (Kips Bay; March 10.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (New Yorker; March 11-17.)

The Bad Sleep Well (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. He finds them, all right, but here's the Japanese twist on a basically American-type story: Mifune is eliminated and business goes on as usual. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (The groom's father had committed suicide by jumping from a window of an office building.) The cast includes Masayuki Mori and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 15-16.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (Symphony; through March 16.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. (Thalia; through March 11.)

Bloody Mama—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (Kips Bay; March 12-13.)

The Body—A celebration of human biology—birth, sex, old age. Uplifting narration by Vanessa Redgrave. Roy Battersby directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as too-real comedy. Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. (Orpheum; through March 16.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Orpheum; through March 16.)

The Buttercup Chain—The latest in British bathos about the unhappy overprivileged. Hywel Bennett and Jane Asher, who love each other, are the children of identical twins; Sven-Bertil Taube is a Swede who swims nude; and Leigh Taylor-Young is an American girl who drives on the wrong side of the road. Robert Ellis Miller directed. (Baronet; starting March 12.)

Chikamatzu Monogatari (1954)—A sensitive psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (New Yorker; March 11-17.)

Claire's Knee—The new film by Eric Rohmer, who made "My Night at Maud's," is part of the same cycle—a variation on the same themes. With Jean-Claude Brialy. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cold Turkey—About a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, and Tom Poston. Directed by Norman Lear. (86th St. East; starting March 17.)

The Comic (1969)—Carl Reiner is prodigiously facile, and his inventive re-creations of silent-comedy routines help to compensate for his unimaginative treatment of the life of a silent-film comedian (well played by Dick Van Dyke). With Mickey Rooney, Michele Lee, and the late Pert Kelton. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 14-16.)

Dead of Summer—A psychological suspense film, with Jean Seberg, directed by Nelo Risi. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Doctors' Wives—Blue jokes and blood-red surgery. From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Richard Crenna, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Loew's Ciné; March 10.)

Double Suicide (1969)—A magnificently photographed film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu, with an introduction that cues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as in the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through March 14.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Elgin; through March 16.)

First Love—Nymphomania and moth-eaten passion and decadence poured on top of a fine Turgenev novella about an adolescent boy's growing up. Maximilian Schell directed this mélange, superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist but edited by a butcher's helper. With Dominique Sanda. (Midtown; starting March 17.)

Five Guns West (1955)—Roger Corman's Western should not be confused with better movies with similar titles. (Kips Bay; March 16.)

Flirtation Walk (1934)—Dick Powell, in a fancy uniform, singing to Ruby Keeler, in frilly polka dots, goes beyond Camp to Sick. This picture helps to explain why Powell later tried to change his image and took on tough-guy roles. Frank Borzage directed. With Pat O'Brien and Ross Alexander. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 12-13.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 14-16.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 12-13.)

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Get Carter—High-powered British crime film, viciously brutal. Michael Caine plays a London hood; Mike Hodges directed. (86th St. East; through March 16.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Wini Shaw sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The cast isn't topnotch, but it does include Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren, also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; through March 11.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (72nd St. Playhouse; through March 11.)

The Great White Hope—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 17.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Charles; through March 16.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (Charles; through March 16. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; March 11-17.)

The Gunslinger (1957)—Roger Corman again. The title may make you wonder if you've already seen it. That's unlikely, but there's no need to. With John Ireland, and Beverly Garland as the town marshal. (Kips Bay; March 16.)

The Hidden Fortress (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting March 17.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Thalia; March 12-14.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Cinema I. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting March 17.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Guild.)

In Search of Gregory—Complex, tricky story of obsessive romantic illusions; Tonino Guerra, who worked on the script, was co-scenarist on "L'Avventura" and "Blow-Up," and this film is in the same mode of ambiguity, but the reality-fantasy puzzle doesn't take hold. With Julie Christie, Paola Pitagora, John Hurt, Michael Sarrazin, Roland Culver, and Adolfo Celi; directed by Peter Wood. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Midtown; through March 16, tentative.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Waverly and Festival.)

Isabel (1968)—The setting is the Gaspé coast of Canada. Geneviève Bujold with her hair cropped is the sensitive young girl haunted by the mysterious violent deaths in her family. It turns out that she is probably the daughter of her mother's brother, and in the omens-of-doom dramaturgy of Paul Almond, who wrote and directed, this is sufficient excuse for her to give herself to a man who resembles her brother. Not a movie for the tough-minded. (Charles; starting March 17.)

I Want to Be a Shellfish (1959)—*Nobody,* in this film or outside it, wants to be a shellfish. The film was once known as "Lips Forbidden to Talk," which doesn't help much either. It's a political melodrama about a war criminal, directed by Shinobu Hashimoto, who is better known as the scenarist on "Rashomon" and many other films. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting March 17.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Charles; starting March 17.)

Buster Keaton Festival—A rare collection of ten features and twenty-one shorts, all of them silent. March 17: "The Three Ages" and two shorts. March 18: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. (Elgin.)

The Landlord—Hal Ashby's film shows a rich, white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant). To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement. With Pearl Bailey. (Cinema Village.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (New Yorker; March 10.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (Rivoli.)

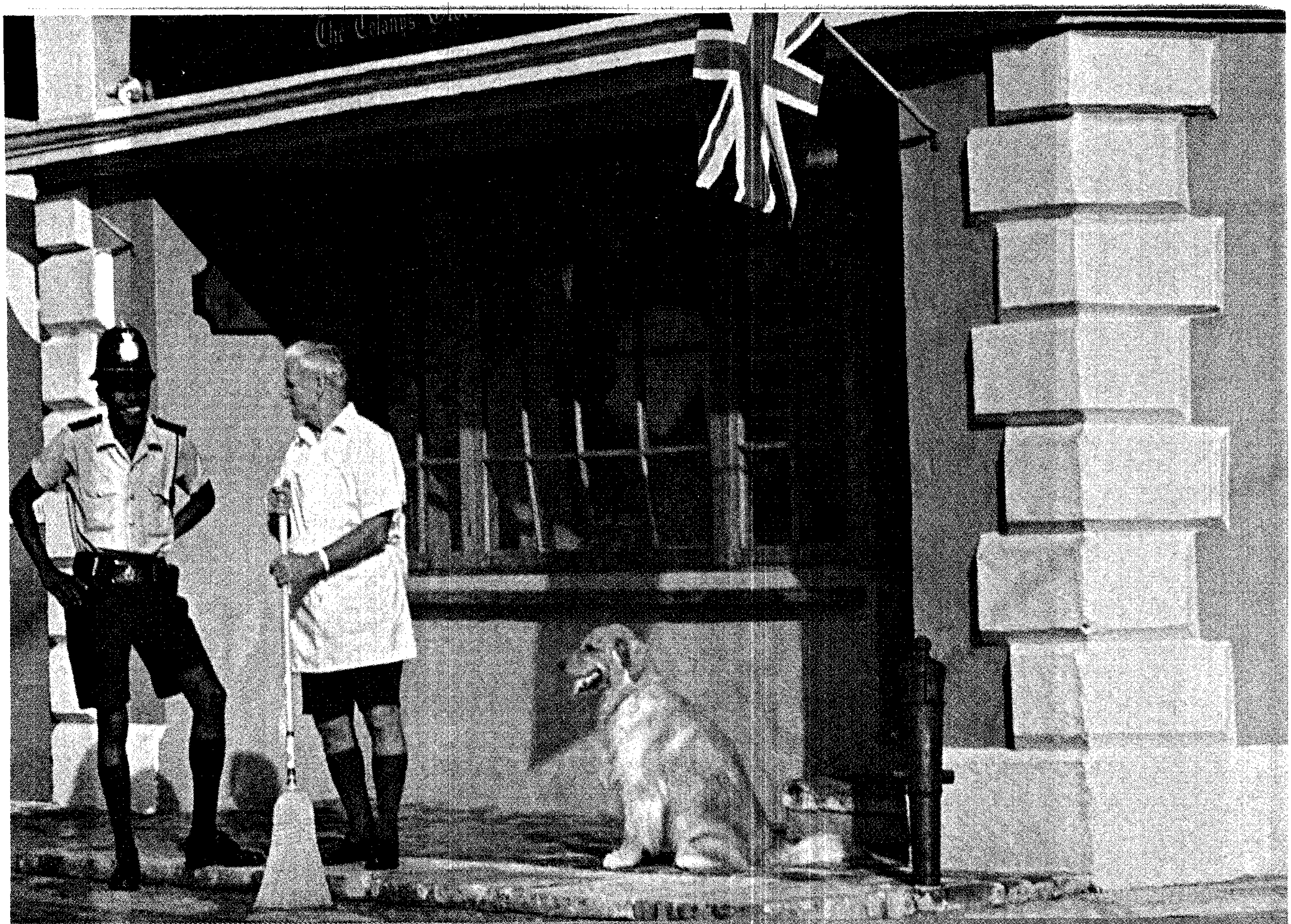
Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Juliet 2.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather



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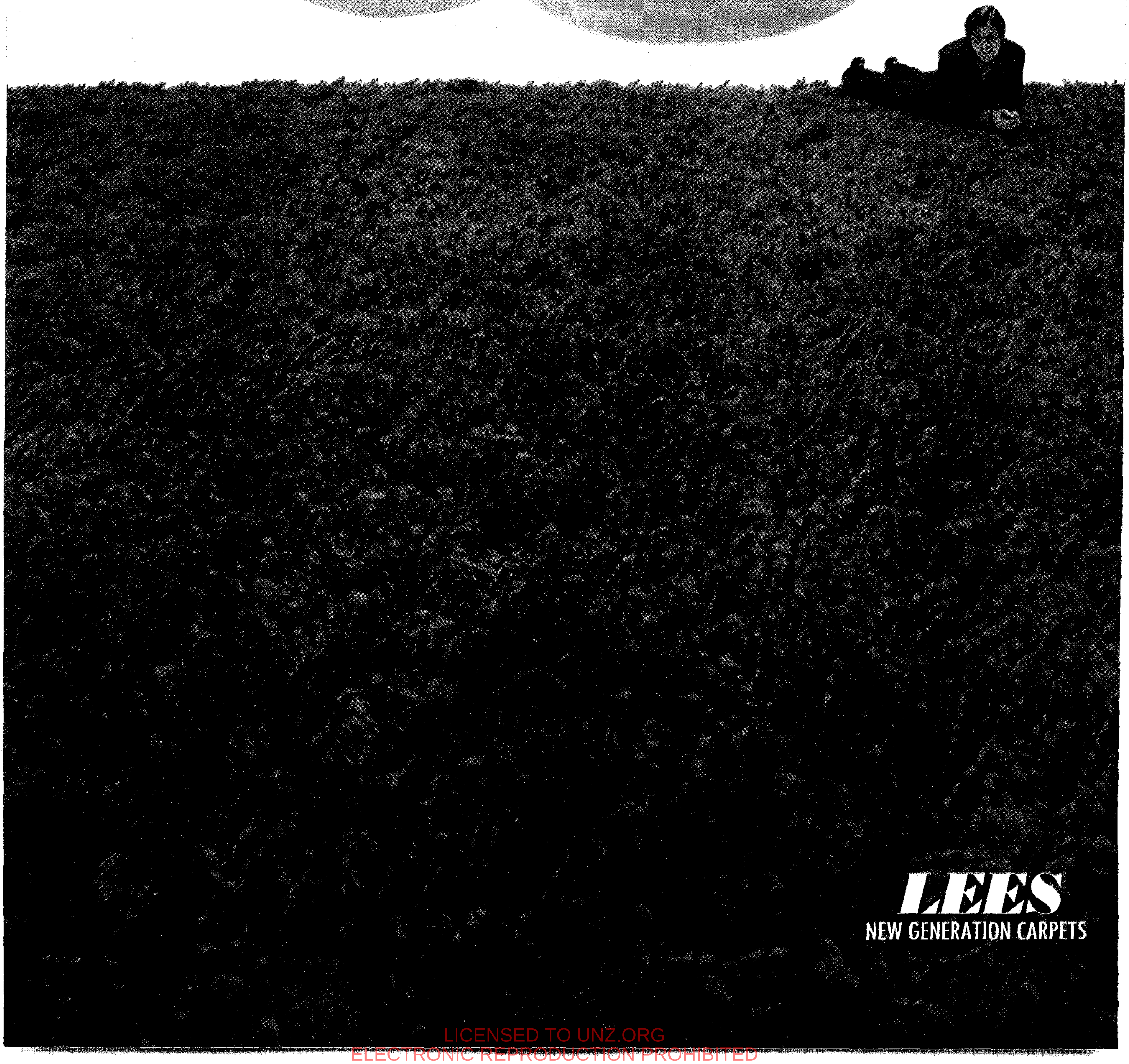

LEES
NEW GENERATION CARPETS

the wrong marriage. In French. (Gramercy; through March 16.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (U. A. East.)

The McKenzie Break—Brian Keith in an entertaining adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (Symphony; starting March 17.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Murray Hill.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)

A New Leaf—Walter Matthau as a fortune hunter, and Elaine May as a rich botanist. Directed by Elaine May. (Music Hall; starting March 11.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Thalia; March 12-14.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Orpheum; starting March 17.)

The Oklahoma Woman (1957)—Roger Corman made this; you stay home and let him go see it. (Kips Bay; March 16.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Passion of Anna—The powerful theology of this Ingmar Bergman film is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in re-enactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Regency.)

Patton (1970)—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed; it's a magnificent-*looking* production. (U. A. East.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Thalia; March 17-18.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker; March 10.)

Pigeons—It has been said that this movie about an alienated youth turned New York cabdriver improves as it goes along, but who wants to stick around long enough to find out? Static direction by John Dexter. With Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Little Carnegie.)

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The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer, and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. Dino Risi directed. Probably no one wanted it to turn out the way it did. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Geneviève Page as the lady who outwits him. (Symphony; starting March 17.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which is mostly bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (Lincoln Art; through March 18, tentative.)

The Pursuit of Happiness—The disenchantment of youth and the hypocrisy of the Establishment. With Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey and a good supporting cast (Arthur Hill, Robert Klein, and Ruth White in her last appearance). Directed by Robert Mulligan. (Baronet; through March 11.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Road to Salina—With Rita Hayworth, Robert Walker, and Mimsy Farmer, directed by George Lautner. (Paris.)

Rock All Night (1957)—Crude and dull. The triumph of a shorty with an inferiority complex, plus rock and roll. Roger Corman is responsible. (Kips Bay; March 11.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 15-16.)

The Secret Invasion (1964)—Roger Corman, working with a—relatively speaking—big-name cast (Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone, Mickey Rooney, Edd Byrnes). (Kips Bay; March 14-15.)

Ski Troop Attack (1960)—Roger Corman directed this Second World War story about an American ski patrol cut off behind enemy lines in Germany. The only thing that makes it conceivably worth seeing is the landscape impersonation, because it was actually shot in the Black Hills of South Dakota. With Michael Forrest and Frank Wolff. (Kips Bay; March 14-15.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Sorority Girl (1957)—A rotten apple who almost spoils the barrel; she could wreck your evening, too. Roger Corman directed. (Kips Bay; March 11.)

The Sporting Club—With Robert Fields and Maggie Blye, directed by Larry Peerce. (Coronet.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia; March 17-18.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia; through March 11.)

Teenage Doll (1957)—Juvenile delinquency, female department. Dreary. Roger Corman directed. (Kips Bay; March 11.)

The Tender Moment—A high-school student falls in love with an older woman. With Nathalie Delon and Renaud Verley, directed by Michel Boisrond. In French. (34th St. East.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Gramercy; through March 16.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through March 16.)

THX 1138—Donald Pleasence and Robert Duval in a sci-fi story of the twenty-fifth century, directed by George Lucas. (Loew's Ciné; starting March 11.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Art; through March 16.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Cinema Village.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia; March 15-16.)

Wanda—Prize-winning movie about a woman who is a drifter, directed by, written by, and starring Barbara Loden. (Cinema II.)

Where's Poppa?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 16.)

The Wild Angels (1966)—The crude Roger Corman wheeler, starring Peter Fonda, that was aimed at the drive-in and male-loner audience but wound up reaching so large an international audience that the major studios began to imitate it. With Nancy Sinatra, Michael J. Pollard, and Diane Ladd. (Kips Bay; March 12-13.)

The Wild Child—In his own film, Truffaut plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor who tries to educate a boy of eleven or twelve who had spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Among other things, this remarkable picture gives a finely characterized account of the research mind, and living expression to the new Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Regency.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Art; starting March 17.)

Wuthering Heights—Who would have guessed it was a story about incest? There's nothing quite like American International Pictures scholarship. With Anna Calder-Marshall as Cathy and Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff. Robert Fuest directed. (Music Hall; March 10.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery James Bond pictures. In this one his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasance, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through March 16.)

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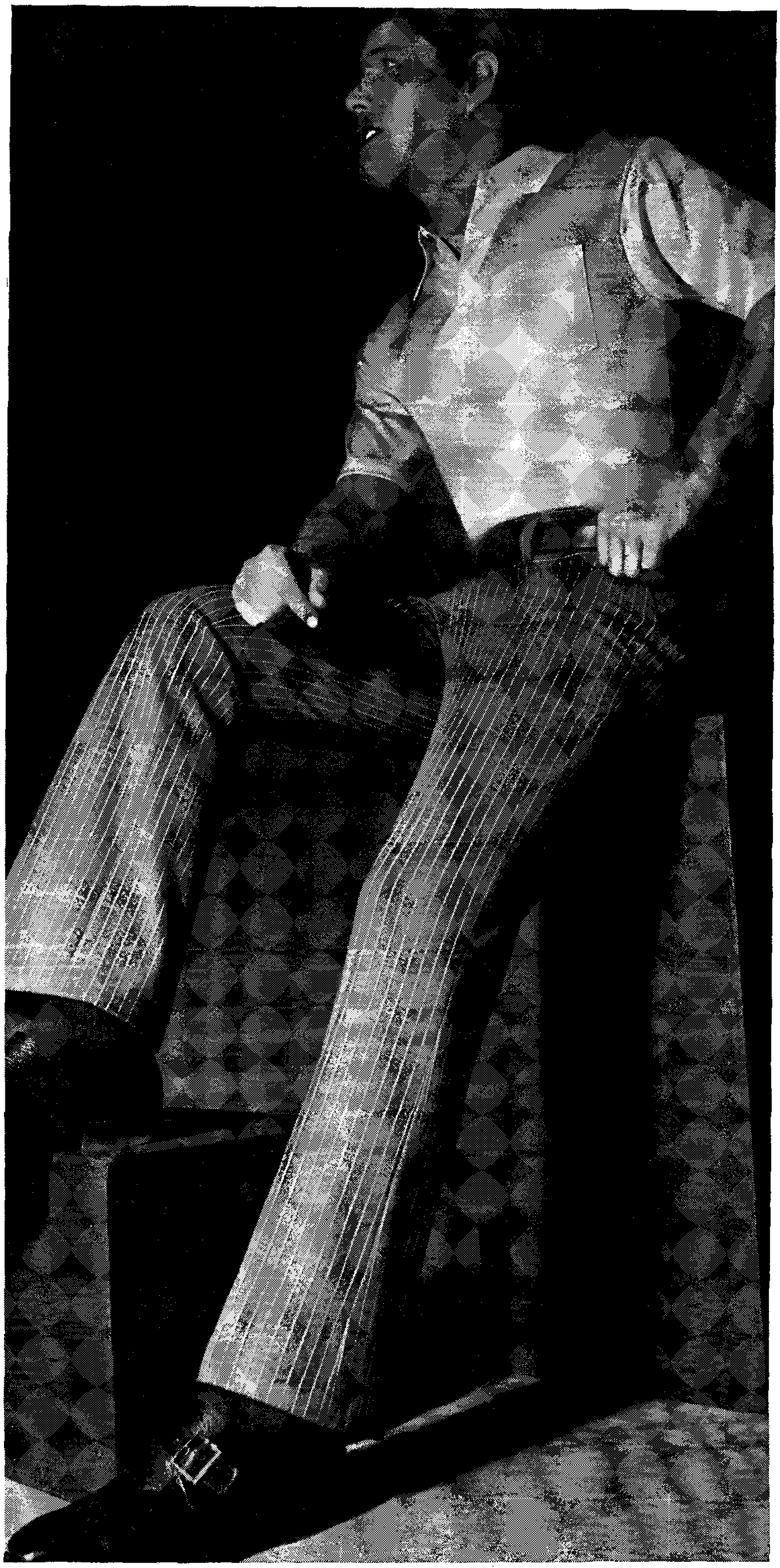


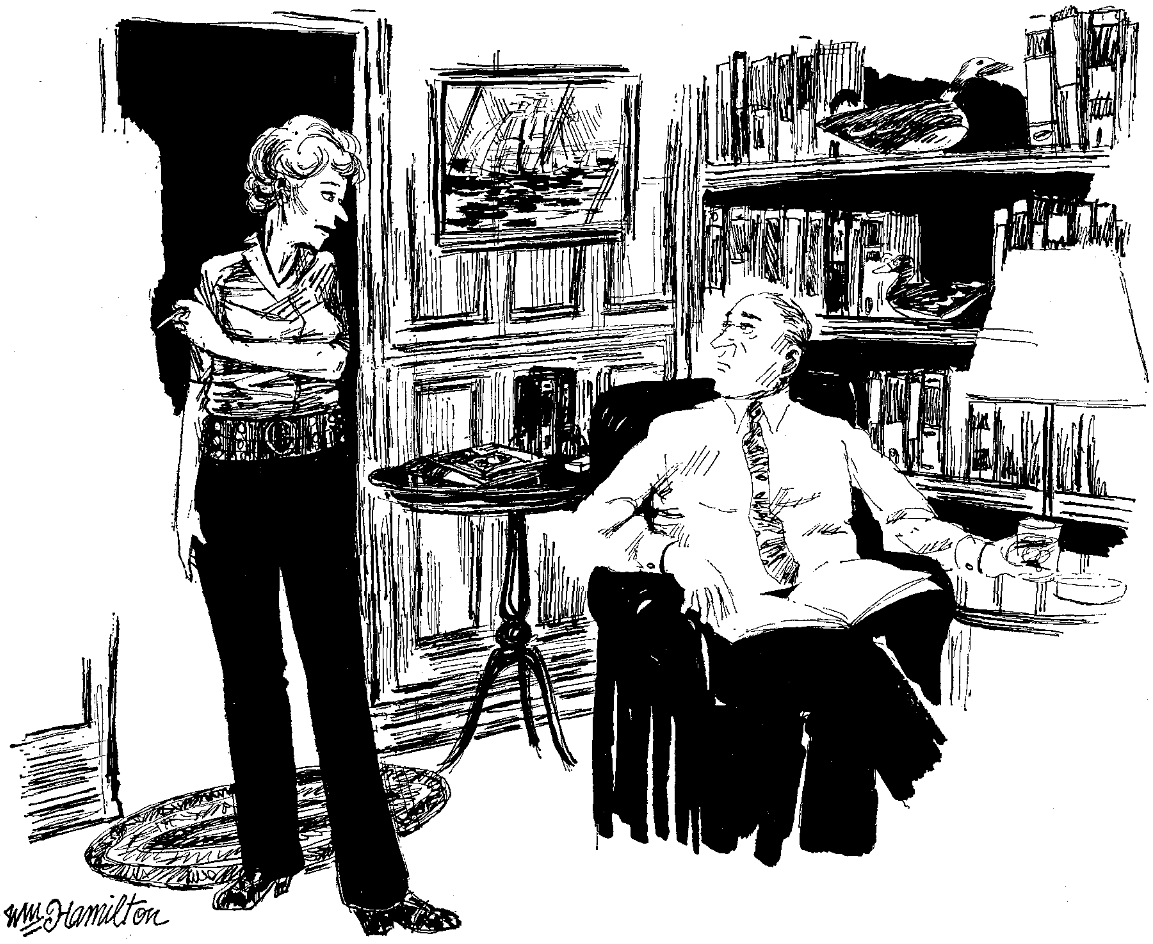
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN 1971, it is nearly unbelievable that American or South Vietnamese officials could be considering an invasion of North Vietnam. Yet in South Vietnam both President Thieu and Vice-President Ky have openly advocated such an invasion, and here President Nixon has said he "would not speculate" on whether an invasion might take place, Secretary Laird has refused to "be involved in speculation" on the subject, Henry Kissinger has said that an invasion is not "the dominant probability at this moment," and Secretary of State Rogers has registered opposition to a proposed congressional resolution against the use of American ground troops in support of an invasion. It has been suggested that these statements by the South Vietnamese and these equivocations by the Americans are only threats designed to frighten the North Vietnamese into submission, and do not indicate that an invasion is actually planned. If this is the case, the four American officials have certainly succeeded in creating a climate of complete ambiguity. It is impossible for us, as citizens, to know, from the outside, what the intentions of our government are in Indo-China. From the gravest matters, such as the fate of the South Vietnamese forces in Laos, to the most trivial, such as the piece of pipeline that was shown at a news conference as if it were a trophy of the current operation but was later revealed to have been found in an earlier operation, the Administration and the military have been displaying a virtual compulsion to confuse us. What we do know, however, without reference to any statements by any officials, is that an invasion of North Vietnam, whether by the Americans or by the South Vietnamese, is a move that might well send this nation over the brink.

Even if this move is not made, we can see, as we look around us at the altered political landscape, that this war—the very war that was supposedly "not an issue" in the 1970 election—has propelled itself into a position of dominance in our national life. Under the cloak of public relations that has hidden the true nature of the war—from its earliest days, when we were told that the expanding war was not a war at all (it was a "conflict"), to the present, when we are being told that the still expanding war is practically over—the war and the war machine that runs it have gradually been moving into the dead center of our national life. We used to see the war as just one of many issues in our political life. Now things have been reversed and we find that our political life is one of many issues of the war. The question is no longer whether our political system will allow the war to drag on after a decade of failure; it is whether the war and the war machine will allow our political system to survive after nearly two hundred years of success. The war machine now sits astride our lives like a fourth branch of the government—a branch that may well outlast some of the other branches. Wherever we go, the war is with us. Wherever we turn, the war is there. In whatever we undertake, the war intervenes. It is all around us, and it is within us. In part, this fearful recognition of the war's place in our lives takes the form of absorbing a heavy dose of bad news from the past that is only now penetrating that shield of secrecy and propaganda which is part of the war machine. From Senator Ervin's hearings on official surveillance, we are learning that in 1968, when citizens' demonstrations against the war were reaching their peak, the nation became riddled with thousands of military and civilian domestic spies, who began collecting information on individuals deemed "detrimental to the United States." This in itself, though it is only a subplot of the broader story of the growth of the war machine, could threaten our entire system of government. At the same time, through the court-martial of William Calley, we have been brought face to face with some of the worst things a nation can learn about itself as we hear the dispute over whether Lieutenant Calley shot and killed a monk or merely struck him in the mouth with the butt of his rifle. To judge by the testimony, Calley's only regret after shooting people in the ditch was that he couldn't then force them to walk ahead of him through enemy minefields—a common procedure, according to Calley. These pieces of bad news from the past help us reconstruct the interior, hidden history of the war in America and in Indo-China. In the meantime, fresh bad news—including the first openly and broadly censored news since the start of the war—is reaching us by television and in the press. In America, Senator Fulbright, who keeps closer track of the balance of power between the executive and the legislative branches of the government than any other legislator, tells us that a breakdown in that part of our system is not merely imminent, as a reporter on "Face the Nation" suggested to him, but actually under way. He points out that when the President violates the laws passed by Congress, as he has done by claiming the right to send troops into Laos for purposes of "protective encirclement," a senator can do nothing more than "complain" and "make speeches." Senator Fulbright, along with a number of other legislators, has been trying to reassert a measure of congressional control by introducing legislation that would limit the President's freedom to use our military forces as he pleases. But this legislation either has been defeated or has been rendered nearly impotent through compromises. The way things are going now, unless Congress resolves to withstand the erosion of its powers it may very soon be nothing more than two large rooms full of men in business



"If she'd lived, do you suppose this is how 'Love Story' would have worked out?"

suits who make speeches written by other people—men who may possess convincing rhetorical gestures, charming smiles, and excellent television "images" but who will have no power. This has happened in our time to more than one country's congress or parliament that has not been vigilant against military and executive power.

In Indo-China, we see—or, rather, we half see—the spectacle of an Asian army that is financed by America and equipped with American weapons being sent in American helicopters to fight in a foreign country in order to "save American lives," as the President has unabashedly stated. The small amount of news we have had out of Laos indicates that this has been an unwilling army. In some instances, the American helicopter crews are reported to have forced the South Vietnamese soldiers out of the arriving helicopters. At other times, it is reported, South Vietnamese soldiers have clung to the runners of helicopters leaving the battle zone to carry out the wounded. In front of the South Vietnamese troops are the North Vietnamese; behind them are the Americans, cracking the whip over their heads.

The crimes in Indo-China and the breakdowns in our political system at home help to teach us how much the war has already altered us. We are only beginning to realize how extensive the damage is. And yet, hard as it has been to recognize its true scope, the damage that has already been done is of little or no significance compared to the damage that would threaten the entire planet if the invasion of North Vietnam now being discussed were to take place. For the first time in the course of the Indo-China war, moves that appear to have a strong chance of leading to a third, and perhaps final, world war are under open consideration. While the South Vietnamese are advocating an invasion and our officials are making ambiguous remarks about the prospect, the North Vietnamese have been hinting that if an invasion took place the Chinese might enter the war. If this were to happen, some official of our government would no doubt announce that we were in a "whole new ballgame," which would mean that none of the policies or promises made in the past were binding any longer, including the prohibition against the use of nuclear weapons. And this is all that would be needed to bring on general war. It seems remarkable that in the present circumstances there is almost no discussion of these dangers in the press or in Congress. Could it be that the press and Congress have some inside information that enables them to dismiss these apprehensions as ridiculous? Have they found out for certain that no invasion will take place, and decided not to tell the public, or have they found out that the Chinese won't come into the war if an invasion does take place? The truth is that there is no member of Congress, no member of the press, no China scholar—there is simply no one—who knows what the Chinese might or might not do, and that there are very few people who know what our own government and the South Vietnamese government are going to do.

Since the spread of nuclear weapons, the shadow of universal death has passed over us from time to time. This danger is always with us somewhere in the background, but certain combinations of events, such as those leading up to the Cuban missile crisis, draw it into the foreground. Once again, this danger is near. But this time it has come upon us in a peculiar way, in conjunction with a war that has been spreading disorder and confusion in the nation for a decade—a war that has destroyed our sense of proportion and numbed us spiritually. Now our perception of the nuclear danger has been clouded by the confusion that surrounds the war. Five years or so ago, when everyone knew that the war was getting larger, the slightest suggestion of an invasion of the North caused an uproar. But now, when the war is supposed to be "winding down," these suggestions pass almost unnoticed, although there is no reason to believe that the consequences of an invasion now would be any different from what the consequences would have been then. This war has gone to our brain. It has drugged us. Our reflexes have slowed down. Our alertness has been blunted. Now, as this small war—this "brushfire war"—threatens to bring us to the edge of the ultimate war, we drowse on. We act as though the big bang were only a footnote to little Vietnam.

Drugs

AN extraordinary and regrettably pertinent exhibition has just opened at the Museum of the City of New York, and on the first day we went up to see it and find out how it was being received. The show, an audio-visual, multimedia one, is entitled "Drug Scene," and it is believed to be the first of its kind. It pulls few punches. As we entered the Museum, we saw a fifteen-foot-high photomural of a youth probing one forearm for a vein still able to accommodate a hypodermic needle. Below it, three coffins stood, illustrating the fact that every day three New Yorkers die from drug abuse. We entered the exhibition in the company of a few adults and several classes of schoolchildren, who had just arrived in a convoy of bright-yellow school buses.

"I thought I'd try drugs just once," a recorded voice was saying as we and the children made our way into the south wing of the Museum, past a series of strikingly lifelike three-dimensional photomurals of narcotic addicts of all races and ages.

"Yeah," one of the boys near us said in reply to the voice. "Wasn't it good?"

The recording went on, "And then, before I knew it, I was hooked."

Turning a corner, we and the children came into a section in which the hardware of narcotics use was displayed, some of it in transparent recesses in additional photomurals. A boy began to cry, and was taken in tow by a woman teacher. Beside one of the exhibits, other children were gathering around a long-haired young male teacher. "Who knows what this is?" he was asking.

"A needle," the children chorused.

"Can it be used for good?" he asked.

"Yes," the children said together.

Another voice said, "By a doctor."

"Right," the teacher said. "By a doctor or a nurse. They may use needles, because they know how to use them."

The class rounded another corner and moved toward a screen on which were projected dozens of images, including headlines and a picture of Judy Garland singing.

We paused for a minute to talk to the teacher, who told us that his name was Robert Eisner, and that he was escorting fourth graders from P.S. 17, in Brooklyn.

We asked Mr. Eisner if he thought his students were profiting from the realism of the exhibits.

"I've been asking myself the same question," he said. "But look at these kids. Every one of them seems to know what it's all about."

The teacher who had taken care of the crying child joined us. Two or three more children were clinging to her arms and hands now, and we asked if she thought it was a good idea to subject children of their age to so dramatic a presentation.

"I'm afraid I have to think it *is* a good idea," she said. She identified herself as Mrs. Janet Levy, a teacher at P.S. 182, also in Brooklyn, and went on, "These kids have already been exposed, you know. We've had high-school kids around our schoolyard trying to get them to sniff glue. I think it's better that they find out here what it can lead to."

Patrolling the exhibit area were several men and women—rehabilitated narcotic addicts, we learned—wearing red-and-white buttons that read "Ask Me." We asked one of them—a sweater-wearing, crew-cut youngster, who told us he was twenty-five years old and in Bellevue Hospital's methadone program—what the children's questions tended to be.

"They ask the same questions everybody else asks," he said. "They want to know how long I was on drugs and what I took."

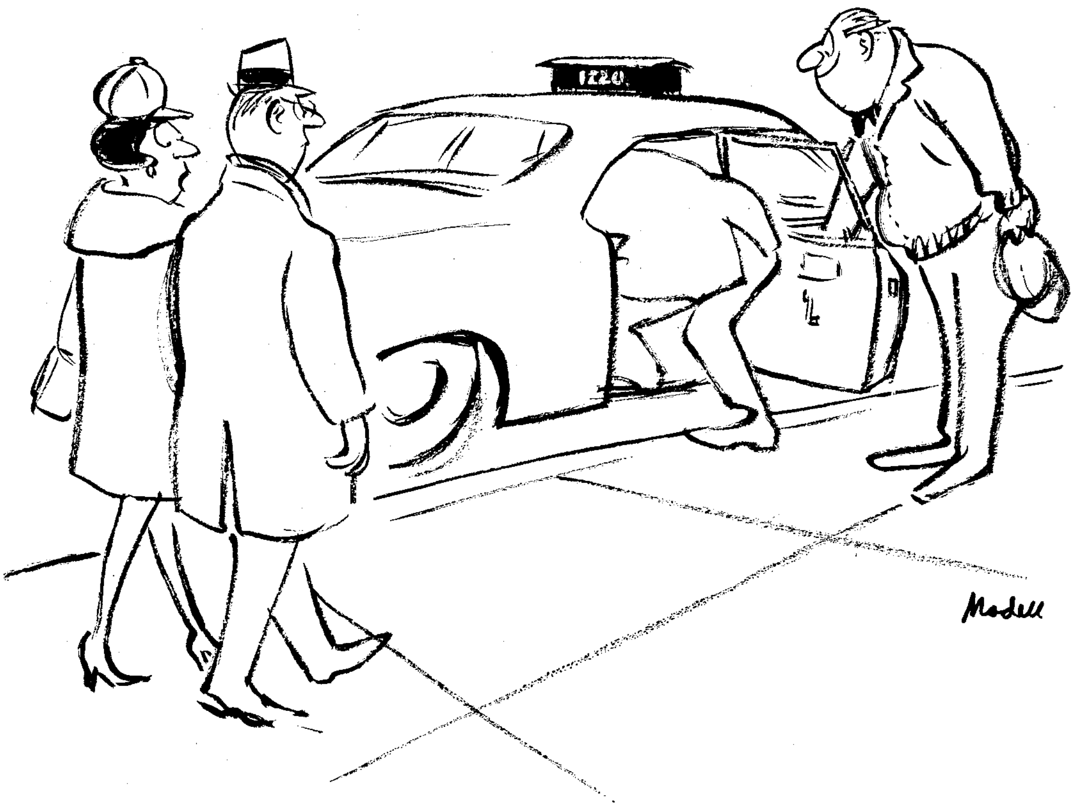
"And what do you tell them?" we asked.

The young man looked us in the eye. "I tell them I was on narcotics for seven years, and I took everything, all the way to heroin."

Nearby there was a considerably older man wearing one of the buttons, and we asked him about the children's questions.

"They ask me which of the drugs is the most dangerous and which is the safest," he said. "I tell them not to mess with any of them. They're all dangerous, and the use of one leads to use of the others."

We took the elevator up to the Museum's administration office, on the third floor, where we found Joseph V. Noble, a gray-haired scholar, who is the director of the Museum and the man who conceived "Drug Scene" and commissioned the striking photographs, by Michael Hanulak, from which the murals were executed. "It would have been a lot easier for me to go on



"It must be the new rates."

scheduling shows of antique furniture and historic objects," he said. "But when I came here from the Metropolitan, last September, I realized that this museum, if it were really to be a museum of the City of New York, had to stop treating history as something that occurred in ancient times and begin treating it as something starting now and running backward in time. We have a diorama of the blizzard of 1888. I told the board of trustees I didn't want to wait twenty years and then do a diorama on the city's great problem of today—narcotics. They told me to go ahead."

We asked if he had encountered any particular problems in setting up the exhibition.

"There have been nothing but particular problems," he said. "Not just in setting up the show—that was the easiest part—but in getting funds and legal clearances. First, I went to the foundations; they were interested, but they all said this was a little too avant-garde to try out right now. Finally, I thought of the state Narcotic Addiction Control Commission, and I got an hour's hearing before its board. I told them what I wanted to do, and said I needed sixty-five thousand dollars to do it. They called me the next morning and told me I had the money. Then my problems really began."

Mr. Noble went to a table, and showed us a framed mat on which were displayed New York State certificates licensing the Museum as a "laboratory entrusted with the custody" of narcotics, stimulants, and barbiturates. "This museum has lots of hard-to-get items," he said. "But I don't know that many of them were harder to come by than these pieces of paper. I had to get federal, state, and city permission to put this show on right, with the true drugs, but I'd be damned if I was going to stop at anything less than the real thing. All the way along, people kept asking me why I couldn't use powdered sugar for heroin and use simulated capsules."

"Why couldn't you?" we asked.

"Because we're a museum," he said. "For generations, we've told people that when they come to museums they are seeing the real thing—not just a copy of a painting but the real painting. If we were going to do a show on drugs, then I had to have the real drugs—not just imitations or drawings of marijuana plants. We needed the real plant. Even the methadone bottle down there in the treatment section is authentic. One of our 'Ask Me' guides took his dose from it this morning before we integrated the bottle into the show."

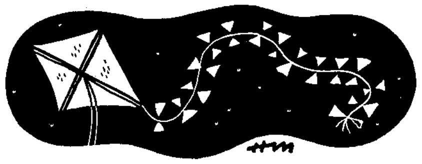
We asked how the guides were working out.

"Very well," he said. "They were referred to us by the Phoenix and Greenwich House rehabilitation programs and state addiction-control centers, and we made sure we had black, white, and Puerto Rican guides, so that everybody would have somebody he could identify with. We pay them regular museum-guide wages, which aren't much but are enough to take them off welfare. We couldn't really have put on an effective show without them. I believe that the combination of the photomurals, the audio tapes, real drugs, and the testimony of these people as to what drugs have done to them makes this an exhibition that truly fulfills our role as the city's museum."

We told Mr. Noble that we had seen one child crying and several children who appeared frightened by the display.

"People have said we're using scare tactics," he said. "But maybe it's good that people become a little frightened. The tragedy would be if we made this stuff attractive to anyone. I don't think we have. Look at the kids going in. They're laughing and joking. But watch them when they come out. They're quieter. Of course, this isn't just a children's show. About fifty per cent of it is geared to allow adults to catch up with what many of their children seem to have found out about already. And it's no accident that we've included cigarettes and whiskey in our display of products that contribute to the drug scene. As the kids who worked on the show pointed out, these are the 'drugs' most often abused by adults."

We asked about the volume of response, and Mr. Noble waved a hand toward the window of his office, from which we could see parked school buses from the city, White Plains, and Long Island. "We haven't counted the adults yet, but normally we get about two hundred schoolchildren a day in classes touring the Museum," he said. "So far today we've had four hundred, and the day's only half over. Originally, we thought we'd restrict the show to fifth-graders and up, but we've had calls from third-grade teachers and from as far away as Philadelphia, so we've relaxed our age limit, and also our policy of scheduling all classes through the Museum. Now we're telling teachers that if they can handle their class, they can bring it in—no appointment necessary."



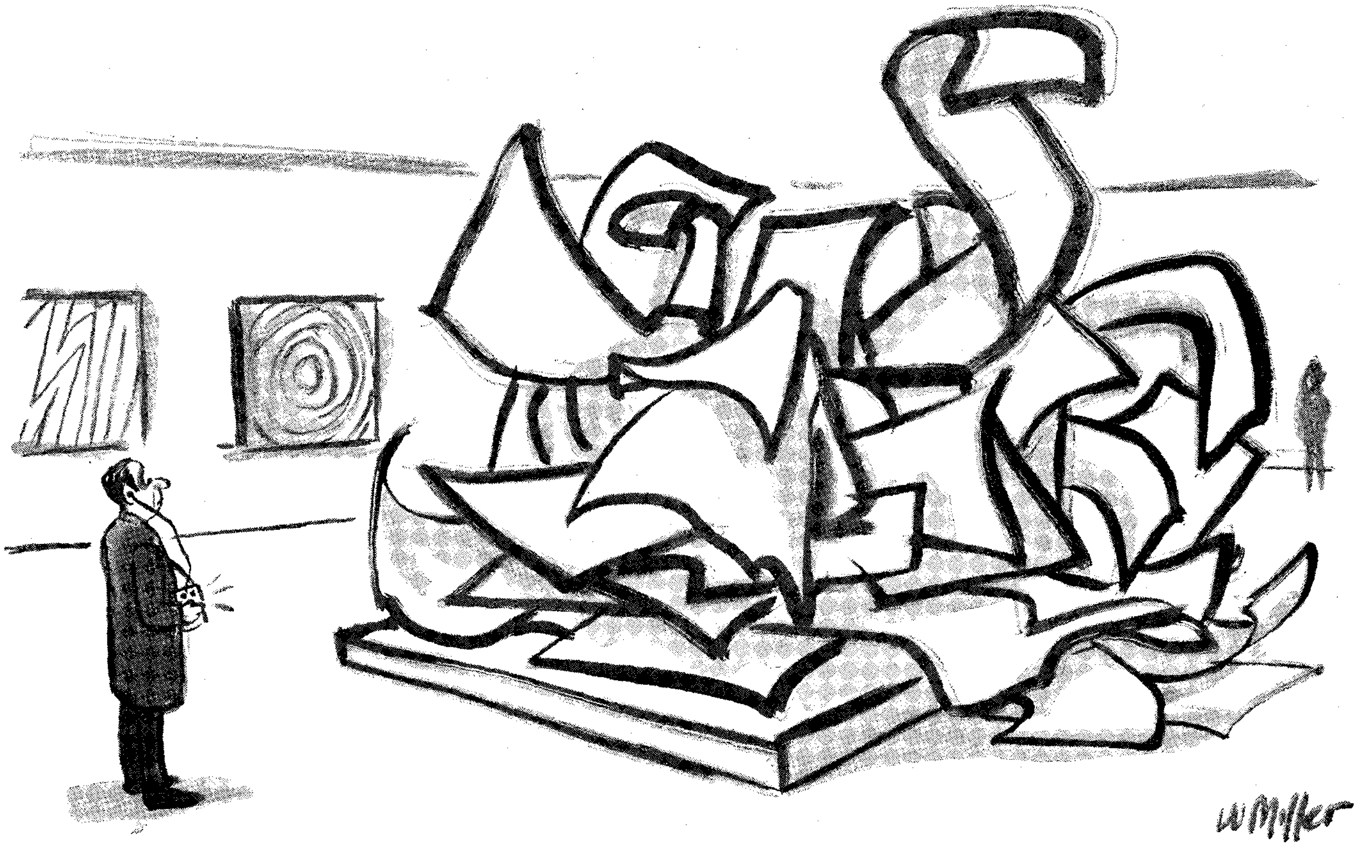
After thanking Mr. Noble, we rode down in the elevator with several boys of high-school age, who told us, with just a little hesitancy, that they had skipped school that day in order to see "Drug Scene," and were now taking in the remainder of the Museum for the first time. "This guy here," one said, pointing to another. "We couldn't get him out of some of those Colonial rooms."

"I took a whole trip looking at some of that antique furniture," the second boy said. "I really dig the way it was made."

On the first floor, we paused on our way out to watch a tall man with an Afro haircut and wearing a badge that identified him as a teacher at a Bronx junior high school taking pictures of students grouped in front of the entrance display. A minute later, we were joined by Mrs. Robert Neilson, the supervisor of the Museum's school tours. "I can't get over it," she said. "Some of these kids—the fourth- and fifth-graders, for heaven's sake—are asking us for the addresses of the treatment centers. I don't know whether it's for themselves or for older brothers or sisters, but it's for someone. You know, I've been here nine years, and I handle about fifty-four thousand kids each year, but I have never seen anything like this. This is what a museum should do. We're reaching people."

Bucky

WE went to Town Hall the other night to listen to R. Buckminster Fuller, inventor of the geodesic dome; 1969 Humanist of the Year; member of the Somerset Club, Boston; born July 12, 1895; cable address, BUCKY. Mr. Fuller was speaking on "Man's Function in Universe," and we found ourself in a very large crowd of very pleasant people. Most of them were young (some were very young), but there were a few men with gray-fringed bald heads and thick wool mufflers, and a few nice-looking white-haired ladies in long, old, not unfashionable coats. We came to the lecture with a copy of Mr. Fuller's "Basic Biography," a document produced under the supervision of Mr. Fuller. We spent a good deal of time before the lecture looking at a graph in "Basic Biography" which displayed a "Half Century Chronology of Published Items Covering News Events and



"Words fail us. Just dig it, dig it!"

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Unique Concepts of R. Buckminster Fuller." The graph was followed by this note: "The curve shows number of news, magazine or book mentionings of Buckminster Fuller for each year, from 1917 to the present. Though the frequency of items has many low points, in no year since 1928 has it gone to zero. The curves of High Points, Low Points, and Median Trend are all constantly accelerating."

All the seats in Town Hall, including fifty seats on the stage, were filled. A group of kids from N.Y.U. set up a lot of videotape equipment. ("We're trying to turn on the school to a new medium of communications," they said.) Two kids in back of us discussed Eric Clapton and Jimi Hendrix. We asked one of these kids how he knew about Fuller—whether he had read any of his books. The kid said that he knew someone who had built a geodesic dome in Montana. "You just *hear* about him—you know? I mean you hear about people without reading their books," he said.

Buckminster Fuller is a small man and he wears thick glasses and a hearing aid, but he is a man of considerable power, and he conveys, in an unextravagant way, a sense that some important things are at stake for the people he is addressing. He talked about some important things that the mind of man has perceived about the universe. He talked about what Kepler, Galileo, and Newton came to know about gravity ("I find very few people in society understand the inverse ratio, second power, proximity-mass-attraction relationship. However it is very elegant") and what Einstein came to know about relativity ("The universe is the aggregate of non-simultaneous, only partially overlapping energy-transformation events"), and he related all this to the concept of synergy, which he defines as the behavior of whole systems unpredicted by the behavior of any of the parts separately. "It is within absolute mystery that we encounter these beautiful, elegant systems," he said, indicating by his tone and by his selection of words an appreciation of all the unperceived systems, and a confidence in the ability of the human mind to perceive them unexpectedly. "The manifestations of Einstein should be very hopeful to us," he said. "Every child born into the world now is born in the presence of less misinformation and much more reliable information, and that is hopeful, because the child is spontaneously truthful. I am astonished at the letters I get from twelve-year-olds. Youth, truth, love, we do have a way."

The next night, at dinner at a friend's house, Buckminster Fuller talked about earning a living. "We always taught people that they had to *earn* their right to be alive. If you don't have a job, you're no good. Now, an interesting thing happened during the Second World War. We had to *produce*, so we automated. Now, after the war we had millions of men coming home, with no jobs for them to do. Now, you couldn't tell *these* men they were no good because they didn't have a job. We did a very clever thing. We came up with the G.I. Bill, and these guys went back to school. Well, I've taken a very careful look at the jobs people do now. There are seventy million jobs, and sixty-five million are made-up jobs—inspectors inspecting inspectors. I'd get rid of these jobs, and I'd give the men who had them fellowships. I'd tell them to go away and think about what they were thinking about before they were told they had to *earn* their right to live—to think about what needs to be done in the universe that they'd like to do, and what they'd need to know to do it."

"But who will *work*?" a guest asked.

"I will work with geodesics because I *want* to work with geodesics," Mr. Fuller said sharply. "Nothing can be more fundamental."

Someone mentioned Arnold Toynbee.

"Toynbee is a good friend of mine," said Fuller. "He's a beautiful man. He hasn't declared himself, but he has listened to what I have been saying. Even at his age, he's very flexible."

THE END OF THE DUEL

IT'S a good many years ago, now, that Carlos Reyles, the son of the Uruguayan novelist, told me the story one summer evening out in Adrogué. In my memory, after all this time, the long chronicle of a feud and its grim ending are mixed up with the medicinal smell of the eucalyptus trees and the babbling voices of birds.

We sat talking, as usual, of the tangled history of our two countries, Uruguay and the Argentine. Reyles said that probably I'd heard of Juan Patricio Nolan, who had won quite a reputation as a brave man, a practical joker, and a rogue. Lying, I answered yes. Though Nolan had died back in the nineties, people still thought of him as a friend. As always happens, however, he had his enemies as well. Reyles gave me an account of one of Nolan's many pranks. The thing had happened a short time before the battle of Manantiales; two gauchos from Cerro Largo, Manuel Cardoso and Carmen Silveira, were the leading characters.

How and why did they begin hating each other? How, after a century, can one unearth the long-forgotten story of two men whose only claim to being remembered is their last duel? A foreman of Reyles' father, whose name was Laderecha and "who had the whiskers of a tiger," had collected from oral accounts certain details that I transcribe now with a good deal of misgiving, since both forgetfulness and memory are apt to be inventive.

Manuel Cardoso and Carmen Silveira had a few acres of land that bordered each other. Like the roots of other passions, those of hatred are mysterious, but there was talk of a quarrel over some unbranded cattle or a free-for-all horse race in which Silveira, who was the stronger of the two, had run Cardoso's horse off the edge of the course. Months afterward, a long two-handed game of *truco* of thirty points was to take place in the local saloon. Following almost every hand, Silveira congratulated his opponent on his skill, but in the end left him without a cent. When he tucked his winnings away in his money belt, Silveira thanked Cardoso for the lesson he had been given. It was then, I believe, that they were at the point of having it out. The game had had its ups and downs. In those rough places and in that day, man squared off against man and steel against steel. But the onlookers, who were quite a few, separated them. A peculiar twist of the story is that Manuel Cardoso and Carmen Silveira must have run across each other out in the hills on more than one occasion at sundown or at dawn, but they never actually faced each other until the very end. Maybe their poor and monotonous lives held nothing else for them than their hatred, and that was why they nursed it. In the long run, without suspecting it, each of the two became a slave to the other.

I no longer know whether the events I am about to relate are effects or causes. Cardoso, less out of love than out of boredom, took up with a neighbor girl, La Serviliana. That was all Silveira had to find out, and, after his manner, he began courting her and brought her to his shack. A few months later, finding her in the way, he threw her out. Full of spite, the woman tried to seek shelter at Cardoso's. Cardoso spent one night with her, and by the next noon packed her off. He did not want the other man's leavings.

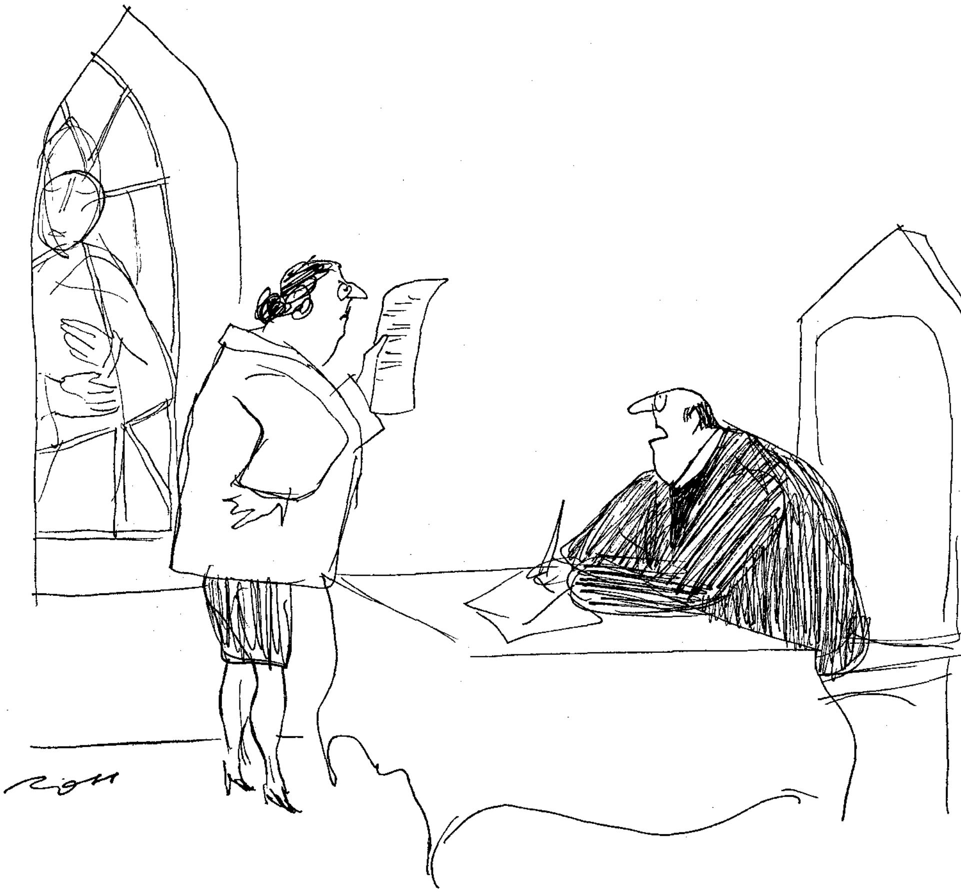
It was around that same time, just before or just after La Serviliana, that the incident of Silveira's sheepdog took place. Silveira was very fond of the animal, and had named him Treinta y Tres, after Uruguay's thirty-three founding fathers. When the dog was found dead in a ditch, Silveira was quick to suspect who had given it poison.

Sometime during the winter of 1870, a civil war broke out between the Colorados, or Reds, who were in power, and Aparacio's Blancos, or Whites. The revolution found Silveira and Cardoso in the same crossroads saloon where they had played their game of cards. A Brazilian half-breed, at the head of a detachment of gaucho militiamen, harangued all those present, telling them that the country needed them and that the government oppression was unbearable. He handed around white badges to mark them as Blancos, and at the end of his speech, which nobody understood, everyone in the place was rounded up. They were not allowed even to say goodbye to their families.

Manuel Cardoso and Carmen Silveira accepted their fate; a soldier's life was no harder than a gaucho's. Sleeping in the open on their sheepskin saddle blankets was something to which they were already hardened, and as for killing men, that held no difficulty for hands already in the habit of killing cattle. The clinking of stirrups and weapons is one of the things always heard when cavalry enter into action. The man who is not wounded at the outset thinks himself invulnerable. A lack of imagination freed Cardoso and Silveira from fear and from pity, although once in a while, as they headed a charge, fear brushed them. They were never homesick. The idea of patriotism was alien to them, and, in spite of the badges they wore on their hats, one party was to them the same as the other. During the course of marches and countermarches, they learned what a man could do with a spear, and they found out that being companions allowed them to go on being enemies. They fought shoulder to shoulder and, for all

"*Please, can I have the thirty cents this week without the jawboning?*"

we know, did not exchange a single word.



"For Pete's sake, dear, it's supposed to sound pious."

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IT was in the sultry fall of 1871 that their end was to come. The fight, which would not last an hour, happened in a place whose name they never knew. (Such places are later named by historians.) On the eve of battle, Cardoso crept on all fours into his officer's tent and asked him sheepishly would he save him one of the Reds if the Whites won the next day, because up till then he had not cut anyone's throat and he wanted to know what it was like. His superior promised him that if he handled himself like a man he would be granted that favor.

The Whites outnumbered the enemy, but the Reds were better equipped and cut them down from the crown of a hill. After two unsuccessful charges that never reached the summit, the Whites' commanding officer, badly wounded, surrendered. On the very spot, at his own request, he was put to death by the knife.

The men laid down their arms. Captain Juan Patricio Nolan, who commanded the Reds, arranged the expected execution of the prisoners down to the last detail. He was from Cerro Largo himself, and knew all about the old rivalry between Silveira and Cardoso. He sent for the pair and told them, "I already know you two can't stand the sight of each other, and that for some time now you've been looking for a chance to have it out. I have good news for you. Before sundown, the two of you are going to have the chance to show who's the better man. I'm going to stand you up and have your throats cut, and then you'll run a race. God knows who'll win." The soldier who had brought them took them away.

It was not long before the news spread throughout the camp. Nolan had made up his mind that the race would close the proceedings, but the prisoners sent him a representative to tell him that they, too, wanted to be spectators and to place wagers on the outcome. Nolan, who was an understanding man, let himself be persuaded. The bets were laid down—money, riding gear, spears, sabres, and horses. In due time they would be handed over to the widows and next of kin. The heat was unusual. So that no one would miss his siesta, things were delayed until four o'clock. Nolan, in the South American style, kept them waiting another hour. He was probably discussing the campaign with his officers, his aide shuttling in and out with the maté kettle.

Both sides of the dirt road in front of the tents were lined with prisoners, who, to make things easier, squatted on the ground with their hands tied behind their backs. A few of them relieved their feelings in a torrent of swearwords, one went over and over the beginning of the Lord's Prayer, almost all were stunned. Of course, they could not smoke. They no longer cared about the race now, but they all watched.

"They'll be cutting my throat on me, too," one of them said, showing his envy.

"Sure, but along with the mob," said his neighbor.

"Same as you," the first man snapped back.

With his sabre, a sergeant drew a line in the dust across the road. Silveira's and Cardoso's wrists had been untied so that they could run freely. A space of some five yards was between them. Each man toed the mark. A couple of the officers asked the two not to let them down because everyone had placed great faith in them, and the sums they had bet on them came to quite a pile.

It fell to Silveira's lot to draw as executioner the mulatto Nolan, whose forefathers had no doubt been slaves of the Captain's family and therefore bore his name. Cardoso drew the Reds' official cutthroat, a man from Corrientes well along in years, who, to comfort a condemned man, would pat him on the shoulder and tell him, "Take heart, friend. Women go through far worse when they give birth."

Their torsos bent forward, the two eager men did not look at each other. Nolan gave the signal.

The mulatto, swelling with pride to be at the center of attention, overdid his job and opened a showy slash that ran from ear to ear; the man from Corrientes did his with a narrow slit. Spurts of blood gushed from the men's throats. They dashed forward a number of steps before tumbling face down. Cardoso, as he fell, stretched out his arms. Perhaps never aware of it, he had won. —JORGE LUIS BORGES

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.)

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DINING ROOM SET: Futile Oak, $200; Sectional $250.—*Adv. in the Rochester Times-Union.*

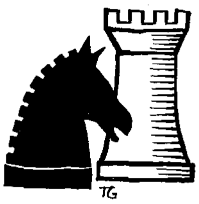
We'll go for the sectional.

LOTUS

LILY left New York because she was not sure that she wanted to marry Starr. If she stayed, the pressure of the familiar world would drive her into it. The force of shared restaurants and movie theatres, parks and streets, was strong. At the corner of Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue, two days before she left, Starr said that he didn't love her. She was crouched on the pavement trying to trap a June bug somehow strayed into that unlikely cement desert.

"Perhaps it came out of the Park," Lily said, not heeding.

She knew that, having said he didn't love her, he would feel himself safe from future injury. When threatened, Starr always cast the first stone, so that he could point to it if things went badly. The child that he had by now dispossessed—the boy she still remembered as her summer friend—slunk back in these moments. After that, he took her going to Europe philosophically, calling it an adventure and a necessary experience. His letters followed Lily about in long envelopes stamped National City Bank & Trust Co. At first they were complacent about the value of a year abroad, but with her second summer away the tone changed. He wanted to know when she was coming back, what she thought she was doing, and where it was all going to end. She wrote that it had ended in Florence, that she had a room-and-board job in a *pensione* and was going to spend the winter at art school. She didn't want to marry him, she said, yet. She suspected, secretly, that she didn't want to marry him at all. The "yet" was characteristic of her softness about people's feelings. Starr's reply was ponderous. He had no objections, he said, to a winter in Florence, even a winter at art school, but she should remember the seductions of Europe, and the dilettante lives they had produced in all generations. He continued in this vein through the winter, but when in May she wrote that she had decided to stay another year, Starr gave her up for lost.



Living in another culture, Lily, is a valuable experience, but remember your roots are not in it and never can be. In another culture you will always float on the surface. Europe is not reality for you. Beware of becoming a lotus-eater.

That was the last letter. The day Lily got it (though this was, of course, coincidental), she had the first nightmare about returning to America. In it she was driving along the New Jersey Turnpike. The oil refineries were convoluted and colored to an ugliness defying even that of the originals, and they swarmed with gargoyle creatures.

"Please," she said, "I want to get off."

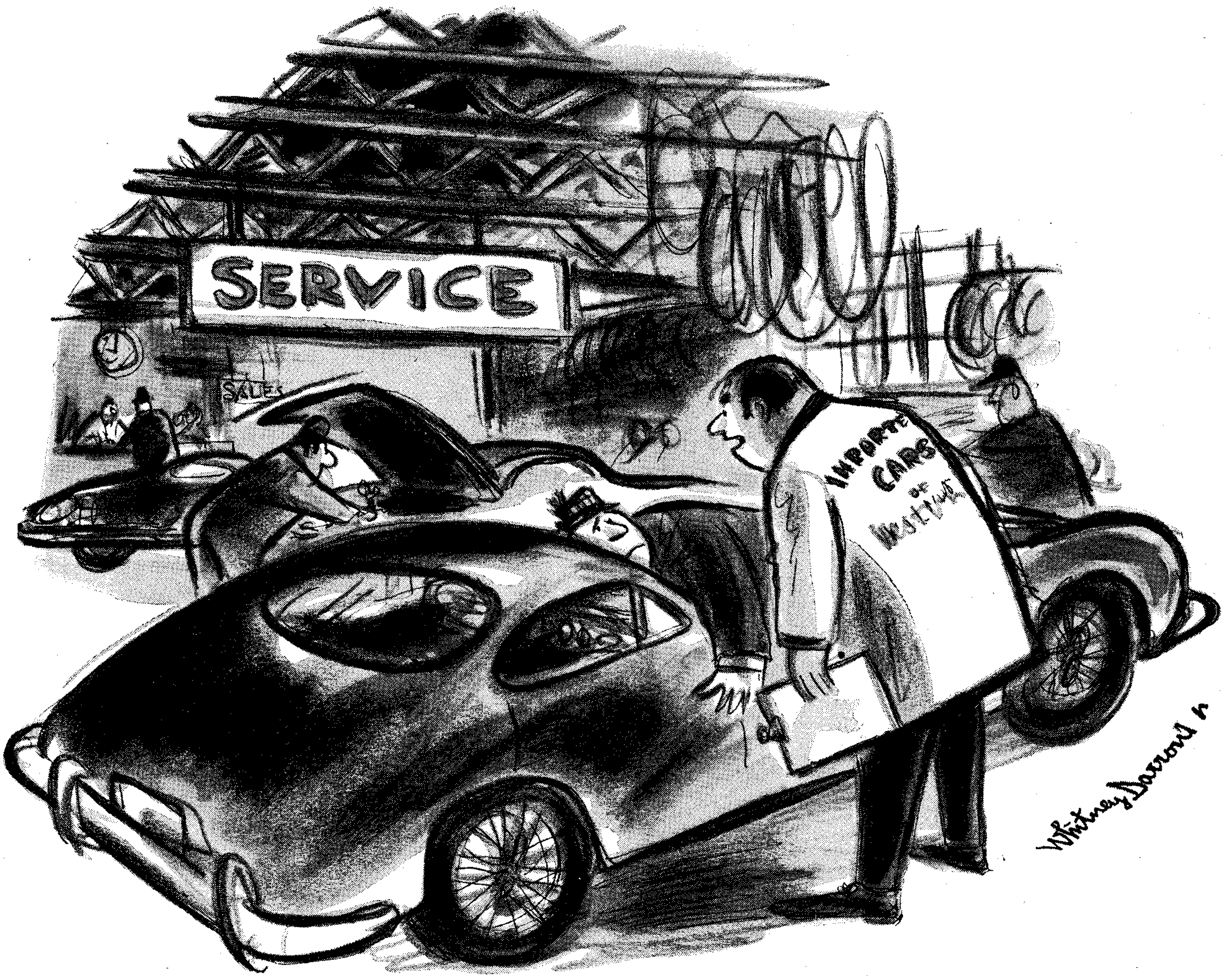
"But don't you know," said the anonymous person beside her, "you can't get off. This is America."

And she knew that it would be a long time before she would return to New York. In fact, it was another year.

BY the end of the third year, Lily was frightened by Italy. She was afraid of a life as static and lovely as the decorations on a palazzo ceiling. She was finally afraid of becoming a lotus-eater. In Florence, it was so easy to live only to look at things. Even her paintings had begun to seem precious recordings—more valuable to a century without cameras. Gradually, New York took shape again in her head. The shape was not beautiful. Surely there one would be forced to live for a purpose. How could one be seduced into a life that was meaningless where there was no beauty to support it? So she returned to New York to revel in its honest panorama of grim utility. Once back, she spent hours on Broadway and the lower reaches of Second Avenue. She wallowed in the living grotesquerie that was Union Square. One day, there was a long-haired boy selling beads. She resented him, for he had twined massed strings of them, iridescent pink, blue, green, at the neck of his Army-surplus shirt in the manner of a European street peddler. In Union Square, she felt the rawness of New York, the scraped bones of street and sidewalk, the mica flecks like spit. She would stand by the subway kiosk, knowing that the streets in either direction, toward two rivers, were strings of cheap shops, warehouses, snack bars, and white brick apartment buildings with regular, chrome-edged windows. The shock was wholesome. Nothing was muted by age. The pathos was bright and cheap and new, created of fluorescent plastic, nylon, imitation fur.

She had moved in with Prophecy: with Prophecy less by choice than because most of her friends were married or involved in arrangements that did not invite a third person. Prophecy and Lily had been college roommates for one year. Prophecy, of course, was a link with Starr, whom she had known from childhood, but his name was not mentioned. The apartment was in the East Seventies, just a few blocks from the Park, set above a shop that sold Mexican imports, and it had belonged to a cousin of Prophecy's, now married, and was ugly in its expensive barrenness. The cousin had left a number of things behind, which Prophecy had not removed. She had made no attempt to stamp the place as her own, save for tacking up a few tomb rubbings in the hall and filling the bookcases with her heavy books on psychology and sociology. Though there was very little furniture in the three rooms, Lily always felt as if she were impinging on someone else's space, even when Prophecy was off matching foster children and homes. She thought perhaps that it was her joblessness, which Prophecy treated as a very cumbersome aura. She read the listless gray columns in the back of the *Times.* On some mornings she read them twice. But she remembered the insides of New York office buildings too well to be much tempted. She went to see one fat editor at a university press who asked her if she thought she had Europe out of her system.

"No," Lily said after a few seconds' deliberation, and walked out down narrow linoleum halls. After that, she took the job at the zoo. She didn't know when she went to apply, far earlier than usual, at eight-thirty in the morning, that it was the zoo. The ad was for cafeteria waitresses and gave an address of Sixty-fourth and Fifth. She could think of no restaurant there, and so, out of curiosity, she went. At the entrance to the zoo was a sign: "WAITRESSES WANTED—APPLY ZOO CAFETERIA." Lily descended the steps. The capsule world of the zoo appealed to her immediately, and she went to a drugstore on Madison Avenue for several containers of coffee. Then she sat on a park bench waiting for the cafeteria to open. The March sun was quite hot, and the brown leaves of the pachysandra looked as if they might have been wilted rather than frozen. Or so Lily imagined. There were dirty bits of snow, like torn and crumpled Kleenex, about the feet of the benches and around the trash barrels and iron railings. It was ugly, and so was the florid Italian clock that chimed nine and then nine-thirty. She went, sipping her coffee, through the arch beneath the clock to look at some of the animals. They were mangy and irritable, except for one of the bears, who had found a sunny



"But, Mr. Winston, don't you see? If you can't bear to leave *your car with us, then how can we fix it?"*

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flat rock and was lying on his back. He seemed content, but even he looked like a derelict. The place was a cartoon for the city itself: cages and littered paths and the scraps of neon color, trash barrels, the façade of the restaurant. Lily returned to her bench till ten o'clock, when, as the first applicant, she was given a job and told to report the following morning. She walked back to the apartment, stopping in the store below to buy some Mexican paper flowers. She crammed these into a jar and put them on the bookcase. Now that she had a job, she felt that she had the right to make some kind of dent on the apartment.

"A WAITRESS at the zoo?" Prophecy said at four o'clock when she came home. They were having tea in the tiny kitchen still decorated with the cousin's Winnie the Pooh posters.

"A busgirl, really," Lily said. "It'll be an outdoor job when the hot weather comes."

"Well," Prophecy said, "no one can *force* you to use your education. One day, perhaps, you'll want to."

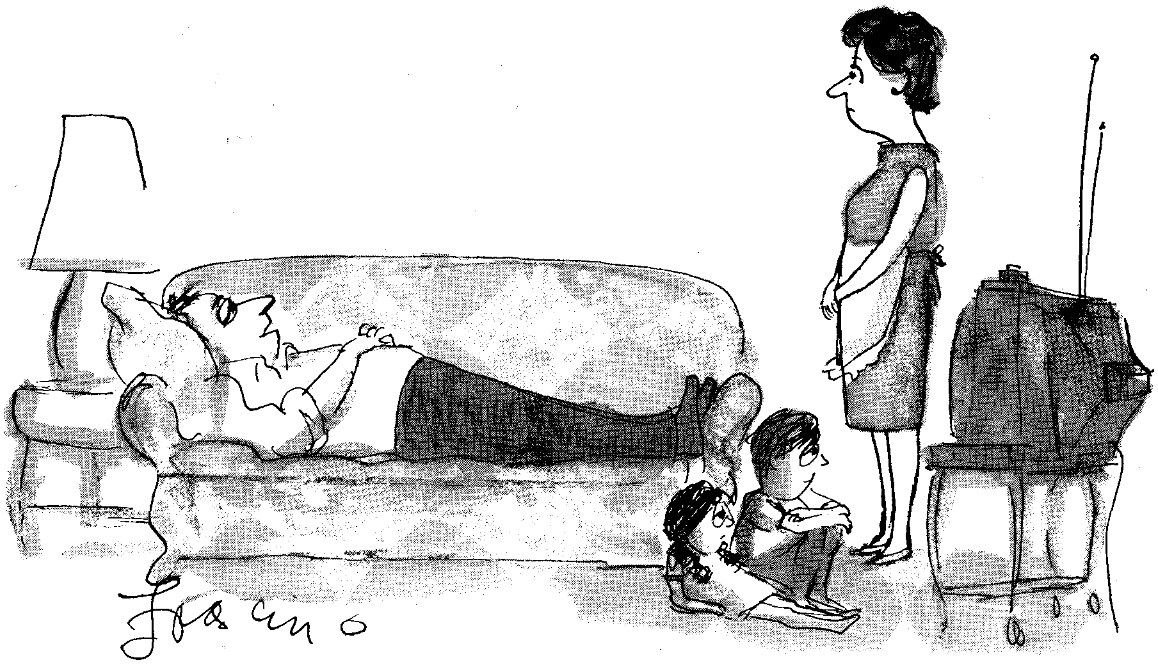
"By the time it's atrophied, I probably will."

Prophecy's eyes glittered at the suggestion. "Well, that *can* happen," she said.

Lily's first day on the job was uneventful. Overnight, the weather had turned very cold, and the wind on the corners was so harsh that she had to stop in hotel lobbies to get warm. On a cold March day in midweek, the zoo is sparsely frequented. Some old foreign-looking women with bulbous shopping bags torn here and there by pointed contents came and sat heavily in the orange plastic chairs, drinking tea and coffee, reminding Lily of the dumpy figures on the clock. At lunchtime, they were relieved by wan old men who ate hot dogs. In the afternoon, no one came. At six, Lily went home, after stopping once to look at the camel, who was pacing despondently, perhaps to keep warm.

Lily was glad to have a reason to get up when Prophecy's loud, businesslike alarm sounded in the mornings. It made life seem serious, and she was breaking herself of a waking expectation of bells or pigeons or the frail slats of light thrown by wooden shutters on the floor. There was not, even at the back of her mind, the thought of drifting off to a slow *caffè-latte* and the jukebox of the local bar. She clattered down the stairs each morning, marched past the window full of embroidered wedding shirts and piñatas, and walked briskly over to Fifth and down Fifth to Sixty-fourth Street. On some mornings, Prophecy walked with her as far as Fifth, where she caught the bus. Prophecy approved of the new tone, if not the direction, of Lily's life.

"You should make more effort to



"I understand you. You understand me. We understand the kids, and the kids understand us. That's why I fall asleep every night after dinner."

see people," she said earnestly one evening, sitting at her desk in masculine flannel pajamas.

"I have to get used to the place first," Lily said. "Once I can see the place, I'll start seeing people."

Prophecy chewed the inside of her cheek thoughtfully and then returned to the casebooks. "Starr was asking for you," she said, "at the Children's Aid benefit concert."

Lily did not comment.

ON the third afternoon of Lily's second week of work, Starr came to see her. He came at 2 P.M., when no one else was there save a young woman with a fractious pre-school child. He sat down and folded his hands, waiting alertly, as if to see whether she could pick him out of the crowd.

"Hello, Starr," Lily said.

"Well, Lily." He tried to lean back in the orange plastic chair, which tipped. He had got fat, Lily decided. He had always been pudgy, but now the way his vest split over his stomach below the gold watch chain was really fat.

"I thought you might call me."

"Oh dear," Lily said, "have I been back that long? It's just that I've been so busy finding a job."

Starr smiled faintly. "Prophecy told me." He looked around him and smiled again.

"Can I get you anything?" Lily asked.

"Tea," Starr said. "And when do you get out?"

"Five o'clock today," Lily said, sadly truthful.

"I'll meet you then at the merry-go-round."

At 3:15 P.M., when a neighboring girls' school was dismissed, the cafeteria filled up with earnest tête-à-têtes. The girls came in pairs, separate, ignoring each other couple, and sat, crossing ankles and swinging hair, depositing layers of coats and scarves and chain-handled bags on the backs of the orange chairs. Lily liked to watch them, holding back their long blond, dark, red hair with both hands, gazing at each other as if in their very likeness they could find an answer to something deep and puzzling. They drank Coke, and sometimes the chubbier ones had ice cream. Lily was sorry when the last ones left at four-thirty. They brought back something from the eighth grade, something familiar and protected and comfortable. Going to meet Starr at the merry-go-round was none of these things. She had not seriously thought about Starr after January of that first year in Europe. She had then been living in London, enclosed in a dark flat in a damp, low section of Chelsea. In the wet, bleak streets, she would be overcome by sudden gusts of memory and so weakened by them that she would have to go sit in the library or on the river wall or anywhere that afforded itself. The memories were always of New York in April and May—of sun on the windows of small shops on Lexington Avenue and on the brownstone steps of side streets, of a dry, soft breeze that blew ordinary dresses and the baggy jackets of ready-made suits into something exotic. She could hear the rustle of the half-furled leaves on the trees, see a poodle straining at a red leather leash, and smell fresh pastry from a corner bakery. And always she was hurrying somewhere, buying a flower or an apple on the way. And the hurrying had something to do with Starr. But it was not Starr that she remembered, but only the poignant, inexact sensations, the rush and flow of sun and wind and freedom. He was essential to, yet never appeared in, the scenes. She was always on her way to see him or waiting in the apartment—his apartment, with the plants massed on the terrace—for him to come back from somewhere. He was only a part of owning everything: the city, the spring, life.

Starr was sitting on a heavy, red harnessed bear. The merry-go-round was stopped. He was the only one on it, and the attendant was eating a sandwich, with the door open to the control panel. Starr got up stiffly when he saw her coming.

"Shall we sit in the swan boat?" he asked.

They had been here before, one afternoon shortly before she left, and Lily had cried in the swan boat.

"No, I'll take this one," she said, swinging up onto a rearing black horse with a heliotrope saddle and bridle. Starr sank back onto the bear. The merry-go-round attendant shoved the rest of his sandwich into his mouth and threw a lever. The music slid into tempo, and Lily's horse began slowly to rise. The feet of Starr's bear were anchored to the platform, and he did not even look at her as she rose above him—just stared ahead as if he were trying to disintegrate something. She noticed that his eyes were ringed with a faint puffiness and that he had developed something like a squint. The machinery squealed, making dissonant chords with the music. The galloping horses shot up and down among the stolid elephants and bears like spring runaways. Ahead was the tail of the swan boat. As her horse descended for a beat, Starr leaned toward her, then sighed and looked inward at the mirrored central panels.

"Would you like to go to a party next Thursday?"

"All right," Lily said, relieved that talking could be put off. "Yes."

The merry-go-round slowed to a stop. Two of the schoolgirls came, shoving each other, into the shed. They got into the swan boat, giggling.

"I paid for two rides," Starr said as the music began again.

"DID Starr find you?" Prophecy asked, and her voice was not really casual.

"Yes," Lily said. "It's only a matter of finding the zoo."

She watched Prophecy, who was aligning books on the desk for her evening's study. She knew that Prophecy felt she had mistreated Starr, that she had probably trembled for him at this new meeting. To Lily it seemed absurd. Starr was not vulnerable—even less so now.

"We're going to a party next Thursday night," she said.

"Oh," Prophecy said. "Good. You should get out, Lily."

"When spring comes," Lily said deliberately, "I'll be out all the time. Outside."

Prophecy did not reply.

The following week, Lily had flu. She was in bed on Tuesday, and by Thursday she was still light-headed. She realized that when Starr came to collect her. Prophecy was there herself, already, at seven-thirty, in her flannel pajamas and plaid dressing gown, with her books spread on the desk. Prophecy took a shower and got ready for bed at 6 P.M., and nothing affected that routine. She stuck her head out of the bedroom to say hello to Starr.

The party was given by a friend of Starr's, a co-worker at the bank who had recently returned from a year in the Tokyo office. The party began with dinner in a Japanese restaurant. Dinner began with raw fish.

"Lily doesn't like it," Starr's friend Jeffrey said with a sort of gloomy disappointment. "Do you, Lily?"

"Oh, yes," Lily said manfully. "Actually, I do."

"She doesn't," Jeffrey said to Starr a few minutes later.

Lily knew then that she should not have come, that there are times when politeness does not hold up, when more is expected of you, and politeness is suspect as a cover for a basic failure to understand. It made her impatient. She did not feel well enough to be more than polite. What must I do, she wanted to shout at placid Jeffrey, grab the raw fish in my hand, stuff it into my mouth, and gurgle with the satisfaction of a baby? And they had already cast her in the role of the child, the primitive among them. She had seen it in Jeffrey's sad, Jewish eyes.

"You're holding your chopsticks the wrong way round," Jeffrey said to her, and he righted them.

Afterward, in Jeffrey's apartment above Gramercy Park, Lily discovered the dimension that she lacked. Everyone else had an analyst. It was about then that the girl in the striped football-jersey dress arrived. She and Lily had been classmates at college, but Marian had married in her sophomore year. The consequent realities of her divorce and her finishing at Barnard had separated them even further. She wore, on her left hand, a ring set only with a bit of mirror. Though Lily remembered her name and her existence, she found that she did not remember the actual girl at all.

When it was learned that Lily did not have an analyst, had never had one, they all smiled. Even Starr. And she saw Jeffrey give him a pointed look. They set upon her, asking her to describe the strange, web-winged figures of her demented Puritan world. She had, she was told, the tortured conception of the Romantic poet, the idea that you create from something twisted inside you, the blasted tree bringing forth fruit. If the tree is made to grow so straight and tall, will not the fruit be out of sight, beyond picking, she cried. They smiled gently at her. We are all open and drifting, they seemed to say. We have bevelled our edges. You will encounter nothing jagged; we may bruise but not bite. The way we really hurt is if we trap you between two of us. Then you may be crushed.

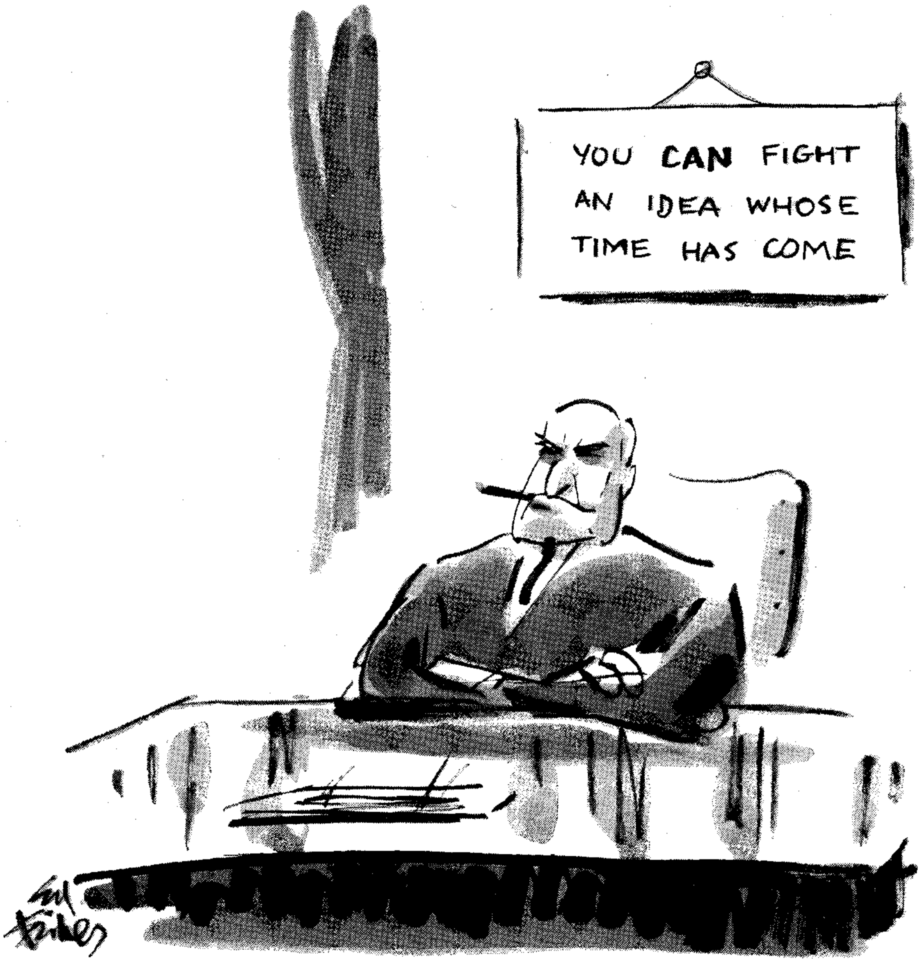
"My dream has always been to live in another country," the girl in the football-jersey dress, Marian, said to Starr, waving the mirror ring. "But I worry about the language problem. So I always think of London."

"But you can pick up enough of a language so fast," Lily said.

Marian looked at her briefly. "Once I was in Spain and I didn't know the language. It was awful. I couldn't communicate." She jerked her body with remembered effort.

"Well," said Lily, "with the current demand for English-speakers, you wouldn't starve."

"People like us can't starve. The na-



tives starve and people are starving in the Bowery."

"That in no way," Lily said, "obviates my point—that you can find work in a foreign country."

The girl threw up one hand, the mirror ring flashing impatiently. "You're taking jobs away from people who really need them."

"Not if you're teaching English," Lily said stubbornly. "It's not as if you went to Appalachia to become a coal miner."

Marian laughed, as if the mention of Appalachia put the final seal of banality on Lily's argument. "I thought of joining VISTA," she said. She said it to Starr, having dismissed Lily. "But I don't think I'm designed to help groups—I can help on an individual scale, a one-to-one ratio."

Starr smiled down at her benignly. Or was it fascination, not benignity? In Starr, the two expressions were hard to distinguish. Because he was always benign, his other expressions were superimposed on the basic one and were often transparent.

"I have to push myself to keep on going to acting classes," Marian was saying.

Lily looked around for someone else to talk to, but they were all talking in pairs—a habit derived from analysis? All except Jeffrey, who was sitting cross-legged on the straw matting beside the coffee table juggling some smooth wooden objects with one hand. She turned away from Starr and Marian and went to sit down, cross-legged, beside Jeffrey on the mat.

Jeffrey smiled at her. "Hello," he said. "Would you like to see my collection of Japanese brushes and combs?"

"Yes," Lily said, biting her tongue on "I'd love to."

Jeffrey reached behind him and took a large brass bowl off the coffee table. It was filled with odd wire instruments. Jeffrey plunged in a hand and sifted them lovingly, though they were obviously spiky and sharp. He lifted one out—a silver one that looked rather like a mane comb—and gave it to Lily. She turned it over several times in her hands.

"You're not really interested," Jeffrey said, looking at her in the same way he had at the restaurant. "You seem to have other things on your mind, Lily."

"Oh, no," Lily said. "I've had nothing on my mind but Oriental brushes and combs for some time now."

Jeffrey wagged a finger at her. "Sarcasm," he said. "Why are you so defensive, Lily? Is it Starr? Are you worried about your relationship?"

His eyes were eager. The word "relationship" seemed to trigger a feverish reaction in the analyzed.

"What relationship?" Lily asked, honestly and without in the least meaning to be facetious.

"Sarcasm again," Jeffrey said, shaking his head. "It's not necessary. We none of us are out to get you, or outpoint you, or whatever you think."

Lily decided that it was better not to interject, better to let him go on.

"I don't know what you want from Starr," he went on, "but at the current moment I think it might be best for both of you to have an affair."

Lily had to curb her laughter. "With each other?"

"Yes. Or perhaps better with other people first." He paused. "Are you under pressure from home?"

"No," Lily said, puzzled.

"I am," Jeffrey sighed, picking up a comb and running it over the red hairs on the back of his hand. "Every Saturday, my mother calls and asks if I'm taking out any nice Jewish girls. But I'm not about to. That's what I married the first time, and who needs that again."

"What was she like?" Lily jumped at the chance to make the conversation factual.

"A *nice* Jewish girl." Jeffrey smiled at being able to exclude her from yet another culture. "They're all the same. She had a toy poodle that slept on the

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RED JACKET'S GRAVE

I have a deep identity
With something under
The bare stones, the
Variety of firemen
In Buffalo, N.Y.,
Early nineteen something.

Their stones look all
Alike, the beefy faces, a few granite, sand, a little rich marble;
Somebody played with his calluses,
Then gouged down to find
Black hands. What name?
I am lonely among the black hands that are forgotten.
And lonely among the members of the Buffalo
Fire Department who
Died in World War I.
They are not alone.

And neither is Red Jacket,
Whose noble face rises
At the entrance of the
Grave grass.

I don't know who dug
The graves of the firemen.
I don't believe Red Jacket
Would have given his left
Hand to leave his body there,
Though his name is there.

Somebody
Dug the graves.
Somebody, for maybe a dollar an hour,
Hugged the seventy-five stones
Into the ground.

And who dug the graves?
And who wasted his black hands away among the beautiful
Roots of the elms?
And who hugged the stones
Into the ground?

—James Wright

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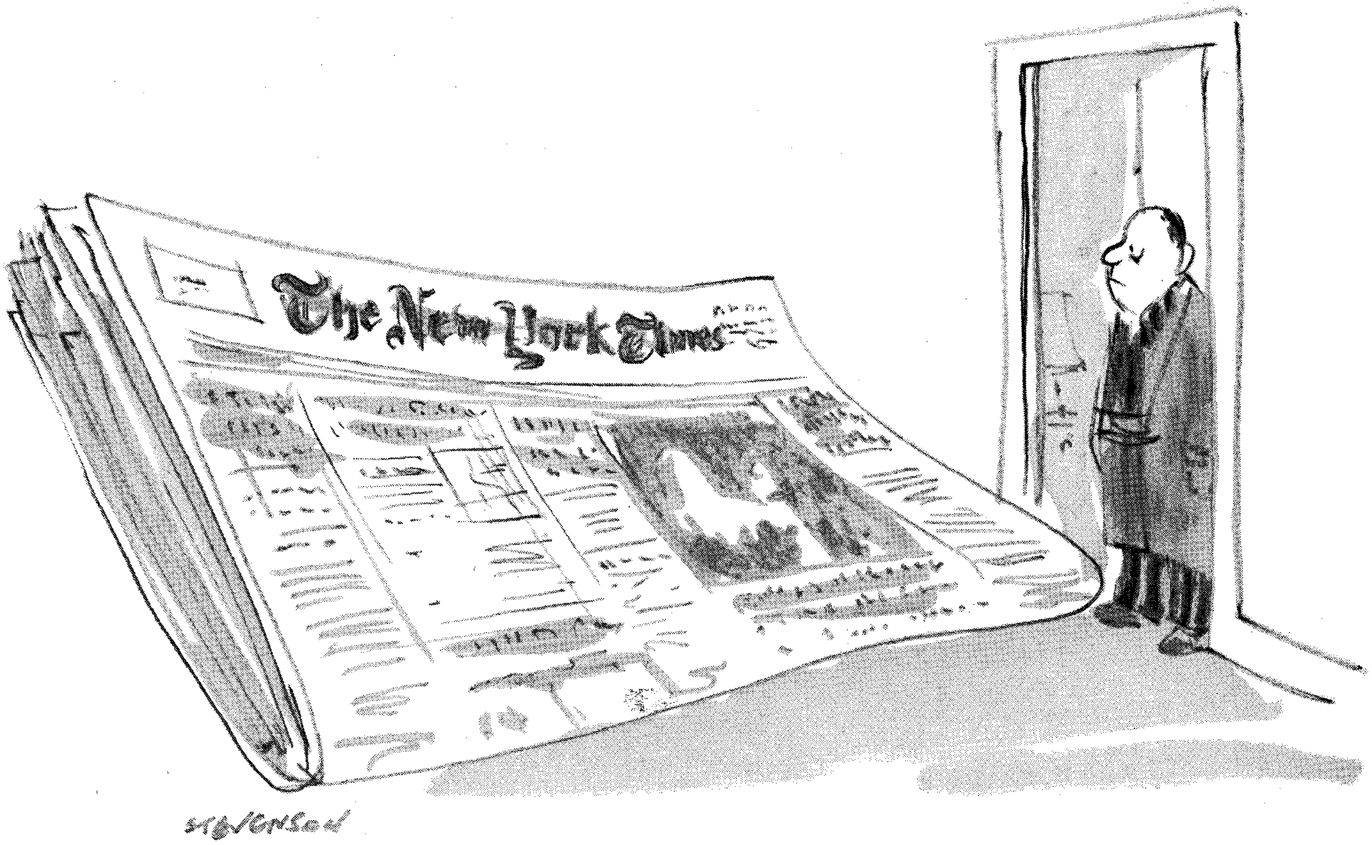


pillow. She just wanted to be married, that was all. She had no other opinions. And no idea what marriage involved, other than status."

"I see," Lily said. Her head was beginning to ache, and more than anything she wanted to leave. Starr was still talking to Marian, who was taking baby steps closer and closer to him, narrowing the communication gap. The mirror ring sparked like a semaphore.

"Starr is a lot more relaxed," Jeffrey went on, "than he was when you first knew him. From what he has told me, yours was a neurotic relationship. He has resolved a lot of things about himself since then."

Having been discussed made Lily's throat close with anger—discussed with Jeffrey and with the analyst, too, as if she did not exist except as a function of Starr.

"Wonderful," she said, and got to her feet, determined now to drag Starr away, to go home.

With surprising speed, Jeffrey reached up and grabbed her arm. "Don't try to put it in the old pattern," Jeffrey said earnestly. "He's come so far."

"Look," Lily said to Starr, cutting across Marian in midsentence, "I have an awful headache. This flu thing is hanging on. I think I'd better go home if you could find me a taxi."

"We'll go, of course," Starr said, stiffening with nobility.

Marian looked at her as if her methods were as archaic as her thinking, and moved backward a few steps. They said their goodbyes. Lily thanked Jeffrey, who inclined his head, nodded into his chest, and made a hopeless gesture with his hands. Lily couldn't tell if it was self-deprecating or if he felt that, somehow, as far as she was concerned, the evening had been a failure.

They went downstairs in silence, Lily a flight ahead of Starr, almost running in her eagerness to get out to the street, maddened by his ponderous step behind her. She fled across the black and white tiles of the hall, past the pseudo-antique table littered with subscription magazines.

Outside in Gramercy Square, the air was harshly cold, and she stopped on the steps with a gasp. She turned to Starr, who came through the door behind her, looking grave. He had buttoned his chesterfield on the way downstairs and knotted the gray scarf around his neck. Her own coat was open. She held it now with one gloved hand, the other glove and her scarf still balled up in her pocket.

"I hate that girl," Lily said, and bolted down the steps. She walked very fast toward Fifth Avenue, stopping once to kick two trash cans on the sidewalk. They clashed satisfactorily.

Starr followed her at a distance, as if she were an uncertain horse or a dangerous driver. At the corner, he caught up and took her arm. "I don't know why you hate her," he said measuredly. "She isn't a hateable person. She isn't strong enough. She's had a hard time because she didn't understand herself in her first marriage. She didn't know why she'd married him or what went wrong. The analyst has helped her a lot, Lily."

"Good God, who knows why they do anything?" Lily cried. She was thinking now of having left Italy, which suddenly seemed infinitely desirable. She longed for the ability of Europeans to keep their distance.

Starr sighed as they stood on the corner and looked up into the night sky, where the stars were blurred by smoke.

"Well, Lily," he said.

Lily fiddled with the glove and scarf in her pocket and buttoned her coat with one hand.

"Would you like to go somewhere and talk?"

"About what? Analysis for me?"

Starr sighed again. He had his hands, in fur-lined leather gloves, crossed and resting on his stomach—a gesture she had noticed in pregnant women.

"You don't make it easy for me, Lily," he said.

"All right. Let's go somewhere. I don't want to stand on this corner all night. It's too cold."

THEY went to a small night club that thrust its green awning between townhouse façades on an East Side residential street. It really was a night club, not a discothèque or a bar or a pub or anything more bogus and contemporary. Small, dark, narrow, oblong and uncrowded, it was what Lily had always considered a *boîte de nuit*—a box of night. They sat at a bare little table in a corner. He had an animal's liking for corners, she remembered. She was thankful, at least, that he had not taken her to any of their old haunts. He still had some of the sensitivity that she imagined had originally drawn her to him. That and his chestnut hair. The color was as she remembered, but it seemed to have become fine, nervous hair, where she remembered its being thick and even a little wavy. And if he had got fatter, his aquiline and attractive nose had pinched in strangely at the bridge. She noticed all this while Starr carefully went through the contents of his wallet, as he always did on entering any new place of entertainment, as if he still suffered from the adolescent fear of running out of money and having to wash dishes. After they had ordered drinks, he sighed, laced his fingers together, and set his hands down squarely on the table. Lily recognized the gesture of commencement. She waited.

"Well, Lily," Starr began, "it is pleasant to have you back, for the rest of us, but I do not feel that you have yet made the transition. Other people who observe you closely feel the same way."

"Have you got Europe out of your system?" Lily said, thinking of the fat editor.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"You just seem to be very facetious and defensive and unsettled. Prophecy is quite worried about you."

"Damn Prophecy," Lily said. "And her social work."

Starr unclasped his hands and looked round nervously, as if he feared that she might go mad and start howling obscenities.

"I just feel . . ." Starr said, lowering his voice carefully. "Now this isn't easy for me to say, but I feel that we shouldn't consider getting married just yet."

"Married?" Lily cried, and her own voice rose out of control. "Is that what's been on your mind?"

Starr forged on, too busy trotting out his argument to notice her tone.

"I think," he said impatiently, "it's been on both our minds for some time. But we must be objective."

"Be objective?"

"Of course, I feel guilty, because I think you came back expecting to be married very soon."

"Soon? What is Europe? Some sort of shame, some sort of illegitimacy from which I've returned to the straight and narrow?"

"It was a hiatus," Starr said. "For you to make up your mind."

"Well the only way I made it up was in the matter of coming back. I just decided I didn't want to be a lotus-eater. How can you lotus-eat anywhere as ugly as this?"

It was almost a plea, but Starr was not listening; he was trying to get the waiter's attention. A Negro had evolved from the darkness and was playing the piano on a dais. He sang "The Sidewalks of New York" in a scrapy, Irish tenor. He was wearing a sequinned jacket that shimmered like the skin of a snake in the sun. Lily took in these physical impressions while her mind struggled with the realization that she had been duped. The reality that she had returned to confront had again eluded her.

"Now," Starr said as soon as the waiter was safely out of earshot, "there are alternatives—ways of testing a relationship, a sort of trial situation—"

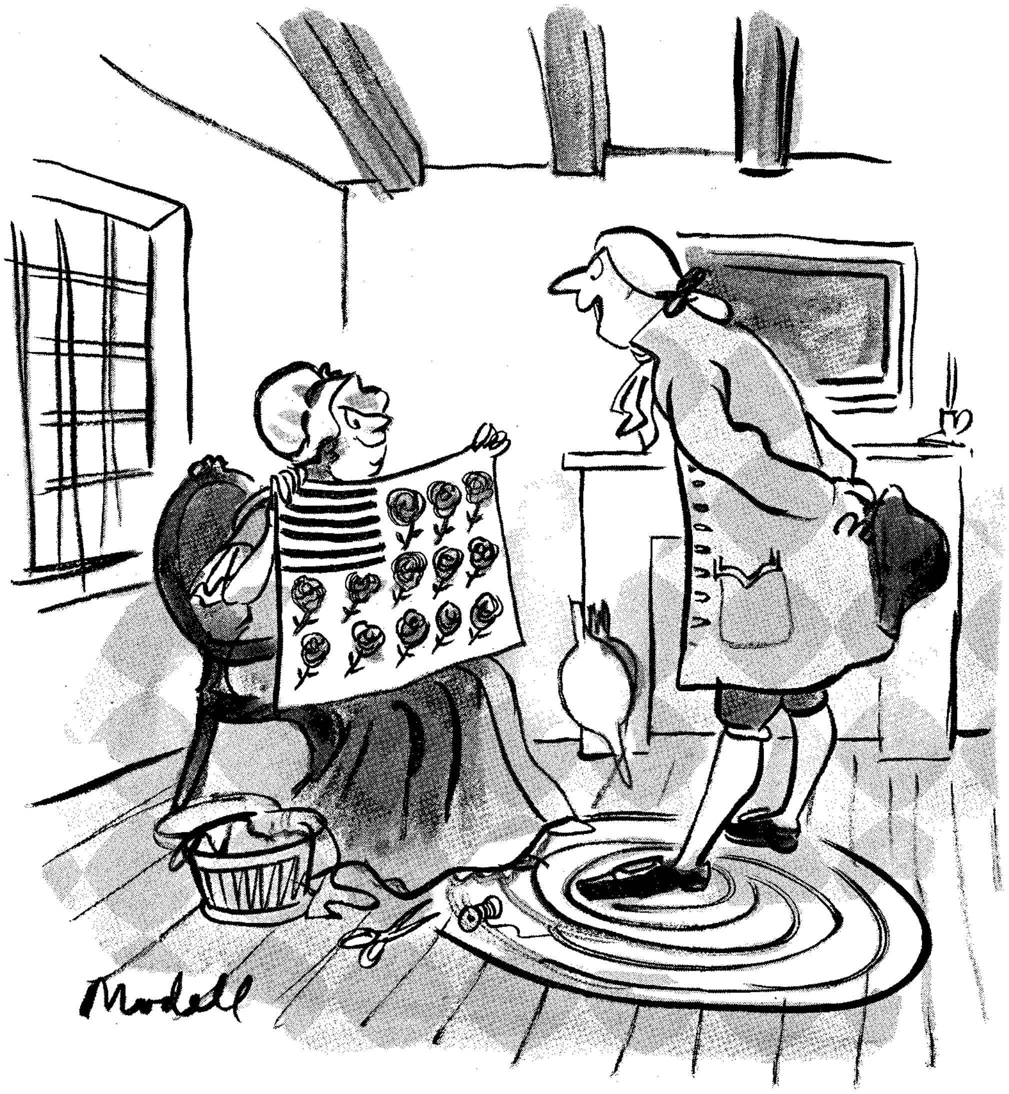
Lily stared at him in disbelief—just stared and stared while he went on skirting the issue. Finally, he stopped.

"You're staring, Lily," he said sternly.

"I don't want to marry you," Lily said. "That is not why I came back. Therefore a trial anything is unnecessary."

And she got up just as the Negro left for his break, mopping his forehead with a gold handkerchief. She grabbed her coat, which she had sensibly kept with her, and blundered her way between tables. She heard Starr get up to follow her, but he had checked his coat and would never leave without it. She was free. Out on the cold street, she thrust her arms into her coat sleeves and broke into a run toward Madison Avenue.

—Perdita Buchan



"I think it's splendid, Betsy, but I would like to check it out with George and the other fellows."

PROFILES

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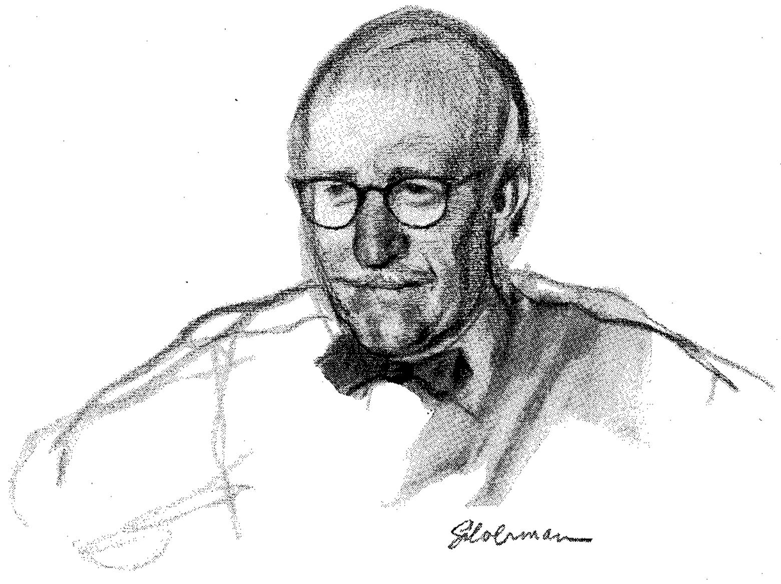


Leon Edel

THE increased popularity of Henry James during the past twenty-odd years, and the increasingly accepted reassessment of him as a psychological novelist of the first rank and as the archetypal American expatriate artist rather than a somewhat precious, overcerebral characterizer of the pre-jet international set, may be laid largely at the door of Mr. Leon Edel, a twinkling-eyed, exuberantly mustached, merry-faced, pussycat-faced, soft-spoken, friendly, affable, outgoing, observant, patient, tenacious, enthusiastic, ceremonious, intellectually severe, conversationally easygoing, highly motivated, literarily territorial, psychologically oriented writer turned English professor, who divides his time between New York University, where he appropriately occupies the Henry James Chair of English and American Letters, and the University of Hawaii, in Honolulu, where he is the Citizens' Professor of English. ("It sounds like the French Revolution," he has said, "but it's simply the Polynesian way of saying the chair isn't endowed. It's paid for by the taxed citizens.") The fifth, and final, volume of Edel's spacious biography of James is scheduled for publication this fall, but his Jamesian preoccupation dates from his undergraduate days at McGill University, in Montreal, where, in 1928, he took his M.A. with a thesis on James and the modern psychological novel. Four years later, in Paris, he was awarded a *doctorat ès lettres* at the Sorbonne, for two dissertations, as is the custom there. One was called "Henry James: Les Années Dramatiques," written in what the London *Times Literary Supplement* was to describe (thirty-seven years later), in a front-page review of a book by Edel about James, as "impeccable French." The second thesis, which Edel now disavows as "juvenilia," was written in English and called "The Prefaces of Henry James."

Edel continued to think about James from time to time after 1932, but years of newspaper work and service in the Second World War interfered with these thoughts, and he didn't really get back to him until 1949, when he edited and published "The Ghostly Tales of Henry James" and "The Complete Plays of Henry James." Both books were furnished with introductions and prefaces that amounted to critical and biographical essays. Since then, more or less *pari passu*, Edel has edited and written prefaces to "The Selected Fiction of Henry James" (seven pieces, including a short novel), "The American Essays of Henry James," "The Complete Tales of Henry James" (one hundred and twelve tales, twelve volumes), "Henry James and H. G. Wells" (co-produced with Gordon N. Ray), and "The Selected Letters of Henry James" (something over a hundred). He is currently planning a far more generous, four-volume selection of around two thousand Jamesian letters, from an existing supply of fifteen thousand, about half of which belong to Harvard. Edel has a closet full of several thousand photostated or typed or printed versions of these in his roomy apartment on upper Central Park West. In most cases, the originals, along with other unpublished James papers, were deposited by the Henry James Estate in the Houghton Library at Harvard, where, thanks to the James heirs, Edel has a virtually exclusive first call on them. The Library generally consults him before giving anyone else viewing or publishing permission. "I may say, 'Refer So-and-So to such-and-such, but don't let him quote too much,'" Edel says. "Sometimes, when I think I may use a specific letter myself, I'll refuse to let it be reproduced."

The privileged professor has also compiled—with Dan H. Laurence, a former graduate student of his—a "Bibliography of Henry James." (Mr. Laurence, formerly on the N.Y.U. faculty himself, has become the editor of the letters and plays of Bernard Shaw.) Edel has also written prefaces to eighteen of James's twenty novels (a college edition of "The Portrait of a Lady," introduced by Edel, sells well over ten thousand copies a year); selected, and supplied with a foreword and headnotes, "The Henry James Reader" (six novels, four tales); edited "The Diary of Alice James" (Henry's sister); and, starting in 1953, has turned out his five-volume biography of the Master. He has delivered nearly a thousand lectures on James, and he has contributed more than a hundred Jamesian articles and reviews to newspapers, magazines, and encyclopedias, among them the Britannica, where in 1958 he bumped Van Wyck Brooks as James's biographer. The impact of this switch may be appreciated by comparing Brooks's

> It is James's peculiarity and distinction that he carried to its utmost limits, to the limits virtually of the impossible, the objective psychological novel. His effort was always to reflect faithfully the social life that he studied with such scrupulous devotion, and in this he was in the main successful, although his necessarily inadequate "saturation," to use his own word, in the *milieu* which he adopted in early middle life restricted his field to such an extent that his work developed into subtleties that were increasingly abnormal. . . . Indeed, he might be described as preeminently a novelists' novelist, one who has been studied to an extraordinary degree by other practitioners of his craft, but whose general public is . . . necessarily limited [in part] by the extremely restricted character of his own outlook on life. In his later work . . . the characters are frequently to such a degree in solution, the solution of psychological analysis,

AGNES CASSILDA ADAMS

Never married, too independent—
Did haberdashery, domestic service, insurance,
A spinster by Mrs. Pankhurst or prudery,
The black ewe of a middle-class Victorian flock.

But came at fifty to South Yorkshire
To live with a rug and a Rotherham mangle,
Arthritic furniture legs, a collapsing sink,
A nephew and a brother-in-law.

On washdays the house was a pit-boot
Sweating with soot-smell, copper-boiler, tub of suds;
The wallpaper blebbed like wens;
And the wireless crackled and whirred

Worse than Marconi's,
Failing with a desperate fuss,
A Guy Fawkes night in a distant street,
Or an interfering world obscure and jittery.

For years I watched her out-toil
An ironworks and Thomas Carlyle, scrub and scour
With a piety like cartilage,
Though her person grew slattern and grimy.

She was committed to a narrow habit:
Battered the hand-pegged rug with a shovel
In that humiliating yard, that foursome-
Collective with its one rain-and-sud drain,

Baked bread-cobs veined with ore,
Made Yorkshire puddings like wet window-leathers,
Pastry like plaster of Paris.
And like her own stubborn cookery

She hardened and she saddened,
Had malices for sloth (and indigestion),
The beggary of vote collectors,
For meowing violins, and any male, Victorian,

Horsehair doctrine of breathless
Decorum.
It took years to see she'd been reduced
To an absurdity. (In a drawer
Full of musty summer hats and trinkets,

Fossils of Edwardiana, I found a photograph—
Fur round her model shoulders, the hat
Epsomish, her smile
Gay and secular.) It took a moment

To age her beyond mending. She survived,
Her face the smooth fur coat of peach,
Her eyes yellowing; and knitted
Little things; and took to smiling

Inanely, didn't know me, had a second
Stroke.
I saw her three years ago,
Communication gone, her lips together
Like a drawn-in cotton stitch,

Playing with her fingers like life savings,
Her right shoulder swollen in her woollies.
She was dying, sitting
In the parlor of her personality,

Staring lantern slides onto the wall
Of hansom cabs, Svengali, gaslight, lace,
And surely some courteous suitor,
All out of focus.
Life was leaving her,

Like talk from closed rooms,
Not the shrinking din of irreparable radios;
More like the indolence of mere steam
Through windows on washdays, under
no pressure at all.

—Harold Massingham

• •

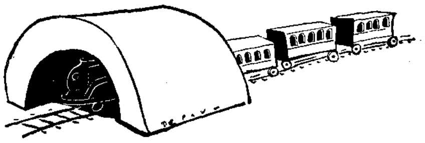
that they exist only in the minds of other characters, having no objective life.

with Edel's

> [James is] one of the most influential theorists of fiction in the English-speaking world.... A creator of the cosmopolitan novel, James also laid the foundations for the modern psychological novel.... James and [William Dean Howells], between them, inaugurated the era of Realism in American fiction.... In their tragic vision and technical virtuosity—innovations in "point of view" and manipulation of scene and subjectivity—these massive novels ["The Ambassadors," "The Wings of the Dove," and "The Golden Bowl"] marked James's last phase and have come to be regarded as the summit of his work. ... James's public was comparatively small during his lifetime. With the revival of interest in his work following centenary observances in 1943, and the growing comprehension of the extent of his fictional explorations, he has reached an ever-widening audience.

Outside the Encyclopædia Britannica, Professor Edel has let himself go a little more. "In the nineteen-twenties, a decade after James's death, a group of literary historians and critics, led by Van Wyck Brooks . . . argued that James had maimed himself by staying abroad; that he had impoverished his art," he remarked in his inaugural address as the first occupant of the Henry James Chair. He went on:

> They called his late novels unreadable; and reasoned that he had been obliged to substitute rarefied experience for the solid stuff the American scene was capable of yielding him. In other words, his work had been made shallow and shadowy by his cosmopolitanism.... It was difficult for these critics to understand that James felt perfectly at home—as his letters abundantly show—in the American-European world, that he roamed happily in the myths that embodied its legend.



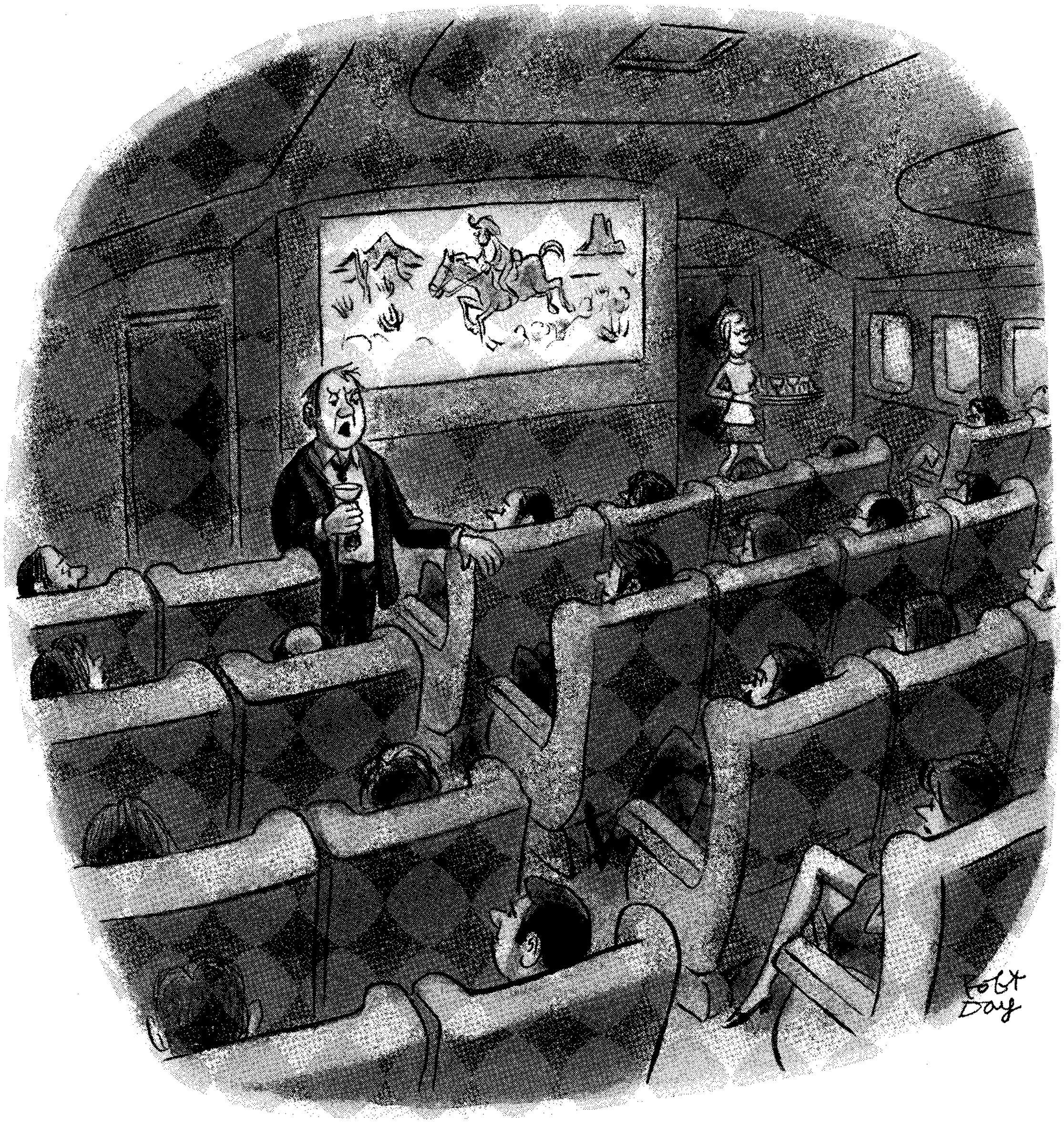
This difficulty persisted. It was dwelt upon at considerable length (four hundred and forty-four pages), and with remarkable vigor, in Maxwell Geismar's 1963 "Henry James and the Jacobites," dedicated "to Van Wyck Brooks, Grand Historian of Native Letters," which posed the question "Isn't [James] now the source of a whole literary, academic, and critical foundation: an industry?" and went on, in part:

> Wasn't James ... the perfect figurehead ... for the American fifties: an age itself of social and cultural make-believe whose own yearnings for illusion and magic—for a false, blind enchantment at the cost of all reality—met and matched James's native capacity for entertainment? Was *that* the reason why the James cult of native critics instinctively and unanimously selected this master for their study and worship? ... Or were they simply clever and conformist—mass-

minded, and other-directed, herd-minded, that is, and opportunistic, sensing in this new literary trend the fastest, best way to a university chair, a book-reviewing podium, the columns of the informed literary quarterlies . . . or, in short, a safe, fashionable and comfortable area of intellectual activity? . . . The Imperial James still rules over the American Academy today . . . but among our younger fiction writers today, many have realized . . . that this particular Emperor is naked.

As one who had done a good deal to provide this particular Emperor with a wardrobe, however chimerical, Edel may have had Geismar, among others, in mind when he wrote, in 1960:

> For the didactic or "proletarian" critic, James can have little meaning; his is the stuff of human nerves and mind rather than the body's muscles; his concern is with emotional relations rather than with human physicality. The so-called "revival" of James has in reality been the discovery of him as a great world literary figure, a bridge from the romantic movement to all that is "modern" in the literary art of the twentieth century.



"My affiliated group of fifteen can lick any other affiliated group of fifteen on this plane."

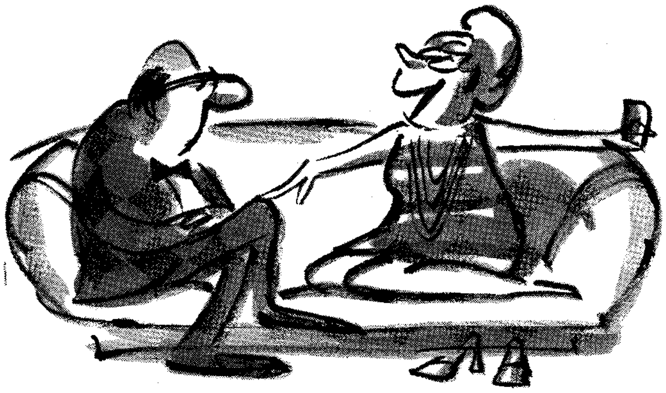
• •

It is, however, in his serial literary biography of James that Professor Edel has struck his greatest single (or multiple) blow for the appreciation, understanding, and revised estimate of the Master. "The time has come for biography to apply to Henry James those correctives which are possible only with the lapse of the years and the emergence of materials at first hidden from view, the departure from the scene of actors intimately concerned in the life under study, and the clearing of the air by the warm light of a balanced and searching criticism," he wrote, with a confidence that proved not misplaced, in his introduction to the opening volume, "Henry James: The Untried Years, 1843-1870." "It is above all necessary to dispel the belief that there was, so to speak, no 'life' behind the Art of Henry James, that his was a purely cerebrating genius."

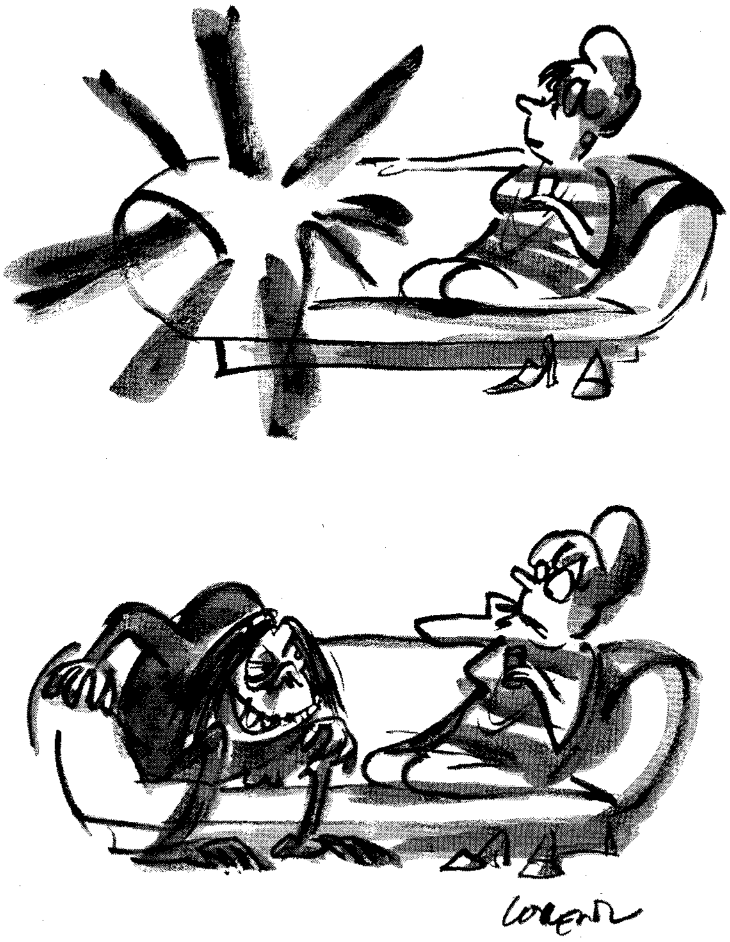
HAS the time not come for a biography of the biographer? Let us take a leaf from his Life. "The James family was founded in America by an Irish immigrant who arrived in the United States immediately after the Revolution," it starts off, in Volume I. "He found employment as a clerk in a New York store and two years later was able to open his own establishment. In 1793 he settled in Albany, then a thriving town of five thousand set in frontier country." The Edel family (Leon has a younger brother, Abraham, who is a professor of philosophy and the head of graduate studies in that subject at City University) was founded in America by a Russian immigrant, Simon Edel, who found employment in a Chicago shantytown as a worker on the railroad, and, after a couple of years and various jobs, moved to Pittsburgh, where Leon was born in 1907. Leon's first four years were spent mostly in two desolate Pennsylvania mining towns, Tar Station and Manor, where his father ran small stores. Then, in 1910, Simon Edel moved to Jansen, Saskatchewan, another desolate town, where he opened still another store. Leon's cosmopolitanism was given a bigger lift in 1912, when he was five. His mother, who didn't like the deep snows and lonely prairies of the Canadian West, fled with him and his brother to her parents' home in Rovno, Russia. The older son's conscious recollections date from this trip. "I still have fugitive memories of cobbled streets, old houses, and a sea crossing," he has said, and he is the fractional master of a vestigial Russian vocabulary. "Like James, I have my infantile vision of the Old World," he says, equating his experience with the fact that James, a year and a half old when he first saw Paris, later remembered, or *thought* he remembered, crossing the Rue Castiglione and taking in, “for all my time, the admirable aspect of the Place and the Colonne Vendôme.” In 1913, with the threat of war in the air, Mrs. Edel recrossed the ocean and journeyed from Montreal by slow train back to the prairies, ultimately coming to rest, with the restless Simon, in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, a thriving frontier town of about four thousand.

“Yorkton was on a prairie, like Willa Cather country,” Edel recently told a friend. “There were hitching posts in front of Father’s general store, and in the marketplace, knee-deep in prairie mud, the neighboring farmers—we had Mennonites, Ukrainians, Germans, Czechs, and Doukhobors—tied up their carts. The winters were icy cold. There were terrible blizzards. Fifty-below-zero weather. You just sort of wrapped yourself up and ran to school—to Victoria School, the public school, and, later, to the Yorkton Collegiate Institute, the high school, a mile from our house. You really suffered before you got into the classroom. There I first read Chaucer and Dickens. Our town had no library. Father would bring books on the overnight train from Winnipeg, the great center of things in the Canadian West, where he went regularly to dispose of produce, buy from wholesalers, and so on. Life in Yorkton was measured by the morning train, with papers from Winnipeg, and the evening train, papers from Saskatoon. You were more isolated in a small town then than now, because there was no television or radio. My wife [Dr. Roberta Edel, a clinical psychologist and psychoanalyst] is from Nebraska, and I visited her folks there some years ago. It was like revisiting my childhood. People from the prairie have a nostalgia for the places they’ve left. Cather brings this out.” In 1953, Edel finished up a critical life of this Nebraska-reared and Nebraska-chronicling novelist at the request of the widow of a friend, E. K. Brown, who had begun it; in 1958, Edel bumped Henry Seidel Canby as Cather’s biographer in the Britannica. The impact of *this* switch may be gauged by comparing the Canby “Her themes are broader and more human than Mrs. Wharton’s” with the Edel “Miss Cather’s novels . . . contain no love themes to speak of, nor do they explore the inner life of the characters.”

“We had a big rambling house with coal stoves and a wood stove in the kitchen,” Edel went on. “A woodpile. It was a nice childhood. You did have a feeling of open spaces. I rode horseback a bit. In the First World War, we plowed up the lawn and raised potatoes. I remember the soldiers drilling in empty lots. The casualties were heavy. The milkman disappeared; then I heard that he was dead. That was how I discovered that wars were more than just drills. Summers, in my teens, I worked as a copyboy on the Yorkton *Press*, the town’s liberal paper, which was run by an amiable Irishman named Donovan. I’d see who was getting on and off the various trains and report the ‘social and personal’ comings and goings. Also, I helped the printers feed the sheets into the flat press. I was a sort of printer’s devil as well as newsman. I learned a great deal about type and printing.”



“Oh, come now, Mr. Harrison. For once, let’s see the real you.”



Edel entered McGill at sixteen. His parents moved to Montreal and the college man lived at home. Academic life agreed with him. “I majored in English—Beowulf to Kipling. There was a real Harvard English Department at McGill. It included George W. Latham, an American who had been a classmate of Edwin Arlington Robinson at Harvard and who was giving a very exciting course on American literature, long before such studies were started in the U.S. Another Harvard man on the faculty was Harold G. Files, a gifted teacher who taught the English novel. As a sophomore, I fell in with a kindred spirit—the poet A. J. M. Smith. He was a senior. He later edited ‘The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse,’ and is today *doyen* of Canadian poets. He and F. R. Scott, then in the law school and later its dean—one of Canada’s foremost legal minds but also a satiric poet—organized the *McGill Fortnightly Review*. They appointed me its managing editor; my successor, in my senior year, was Lew Schwartz, founder and president of the publishing house of Abelard Schuman. The *Fortnightly* lasted two years—we wound it up

TEXAS
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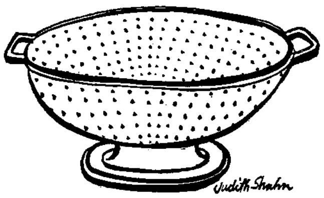
We, of course, mentioned this to him and suggested that maybe after 23 years, it was time he traded his old one in for a new one.

"Don't call me, I'll call you," he said.

when we graduated. It was a roaring success. We even made a little money on it. We were strong followers of Mencken. We were activists, but instead of staging revolutions we wrote revolutionary poems. We were the first in Canada to take up T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, and Yeats. The *Fortnightly* was a turning point in Canadian literature; the poets who wrote for it are now known as the 'Montreal Group.' We wrote under noms de plume. Lancelot Hogben, a contributor for the faculty, had many disguises; we all did. I no longer can remember our various personae. From the graduate school we attracted, among others, S. I. Hayakawa, the semanticist, who is now president of San Francisco State College."



As in his high-school days, Edel took to outside journalism. Summers, he worked first for the Montreal *Herald* and later for the Montreal *Daily Star*, where he did some political reporting. In 1927, when Stanley Baldwin, then the British Prime Minister, was touring Canada as a guest of the government, Edel travelled with him across the country. "I earned enough as a reporter to pay my college fees," he recalls. "One needed French to work on those papers, and I learned it pretty thoroughly, Canadian accent and all. Montreal was a strange mixture of real parochial French and Calvinistic Scotch Presbyterians. A lively town, with nice restaurants. The great event was when the Boston Symphony came there."

Edel's M.A. thesis on James had a chapter on Joyce. "My original interest was Joyce," he says. "But then Professor Latham suggested that I read James as a predecessor to Joyce in exploring the subjective side of life. That was the first time I had read James, and I was struck by his failure in the theatre—five years of writing for the theatre, and then a terrible flop. My chapter on Joyce was probably one of the earliest dissertations on him in North America—perhaps the very first. The Joyce industry didn't get started until very much later."

IN the fall of 1928, at twenty-one, Edel sailed from Montreal to London and Paris. He had been awarded a Province of Quebec Scholarship—one of twelve annual fellowships of a hundred dollars a month, renewable for three years, that were bestowed by the government of the Province of Quebec, then rich on the proceeds of liquor sales to Prohibition-thirsty Americans who visited Canada with enthusiastic regularity. The recipients of these grants were expected to spend their time at a European center of culture. As his project, Edel had proposed to take a good look at French journalism. On his way to its milieu, he stopped off in London. "There, on my second morning, coming toward me near Trafalgar Square, was Bernard Shaw, large as life, striding past the National Portrait Gallery, with his white beard," he recalls. "I'll never forget the day. I suddenly felt as if I'd moved out into the world."

Moving farther after a week, Edel settled in Paris, where he took a small apartment. During the next three years (his scholarship was thrice renewed), he summered in Brittany and also made side trips to Italy and back to England. Like James, who in his early thirties in Paris wrote articles for the New York *Tribune*, Edel became a part-time foreign correspondent: he supplemented his income by doing a weekly column for the Montreal *Star* and pieces for the *Canadian Forum*, a monthly magazine in Toronto. And, like James, he was an adaptable expatriate. He attended the Sorbonne, where, he recalls, the benches were hard and the classrooms unventilated. The prairie receded.

> I frequented the Dôme [he has written in "Afterthoughts and Memoirs," an unpublished reminiscence]. I'd see Hemingway at the Select. I met Ford Madox Ford. I went to Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare & Company, at 12 rue de l'Odéon, and bought my copy of *Ulysses*. You'd see André Gide come in—Allen Tate, Padraic Colum. It was a cozy little shop. I saw James Joyce for the first time at the Paris Opéra in 1929, when Sylvia had enrolled me in an informal claque that he had organized to applaud the arias of John Sullivan, the Irish tenor, in a seldom-revived production of *Les Huguenots*. I stood in line for a couple of hours to buy a second-tier front seat in a *loge*. I arrived for the performance early, and through my opera glasses, while the fiddles were tuning up, I saw Joyce move down the left aisle to his seat in the stalls. Partly blind at the time, he was guided by a young man I took to be his son. The moment Sullivan appeared, even before he got his first note out, Joyce began to applaud.

Edel *met* Joyce, or was in a position to meet him, in the late winter of 1931, when Miss Beach invited Edel to a Joyce soirée at her friend Adrienne Monnier's lending library, La Maison des Amis des Livres, across the street from the Shakespeare bookshop. "Who should come along but James Joyce himself and sit down right opposite me!" he says in "Afterthoughts." "I looked at the sad face and the trimmed mustaches; his long legs almost touched mine. I just was tongue-tied. This was my great chance to talk to Joyce, but I never did. I wrote an account of the evening for the *Forum*. Sylvia later told me that Joyce had read it and liked it. He autographed a photo of himself and sent it to me through Sylvia."

Edel's plan to take a good look at that country's methods of reportage boiled down to a thoughtful perusal of local newspapers. He abandoned himself happily to café life and to being a young bohemian. To help matters along, he grew a beard, and it came in red and impressive: "I trimmed it and parted it, and was treated as if I were an ambassador by waiters in restaurants." But then, following the stock-market crash of October, 1929, ominous reports of economic conditions in his native land began to reach the bearded newspaper buff; these made him decide to take a degree. The Sorbonne had a Chair of American Literature and Civilization, occupied by Charles Cestre. Edel called on him and suggested a dissertation on James as a playwright. The texts of five of the novelist's twelve plays (eight of them unpublished and seven of them unproduced) were in the Lord Chamberlain's office in London, where all dramas intended for production in England used to be filed for censorship before being licensed. "I knew James had written a monologue for Ruth Draper which she'd never used," Edel says. (He later included this in "The Complete Plays.") "She was in Paris. I went to see her at her hotel. She said, 'Why don't you go over and talk to James's executor? He's at the Continental.' I left a message there, and he invited me to dinner. [The executor was Henry (Harry) James, a son of William James and a nephew of Henry James.] He told me to go ahead, and later he gave me the Jamesian priorities that I now enjoy at Harvard. He was astonished at my interest in his uncle's *plays*. No one else had ever paid any attention to them."

Edel began looking up other people, in France and England, who had known James. He had several talks with Harley Granville-Barker, the actor and producer, who encouraged him to edit the plays. He found a ticket-seller who had been for nearly forty years at the box office of St. James's Theatre, where James's celebrated failure, "Guy Domville," had been booed on its opening night, in 1895; he also found two actors who had been *in* this

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GENERAL INTERIORS

fiasco. “I went to see James’s last secretary, Theodora Bosanquet; we became friends and remained so for thirty years, until her death. I discovered, for the first time, the delights of pursuing letters and reminiscences, pursuing the past—being a kind of Boswell of the attic. [“I caused searches to be made in attics and muniment rooms,” he wrote, more impressively, in “The Complete Plays.”] In London, I wrote to Shaw about James, mentioning their exchange of letters. Would he mind telling me about this correspondence? I mailed my letter to him in the morning. I got his secretary’s answer the same evening—my admiration for the British Post Office has been unshakable ever since. ‘Mr. Shaw will see you at eleven o’clock tomorrow morning,’ Blanche Patch, the secretary, wrote. Shaw received me in a long room in his flat in Whitehall Court. Everything was neat and orderly. He was wearing a corduroy jacket. He sat me down and lectured me for an hour on Henry James. A torrent of words. Shaw was then in his early seventies. He exuded health and vigor. He said that he had no use for pessimists, and that James had been a pessimist, like George Eliot. Shaw’s memory was very accurate. He described how James had once kissed him on both cheeks, French style. He had been a drama critic at the terrible first night of ‘Guy Domville.’ I rose to go twice. Each time, Shaw beckoned to me to sit down again. Once started, he couldn’t stop. He went right on with his lecture. The gist of it was that the theatre of the eighteen-nineties was a pretty rough place.”

In 1931, when he was well along in constructing his hedge against the Depression, Edel, still cultivating James sources, wrote to Edith Wharton, who invited him to her villa just outside of Paris. She had been a close, though latish, friend of James (he was sixty and she was forty when their friendship began), and sixteen letters from James to her great friend Walter Berry had been printed by the Black Sun Press, in Paris, three years before. The prairie boy’s visit to the society novelist, a watershed experience in his young life, has been described in an address that Edel gave in 1966 at the opening of a “Henry James, Edith Wharton, and Newport” exhibition at the Redwood Library and Athenaeum in Newport (where both novelists had summered, although at different times). Edel was recruited for this talk by Wilmarth S. Lewis, a Redwood trustee whose name is as closely and enduringly identified with Horace Walpole and the eighteenth century as Edel’s is with James and *his* period. The visitor’s address, which the Library subsequently published—and whose wealth of detail, summoned up after a lapse of thirty-five years, is accounted for by the speaker’s lifelong practice of making notes on events that have interested him—recounted the Newport experiences of the two writers, and went on to recount an experience of Edel’s that tells almost as much about him as it does about Mrs. Wharton:

> Mrs. Wharton was seventy when I met her, and I was twenty-four. I expected to meet a formidable lady, for everyone had warned me that she was terribly *grande dame;* and years later, when I read the well-known anecdote of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s taking several stiff drinks before going to call on her for the first time, I wondered at my own relative *sangfroid* on the occasion of my first call. To be sure, I wasn’t a novelist but a mere Sorbonne student, and I had much less at stake. I remember the day vividly. I had never met a living novelist, and the thought of facing this great lady was sufficiently inspiring and exhilarating. At any rate, I drank nothing stronger than a *café crème* at the Gare du Nord while waiting for the pottering little suburban train that took me to Sarcelles-Saint Brice. It was a beautiful June day, one of those sharp clear days when the French rural scene is at its best. Mrs. Wharton’s car met me and whisked me up one of those fine avenues of poplars which the French Impressionists have made so familiar to us, and a gate opened in a low white wall and the car drove in, and I found myself face to face with an elderly lady of medium height who stood erect and smiled and expressed pleasure at my coming. She had friendly large blue eyes, and she looked very trim; she wore a knitted suit and one of those off-the-face hats of the 1920s, and I noticed she was wearing the rosette of the Legion of Honor. I guessed she had expected an older and more mature visitor. She asked me almost immediately whether I would like to walk in the garden. I had heard of her famous gardens; she was one of the most accomplished of America’s gardening ladies; and at that time I could at best claim close gardening acquaintance only with the neat rows of potatoes I used to hoe during my prairie childhood. Thus a walk through this ordered world with Mrs. Wharton, which she had herself created, was an experience both new and memorable. Winding paths, oval, patterned beds, whole beds devoted to single species of flowers—I cannot name them to you—with Mrs. Wharton discussing and explaining horticultural lore, and suddenly muttering and bending down to pull at intrusive twigs where the gardener had not trimmed hedges to her satisfaction: and then we sat in the shade on a stone bench near some garden pool, if I rightly remember, and the air was filled with the perfume of the June roses. She asked me about myself and what I wanted to write. And I know now why she was interested, because in writing to her I had asked not only for an opportunity to discuss Henry James but also had inquired about Walter Berry. Why did I want to write about Berry? she asked. . . . I explained that my interest in him had stemmed from my having read Henry James’s and Marcel Proust’s letters to him. . . . I did not know then that Mrs. Wharton had loved Berry for years; I probably would have approached her with greater tact, certainly with more delicacy. But perhaps my ignorance saved me, and Mrs. Wharton apparently was satisfied early in our talk that I wasn’t some eager young newspaperman trying to write a

sensational article about her secret "love-life."

What a way for a correspondent of the *Tribune* and the Montreal *Star* and a student of French journalism to talk! In any event, the genial *grande dame* took to the ex-potato-hoer, and later asked him back. "From this first meeting to the end of her life she gave me her friendship, invited me to return," he continued in his talk, "and on one occasion, during a later visit to France, telephoned me on a day that she had a former friend of Henry James as visitor, to come and talk with him and with her. I was then trying to reconstruct James's playwriting years, and she was kind enough to say in her memoirs that I convinced her James's plays were more important than she had thought. I can still hear her voice on the telephone; it sounded very old. Was I free for lunch that very day? She was sorry to be giving me such short notice, but she would send the car." Then:

> Once again I was beside that exquisite garden, and I remember the way in which Mrs. Wharton and Mr. [Gaillard] Lapsley [her other visitor] chimed in, in sequence, with memories of this or that worthy of another time.... There was something light and joyful about Mrs. Wharton that day; she walked with a light step, and she was almost the young girl when she planted Lapsley and myself at a garden table ... and announced she was going upstairs to change her frock before lunch. In an aside, she explained the doctors allowed her to climb the stairs only twice in any one day and she was going to use up one of her times to make herself presentable at lunch.... I remember the animated voice of Mrs. Wharton calling down to us from the upper window, with a liveliness and *allegresse* that belied her years. It occurred to me that in this twilight of her life [she died two years later], with fewer and fewer of her contemporaries surviving, she relished the chance for an afternoon in the past that she could still revisit and that my interest prompted her to recall.

Between these acts of hospitality, Mrs. Wharton, in "A Backward Glance," did not precisely say that Edel had convinced her of the importance of James's plays (nor did she glance back at her heroine-worshipper's visits), but she *did* write:

> Mr. Leon Edel, in his suggestive essay on James's playwriting ["Les Années Dramatiques"], has made out so good a case for him as a dramatist ... that I sometimes wonder if I was not wrong in thinking these theatrical experiments a mistake.

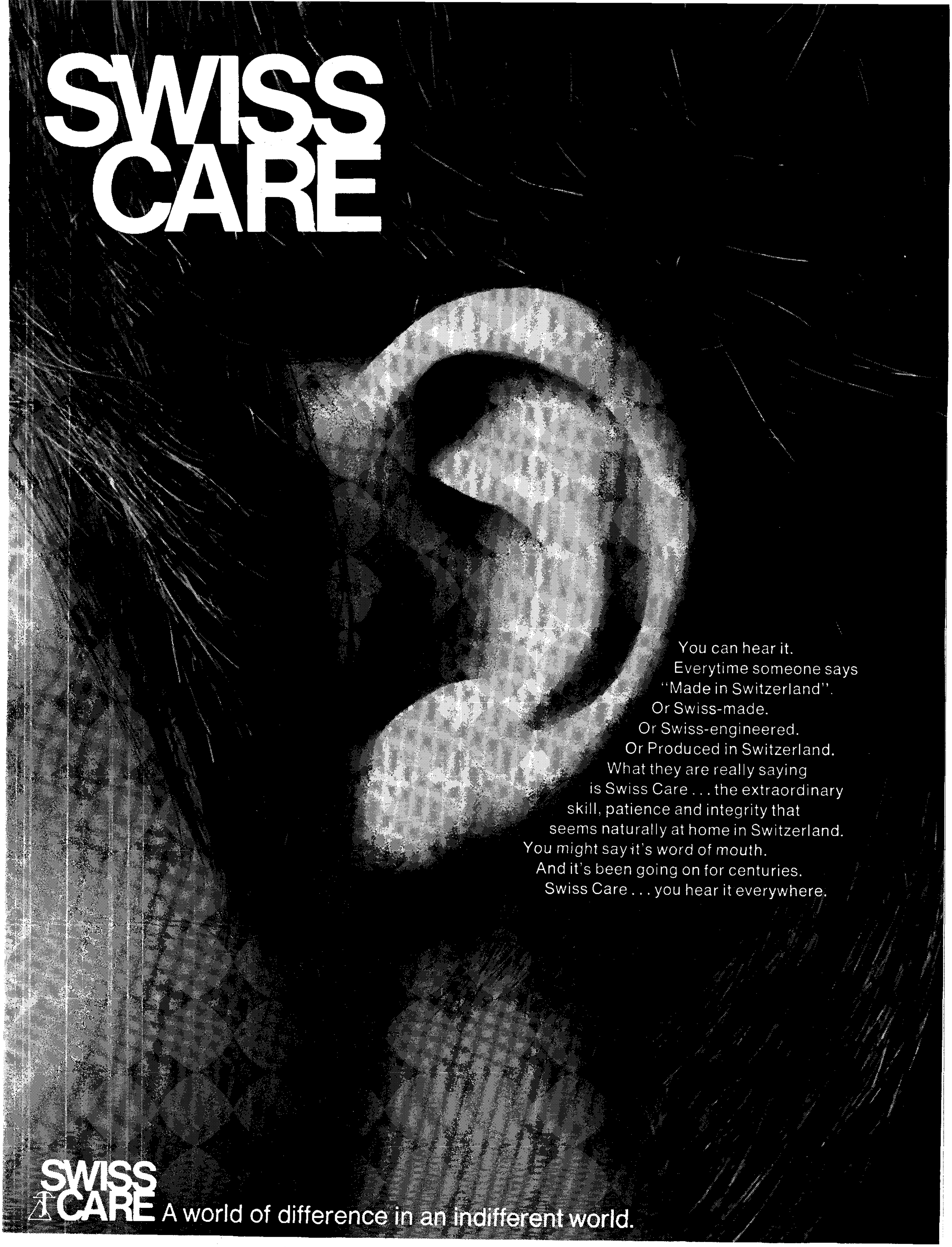
VERY well. We are now back in 1932, the year the non-gardener got his *docteur-ès-lettres* degree. As required by Gallic law, the *Docteur*, who relishes the fact that his certificate was conferred on him not by the University of the Sorbonne but, more grandly, by the French Republic (the federal government in France controls education), had a hundred copies of his two dissertations printed, at his own expense, and deposited with the Sorbonne for distribution to French libraries. In addition, he had four hundred copies printed for his own use. He gave away around a hundred and fifty of these—to Joyce, to Sylvia Beach, to Ezra Pound, to Gertrude Stein (who by way of reciprocity sent him a book of hers called "How to Write"), and to people who had helped him with his research, among them Harry James. The remaining two hundred and fifty copies Edel placed for sale at their printer's shop, Jouve & Cie., 15 Rue Racine. Harry James read "Les Années Dramatiques" with great pleasure. His satisfaction led to the priorities that not only put Edel in a preferred position at the Houghton Library but, in conjunction with his ultimate status as the No. 1 Jacobite—"I am but an acolyte at the altar where he is high priest," Louis Auchincloss wrote in the foreword to his "Reflections of a Jacobite" in 1961—were to give him the edge over other laborers in the Jamesian vineyard both here and abroad. His commanding rank inspired one of them—Noel Perrin, now professor of English at Dartmouth—to write a rather sorrowful article called "The Henry James Papers." In it Dr. Perrin relates that in 1955, while he was working at Cambridge University on a doctoral thesis on James, he discovered, by chance, following a Sunday dinner at his senior tutor's house, a long-neglected bundle of a hundred and thirty-four letters from the Master to his host's deceased aunt. The excited student obtained permission to study and catalogue them, but when he asked to be allowed to edit them, the senior tutor, who had no idea of what he owned, and cared less (he had stuffed the letters in a shoebox, and, according to a colleague, remembered his aunt's correspondent simply as a "stammering old bore"), put his guest off. Perrin thereupon sought the aid of his faculty supervisor, who counselled him not to push things. Even if the senior tutor *should* become convinced of the letters' interest, the supervisor said, "there's no real reason why he should give them to you," and he went on, "He might well decide to edit them himself. Or he might prefer to turn them over to someone who has, shall we say, a somewhat more durable connection with the University." Three years later, after a trip home, Perrin went back to Cambridge to finish his delayed dissertation.

> Practically my first social engagement [he has written] was the senior tutor's annual sherry party for new and returned students.
>
> "Well, Perrin," he greeted me, "it's good to see you back. Get yourself some sherry."
>
> I did, and he followed me over to the sideboard. "Do you remember those letters of my aunt's that you catalogued?" he asked.
>
> I nodded dumbly.
>
> "They've gone to America," he said, laughing as if it were some kind of joke between us. "Leon Edel—do you know him?—has carried them off to New York. I believe he's considering them for a new collective edition he has in—ah—'the works.' Your countrymen are certainly tireless scholars, ha-ha."

What had in fact happened was that the senior tutor, whose aunt had been the wife of Sir George Prothero, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, had sent the letters to Edel's English publisher for an opinion, and the publisher had relayed them to Edel, whose estimate of them more or less agreed with the tutor's. Nevertheless, with the tutor's sanction, Edel arranged for the Houghton Library to add the letters to its big hoard.

Edel's Jamesian-priority ball was started rolling in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1935, when Harry James gave the tireless scholar access to a huge trunk containing some of his uncle's manuscripts, and to a great table in the basement of the Widener Library on which were spread for sorting and cataloguing six or seven thousand letters between him and William and their mother and their father and their aunts, along with letters from friends. Harry James also gave Edel permission to publish his uncle's plays. In the big box Edel discovered James's notebooks—a record of his work in progress

SWISS CARE



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for a period of more than thirty years. These were edited and published in 1947 by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. (Matthiessen enjoyed a pre-Edelian preference at Harvard. The two men came to share it, and Edel's claim became paramount in 1950, when Matthiessen died.)

Edel had returned to America in 1932, getting his first sight of New York on his way back to Canada from France. The Depression was in its depths; he made repeated efforts to get a college teaching job, but his doctorate didn't pay off. The uneager young newspaperman went back to the Montreal *Herald* and became its news editor. In 1934, the New York bureau of Havas, the French news agency, asked Canadian Press for a good bilingual man, and Edel was recommended. He took the job, at fifty dollars a week. "A fortune in the Depression," he says. "I worked for two years turning French cablese into English." What a comedown for a man who was entitled to wear the yellow-lined robes and cakelike hat of a Sorbonne doctor, whose work had been praised by James Joyce, and who had seen Edith Wharton plain! In 1936, Edel went to Paris for Havas. "I was called '*l'œil de New York*,' " he says. " '*Voici qu'il vient, l'œil de New York*,' the French editors would say. I directed their choice of news for the American wire."

He continued to think about James, and in 1937 he exchanged journalistic drudgery for two years of a Guggenheim fellowship that took him to London and Paris for further research on the plays. He now had guidelines from the notebooks and letters at Cambridge. He wrote to Elizabeth Robins, an actress famous for her interpretation of Hedda Gabler and other Ibsen heroines, and, like Shaw, a "Guy Domville" first-nighter. She had been a good friend of James's—she had played the leading female role in his dramatic version of "The American"—and had carried on an extensive theatrical correspondence with him, which she had published in "Theatre and Friendship," a book that was subtitled "Some Henry James Letters." She invited Edel to Brighton, where she was living with Dr. Octavia Wilberforce (later Virginia Woolf's last physician), a descendant of the Bishop Samuel Wilberforce who, in a famous confrontation, opposed Thomas Huxley on the Darwinian theory.

Professor Edel's memories of *this* visit again reflect, as in the case of Mrs. Wharton, his appreciation of sizable blue feminine eyes. "I went to this interesting house in Brighton," he said not long ago. "Miss Robins was seventy, with great liquid blue eyes—you could see what a beauty she had been at thirty. I had lunch, or dinner, with these two ladies. Miss Robins said that her papers were in great confusion, but she gave me the manuscript of an unpublished one-act play by James—'Summersoft,' the sole copy—and some of his letters." And in Volume IV of his biography, on successive pages, Edel refers to the actress's "lustrous blue eyes" and "her large liquid eyes." Dr. Wilberforce, whose eyes are not mentioned, became Miss Robins' literary executor. In 1959, after Miss Robins' death, Edel was once more in England, and Dr. Wilberforce asked him and his wife to stay for a couple of months at Backsettown, a place she owned in Sussex. Edel likes to refer to this visit as the case of the captive biographer. "Dr. Wilberforce had a farmhouse and a lot of cows," he recalls. "She was also running the place as a kind of day rest home for decrepit retired professional women. She asked me for help on a life of Miss Robins she proposed to write. She offered to pay me for my help. I said, 'Let's have a talk about it.' We had a number of talks. While these were going on, Roberta was expected to entertain the elderly women. Meanwhile, Octavia had this little hut filled with the Robins papers—diaries, and letters from James, Wilde, Beerbohm Tree, and Shaw—along with trunks of costumes. My publisher, Sir Rupert Hart-Davis, had told me about it. 'She has all sorts of things in there, dear boy, but she won't let me near it.' He was interested in the Oscar Wilde material. I never got near the hut. She brought me bits and pieces from it as if I were a pet poodle, and had me slave away on an outline for her book. At the end of each day, she would give me some little Jamesian tidbit as a reward." One evening, she produced a letter from James to Lady Bell, a great friend of both the actress and the novelist. Edel said there should be seventy such letters, basing this estimate on the duration of the interchange and on his knowledge of James's rate of correspondence; as it turned out, there were sixty-nine. "Roberta wanted out, and so did I," Edel says of the visit, "and we fled after a week. Octavia gave me

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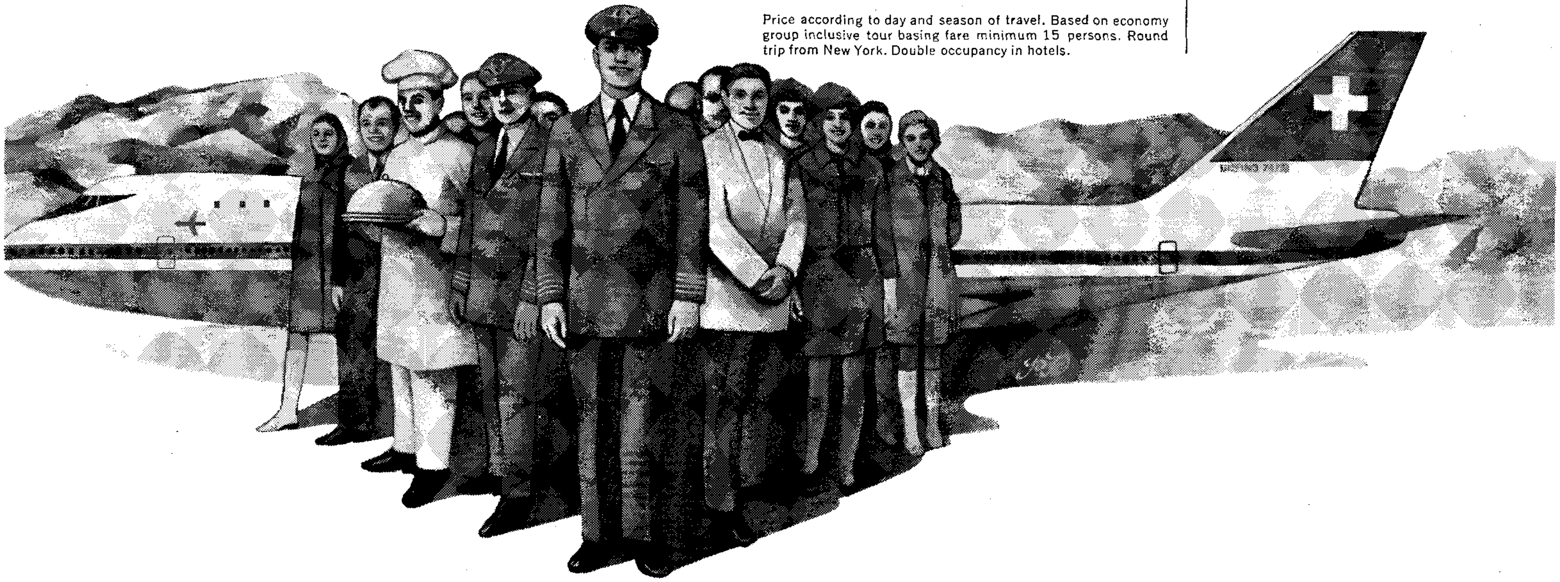

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a hundred pounds for the outline. She never got her book written."

The Brighton excursion in 1937 had been an oasis in the pre-Second World War desert. "Now there was Munich," Edel says. "Nobody was interested in James." His Guggenheim expired, and he went back to Havas, in New York, and then to the New York bureau of Canadian Press. There he filed world news to Canada and became a theatrical second-nighter. ("I often differed from the first-nighters. They had the jaded Broadway view; I had the view of the provinces.") A stint on the cable desk of *PM*, a short-lived liberal tabloid, followed. The war was on, and it rescued Edel. He entered the Army as a private early in 1943. "Leon was unhappy in his newspaper work, with no prospect of escape from it," Morris Bishop, the writer, who was a wartime companion of Edel's, has said. "It was the familiar case of ability, promise, and purpose blocked by circumstances. The Army, he told me, came as a rescue and a solace. The simple rules of duty and obedience, the annulment of all concern about personal achievement and entry into a hostile world, and, I suppose, the healthy outdoor life came to him as balm. He was actually grateful to the Army. He may have changed his views since."

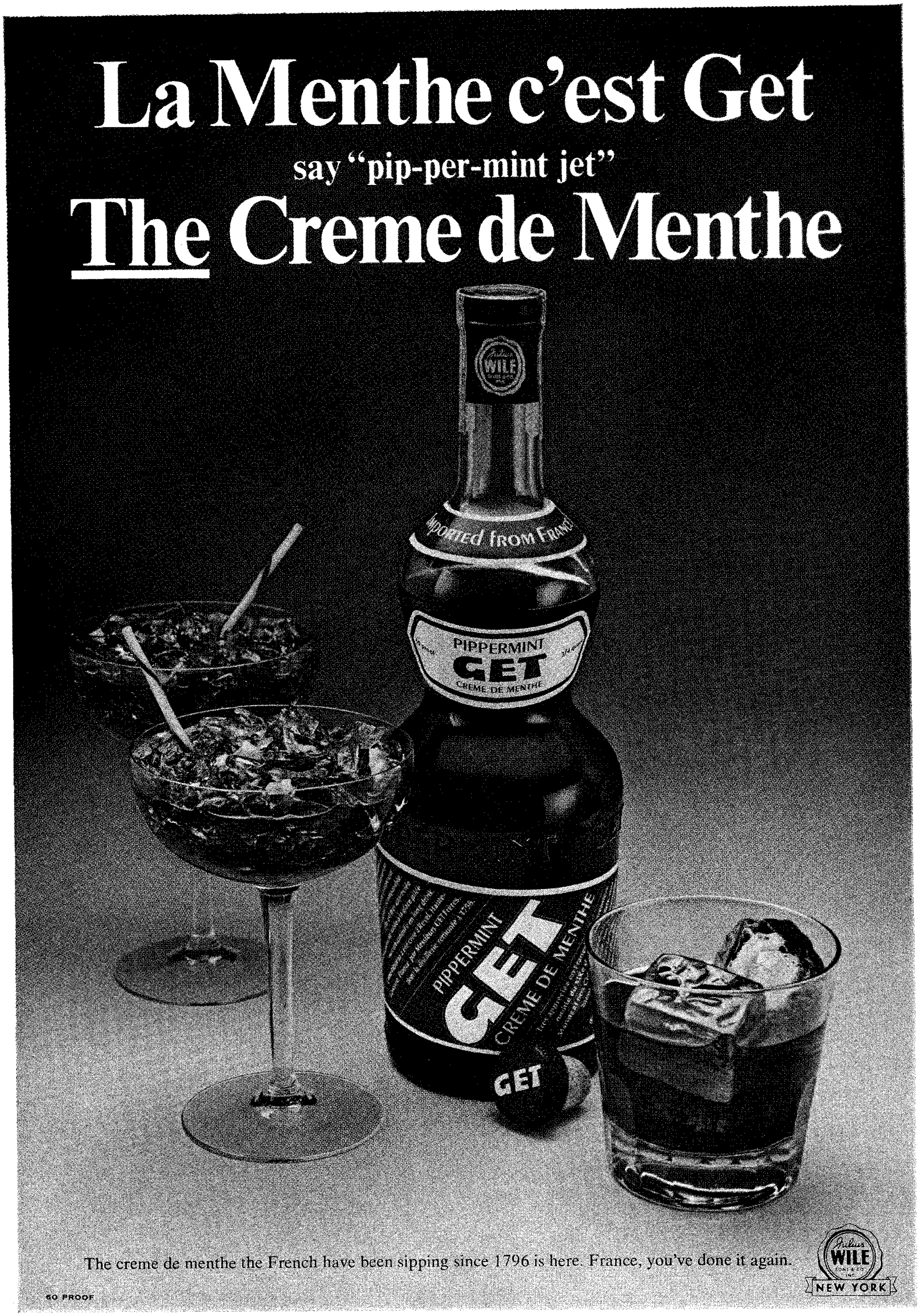
Edel has not changed his views: "My basic training was in the Coast Artillery, at Fort Eustis. Nothing seemed silly to me. War is war, and you can't be an individualist on the battlefield. I was sent to a hush-hush camp—Camp Ritchie, near Baltimore, a camp of linguists and intelligence people. Then—I'm a walking advertisement for the efficient side of military handling—they put me in Psychological Warfare. I'd read Freud in French in the twenties. I'd gone to Vienna one summer in the early thirties and attended some sessions of a seminar with Alfred Adler. I sat around with him and his students in a café beside the Danube, hearing about the inferiority complex. Psychological Warfare was a very interesting part of SHAEF. It came right under Eisenhower. We were trained by Hans Habe at a little camp at Gettysburg and then shipped to England. On D Day-plus-12, I went into Normandy. I was in Patton's army. Morris Bishop was also in Psychological Warfare, and he and I sat in a cow pasture playing chess in the evenings—Morris always won—while we waited for something to happen. Then Patton started moving, and we moved *very* fast. In Rennes, we took over the radio station and the press; we were constantly fighting the Goebbels propaganda. Then I was yanked out. We were preparing for the liberation of Paris."

Mr. Bishop's cow-pasture-et-seq. recollections are a trifle richer:

> As a very bewildered member of the Publicity and Psychological Warfare Detachment of the Third Army [he has written], I landed at Omaha Beach on 4 July, 1944, and was conveyed to a camp near Ste-Mère-Eglise. There we sat and basked for about a month. There I met Sergeant Leon Edel (then pronounced to rhyme with cradle). . . . We were immediately congenial, and spent a number of happy evenings in a sweet hillside meadow, in contemplation and conversation. He carried a pocket chess set, on which we played unremarkable games, and a tommy-gun. (Soldiers were obliged to go armed; but I doubt if Leon carried any ammo. Those things were dangerous. As for me, I wore merely a toy pistol which shot cigarets.) We entered Rennes early in August, on the very day that the Germans evacuated the city. Major Huot assigned Leon and me to take over the *Ouest-Eclair*, the important newspaper that covers all northwestern France. We were to seize the newspaper, root out collaborators, and get publication started. We entered the building with tommy-gun and cigaret-pistol at the ready and found all our work done. The joyful staff had made thorough preparations for the take-over, and the Germans had neglected to plant any bombs. The paper appeared next morning with a change of name, allegiance, and editorial conviction. For a week or so we had nothing to do but sit around, propose toasts, and respond to them. We lunched and dined with the editors. Leon would stand his tommy-gun against the wall. It is hard for me now to picture Professor Edel without his tommy-gun.

As a gloss on this helpful account, which has been referred to its subject for editorial comment and which I propose to deposit in the Houghton Library, with no strings attached, it may be remarked that Edel now pronounces his name "Édèle" ("The French always pronounced it that way, and I prefer that to the Germanic 'Aidle' "), and that he did carry ammo, and, moreover, had a marksman's medal.

Be that as it may, the future biographer of Henry James went into Paris just after the Liberation. "I went to see Sylvia Beach; she was still living in her flat in the Rue de l'Odéon, but her shop was closed," the Professor said recently. "She had been interned briefly, since she was an American citizen. We walked across Paris—she wheeled her bicycle; everyone had a bicycle; the women wore wide skirts—and we talked. Joyce had died during the war. I left her in front of the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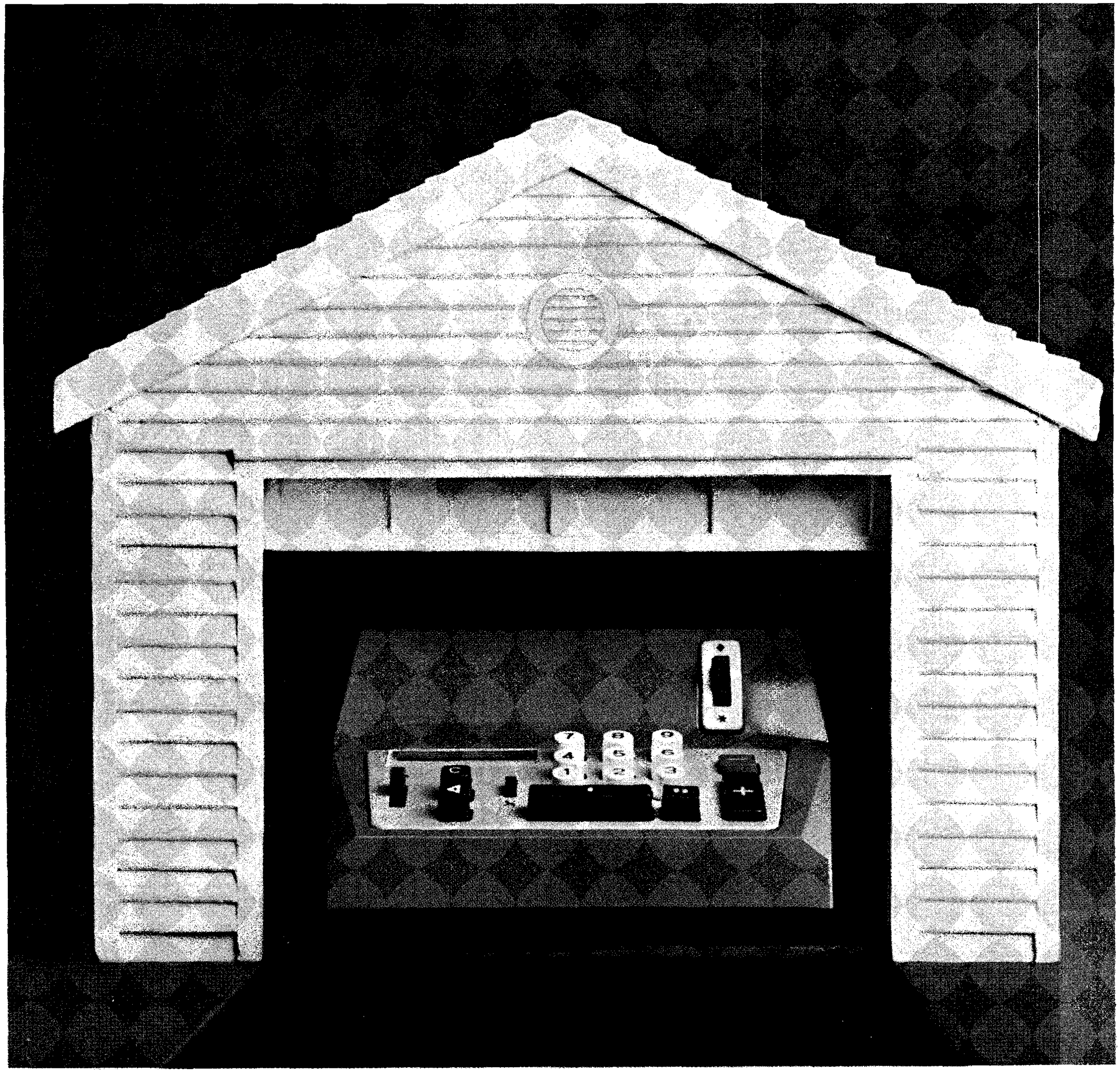

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Comédie-Française, and she rode off. I picked up a couple of Jamesian threads in Paris. I asked a *Figaro* man what had become of Morton Fullerton, who had known Edith Wharton and James, and whom *I* had known in 1932. I went to his flat in the Rue du Mont-Thabor. He was past eighty. I climbed five flights of stairs. There he was, a battered old wreck. He climbed those flights every day. ‘Did you ever find those letters of James's you once described?’ I asked. ‘Here they are,’ he said. He allowed me to copy one, about the failure of one of the plays. He had a number from Mrs. Wharton, but didn't show me these.” (Fullerton was one of several attractive young men who became acolytes of Henry James when he was middle-aged.) “I also got on the track of the late Alphonse Daudet, the novelist, who had been a friend of James from the eighteen-eighties into the nineties. That is, I went to see his son Lucien—Proust's friend. He was staying in bed to keep warm. On my next visit, I brought him some PX orange juice. He said I was bringing him gold. A batch of James letters was on the bed. He gave them to me, and I later sent them to Harvard. A good batch of letters—they showed James's mastery of French.”

The literary soldier also got on the track of himself: “One day, I stopped in at Jouve & Cie., in the Rue Racine, where I had left copies of my Sorbonne dissertation twelve years before. ‘Come for your royalties?’ the owner said, recognizing me. He had sold all my copies, and I pocketed a few thousand francs.”

ALAS for the humdrum days of peace! In April, 1947, Edel, decorated with the Bronze Star and wearing five battle stars, was demobilized, and went back to *PM*. A critical and literary phenomenon known as “the James boom”—or sometimes “revival”—had started, after several decades of slump. The writer's popularity, high in the eighteen-eighties, had declined during his later years, to a point where a 1907-09 twenty-four-volume New York Edition of “The Novels and Tales of Henry James”—a selection of his fiction chosen, revised, and furnished with eighteen prefaces by James himself—had such a disappointing sale that James referred to it as a “complete failure.” In 1913, in a small book called “Henry James: A Critical Study,” Ford Madox Hueffer (later Ford) had written, “Mr. James is the greatest of living writers and in consequence, for me, the greatest of living men;” in 1916, a few months after James's death, Rebecca West had praised him in an even smaller book—really an essay—which wound up with a reference to “the white light of his genius;” in 1918, the *Little Review* had got out a “Henry James Number,” with studies by Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and others; in 1924, Edna Kenton had pioneeringly discussed the psychological elements in “The Turn of the Screw” in the magazine *The Arts;* in 1934, the *Hound & Horn* had published a two-hundred-page “Homage to Henry James” issue, with serious examinations of various Jamesian phases by Marianne Moore, Edmund Wilson, Francis Fergusson, Stephen Spender, Newton Arvin, R. P. Blackmur, and Glenway Westcott; in 1938, in his “The Triple Thinkers,” Mr. Wilson, in another, slightly defensive act of fealty, had written, “Henry James *is* a first-rank writer, in spite of certain obvious deficiencies,” and in a book called “Maule's Curse” Yvor Winters had pronounced him “the greatest novelist in English;” in 1943, the year of the centenary of James's birth, an issue of the *New Republic* containing a fifteen-page “Special Section in Honor of William and Henry James” and a *Kenyon Review* “Henry James Number” had aired Jamesian disquisitions by Alfred Kazin, Jacques Barzun, Irwin Edman, William Troy, Philip Rahv, Professor Fergusson, F. O. Matthiessen, Mr. Blackmur, and Katherine Anne Porter; and in 1945 Clifton Fadiman had edited “The Short Stories of Henry James” for the Modern Library, and Frederick W. Dupee had assembled “The Question of Henry James,” a collection of essays in which the Messrs. Eliot, Wilson, Blackmur, Matthiessen, Spender, Troy, Rahv, and Barzun again appeared (in all cases in reprints), along with such deceased ponderers of the Question as Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Dean Howells, and Joseph Conrad, who was one of the first to give James the title of “the Master,” by regularly calling him “*cher Maître*.” But as far as the general reader was concerned the slump still persisted, since the excitement caused by all this milling around was largely confined to esoteric periodicals, highbrow books, and the campuses. Fadiman was the only “popular” critic among the aforementioned; most of the others were, or became, professors. In 1945, indeed,

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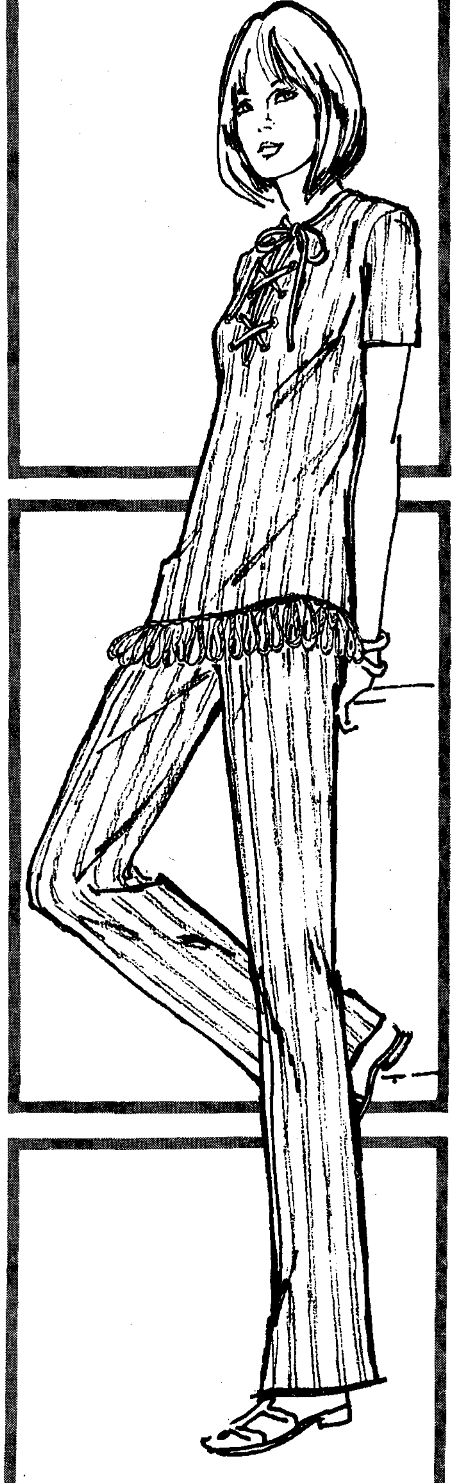

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one of the professors, writing under the nom de plume Roger du Béarn, summed up the situation in a sardonic piece of verse in *The New Yorker* called "The Henry James Boom (Which Arrived When We Were Not Very Young)":

James James:
Matthiessen Matthiessen,
Fadiman, Rahv, Dupee
Took great
Care of their author
In essay or antholo*gee.*
"James James,"
Each told his author,
"Author," each said, said he:
"You will never be known in the
temperate zone, unless you are
known through me."

James James
(Matthiessen's author)
Took on a strange renown,
James James
(Fadiman's author)
Put on his noblest frown.
James James
(Everyone's author)
Said, "Listen, you guys," said he:
"I'll never go down with the
toughs in this town through
collections by you of *me!*"

So much for the climate that greeted the returned soldier. Who started the James revival? Professor Barzun thinks that he may have. In "Henry James the Melodramatist," a piece originally written for the *Kenyon Review* centenary issue and revised and republished in his book "The Energies of Art," he remarked:

> In the prehistory of the James revival ... I played by chance a small and unexpected role as go-between. Despite a dwindling reputation at the end of his life, James had always kept his hold on a little band of readers here and in England, and when I first became acquainted with American literature I was introduced to his works.... I thus became a Jamesian in youth, before the boom, and even before the lowest ebb of James's renown, which lasted from Vernon Parrington's "liberal" onslaught ... to the Marxist denunciation of the mid-thirties.
>
> It was sometime later that I casually tried to interest a friend and colleague, now a famous critic [Lionel Trilling], to read a little James.... My friend was soon converted and shortly became a propagandist in his turn. It was he who persuaded two very influential writers [Fadiman and Rahv] to reconsider their hostile views, and they, through essays and anthologies, led the great revival.

Professor Edel lays no claim to being the sparkplug, but he is sure that he helped matters along: "I came in as really the best-qualified Jamesian, because of my earlier work, to do the *historical* part and the editing. I believe it can be said that the Henry James 'explosion' owes much to me, because at the time I got out of the Army the critics were shuffling the same stale set of facts about Henry James—many old legends and half truths. What I've done is to provide much new material for reappraisal and continued discussion and criticism."

In any event, Edel helped the explosion along by publishing, early in 1949, when he was in his early forties, "The Ghostly Tales of Henry James," a seven-hundred-and-sixty-six-page chronological arrangement of eighteen stories, which included a thirty-two-page Freudian introduction and eighteen sub-introductions. Of this work Granville Hicks wrote in the *New Leader:*

> The volume is not merely a superior kind of entertainment. In a long introduction and in notes on the various stories, Mr. Edel presents and substantiates a thesis of considerable importance. He points out that twelve of the eighteen stories were published in a single decade, the last ten years of the nineteenth century. This, as he says, was a period of great discouragement for Henry James, who had felt with some bitterness the decline of his reputation as a novelist and had turned, with even more disheartening results, to the stage. The ghostly stories, Mr. Edel maintains, were vehicles for his fantasies, some of them compensatory, some of them regressive. The writing of them "seems to have acted as a kind of self-therapy," and in the end James was cured. [Twenty years later, *this diagnosis became the central theme* of "The Treacherous Years," the fourth volume of the Edel biography.]

The ghostly tales (with one exception, a magazine piece) had been previously published in book form—although not, except for "The Turn of the Screw," subjected to psychoanalysis—but around this time Professor Barzun helped give Edel a leg up in the dissemination of new, or unpublished, material. In 1948, lunching with George Stevens, then managing editor of the J. B. Lippincott publishing house, Barzun remarked that James's famous theatrical failure, "Guy Domville," had never been published, and that it ought to be. He said that Edel had written a dissertation on the plays, and he gave Stevens Edel's address, which was not in the phone book. As a result of this tip, Lippincott commissioned "The Complete Plays of Henry James" for an advance of five hundred dollars, and it was published in the fall of 1949. *Eight hundred and forty-six* pages. Its title, like that of the "Tales" and most Edel-edited books bearing on James, was deceptive, since these works generally offer a good deal more than their titles indicate. In the "Plays," the editor, functioning also as a scholar and theatrical

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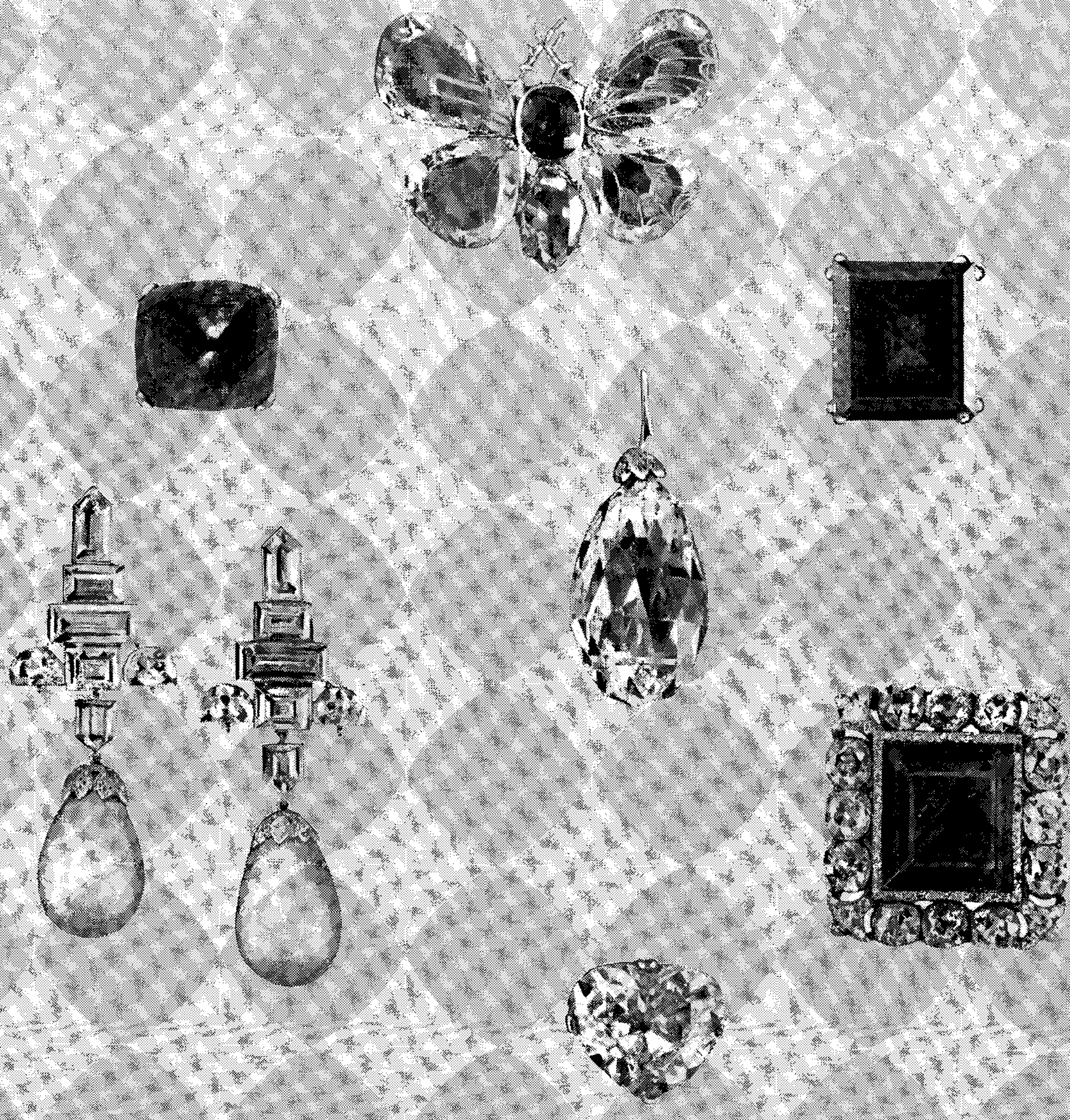

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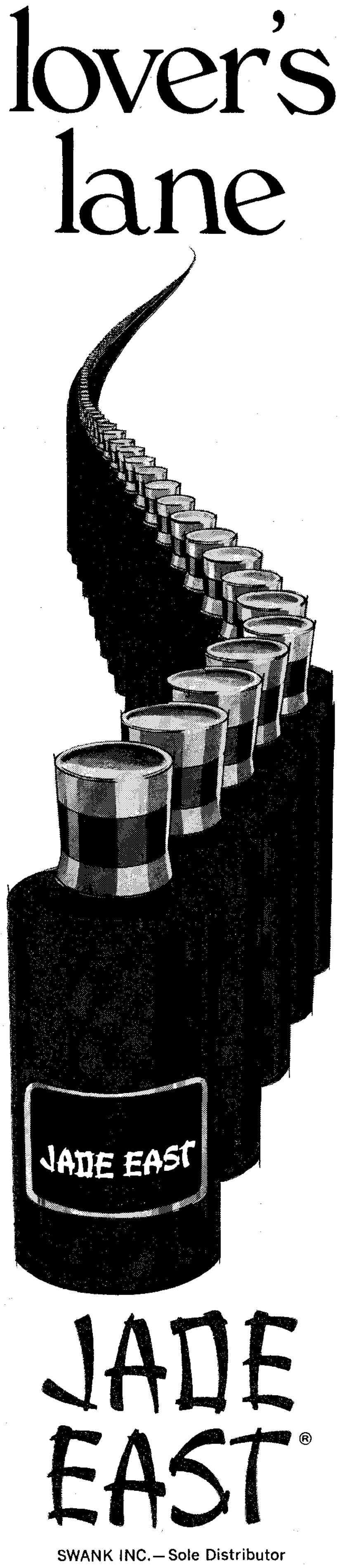

historian, collated, or directed the collation of, thirty-three texts of six of the twelve plays included, and, in a fifty-page introductory essay bearing the reminiscent title "Henry James: The Dramatic Years" and in forewords to each of the plays, he produced fifty thousand words of narrative and comment giving the story of James as a playgoer (from the age of seven or eight on) and playwright (from the age of forty-six to fifty-two). There were also twenty pages of "A Note on the Texts" and just plain "Notes." Edel is a natural storyteller. His introductory essay starts out

> In the hours before dawn of January 4, 1910, Henry James—he was then sixty-seven—sat at his work table in Lamb House, Rye, Sussex, scrawling notes for a new novel in a rapid, half-illegible script across large loose sheets, a deluge of words pouring from an image-crowded mind and hurriedly transcribed by a tired old hand . . .

and his foreword to "Guy Domville" is a vivid, compassionate eight-thousand-word description of this disaster and its aftermath. Other dividends not declared, or even hinted at, in the title included the excavation of theatrical references from James's novels, such as Hyacinth Robinson's taking Millicent Henning to the London production of "The Pearl of Paraguay" in "The Princess Casamassima;" the adducing, by way of background, of the theatrical efforts of such other literary men as Byron, Tennyson, Meredith, Hardy, George Moore, Swinburne, Balzac, and Turgenev; and, here and there, kindly corrections of the Master:

> Miss [Charlotte] Cushman played in *Henry VIII* in September 1849, again in January 1850 and in June 1851 (always at the Broadway Theatre and not at the Park, as Henry recalled).

And so on.

Edel's second contribution to the boom was greeted by an Anglo-American accolade of a kind that seldom falls to the lot of a tabloid employee. (*PM*, founded in 1940, had folded in 1948, and just before the "Tales" and the "Plays" came out their editor was working on its successor, the *Star*, also short-lived. Between these jobs, he had been out of work; when Stevens signed him up, he was drawing unemployment insurance and living in a narrow, thirty-seven-dollar-a-month two-room apartment in a beaten-up house on East Twenty-third Street, near Peter Cooper Village. After the *Star* folded, in January, 1949, he retired from full-time journalism, and in 1952, following some intermittent coverage of the United Nations for the *Compass*, *another* short-lived tabloid, he abandoned this calling altogether—without much nostalgia, apparently, since his *Who's Who* entry, which chronicles his academic appointments and literary achievements in appropriate detail, reduces his newspaper career to "journalist, 1932-43.") Back to "The Complete Plays." "The many texts of the plays and two fragments have been tracked down, collated, and reproduced with undeviating patience, informed judgment, and sureness of touch," Professor Barzun, who had not put in for a finder's fee, declared in a front-page article in the Sunday *Herald Tribune Book Review*. And his enthusiasm was matched on both sides of the Atlantic—by Edna Kenton in the *Kenyon Review* ("great value"), by Francis Fergusson in the *Partisan Review* ("superb job"), by Edwin Clark in the *Saturday Review* ("like a great detective"), by Graham Greene in the *New Statesman & Nation* ("a magnificent editorial work").

Hard on this critical acclaim, Edel was admitted to the academic fold: in 1950, New York University made him a visiting professor; in the summer of 1952, Harvard invited him to lecture, and Princeton and the University of Indiana soon followed. The reluctant newspaperman became a contented academician. In the Jamesian field, he was out in front. "I had this inside track," he says. In 1950, George Stevens encouraged him to put on his running suit for what was to prove a marathon course—a life of the Master. Originally planned for one volume, it grew to five and established him, after the first lap, in a post that has been described as chairman of the board of Henry James. Edel's early labors on this enterprise were interrupted for six months, when he took time off to edit and finish up the Brown biography of Willa Cather; both this and "The Untried Years" appeared in 1953. Edel's plan at this time was to polish off James in three volumes, but the canvas expanded: Volume II became Volumes II and III, with twenty years still to cover, which the introduction to Volume III said would be taken care of in Volume IV—which, however, when it was finished, still left fourteen years to go. The introduction to Volume IV firmly proclaims it "the penultimate section" of the Life.

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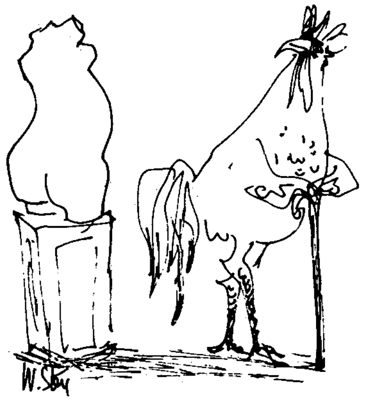

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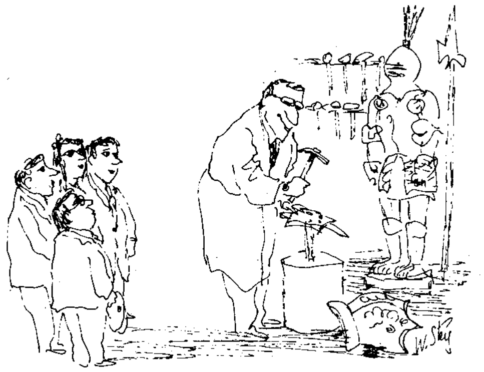

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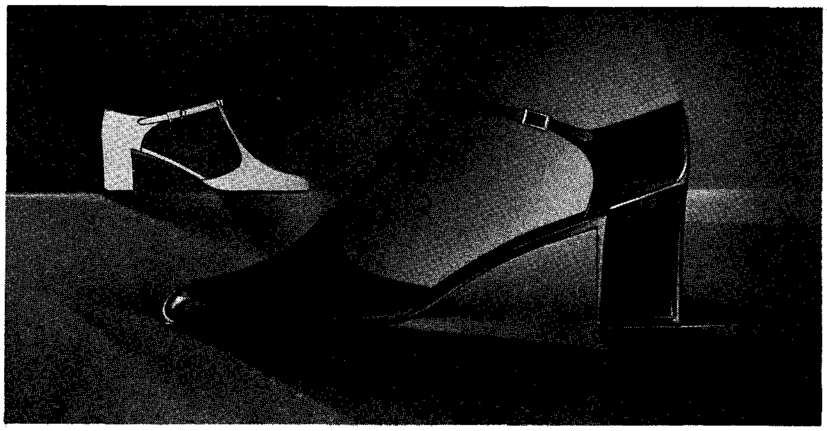

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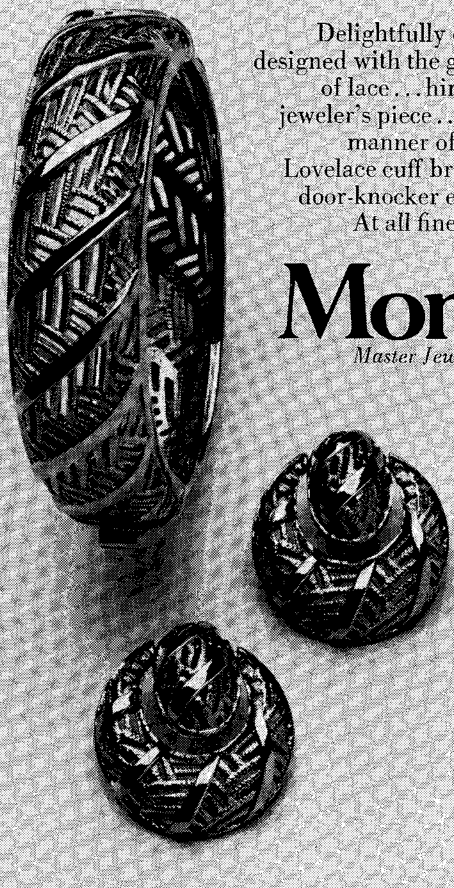

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can be noted that royalties paid to the James heirs more than tripled between 1951 and 1960.) In seventeen years, "The Untried Years" has sold only ten thousand copies, here and in England (the three following volumes, going at a somewhat faster clip, have netted similar sales to date), but on its appearance it received a two-continent welcome that astonished both its author and his publishers. In England, Max Beerbohm, whose famous satire " 'The Mote in the Middle Distance' (by) H*nry J*m*s" had led off "A Christmas Garland" in 1912, wrote one of the partners of Rupert Hart-Davis, the biographer's London publisher, "I have read a fair amount of nonsense about Henry James in recent times, and it is a great joy to have so sane and sensitive and penetrating an account of him as Mr. Leon Edel's," while the B.B.C. hailed it in broadcasts by V. S. Pritchett ("as sane as it is also well written") and John Raymond ("a superb achievement"). In America, some of the reviewers of "The Untried Years" enjoyed it with reservations. In the *Griffin*, a monthly published by a book club called the Readers' Subscription, Professor Trilling taxed Edel with not having "really presented . . . the full nature of the America against which James set his own particular Europe," but wound up with a "Mr. Edel does everything that knowledge and grace of mind can do." In the Sunday *Herald Tribune Book Review*—again in a lead article—Alfred Kazin wrote:

> One can criticize [Edel] for being almost *too* sympathetic with Henry, and he does tend to see the other Jameses entirely too much through Henry's eyes. But a few criticisms aside, the book is important and beautiful. . . . But Mr. Edel, in his own sensitive and distinguished way, lets us down a little . . . for his interpretation of the James family strife is far too psychological and à la mode.

In his daily book column in the same paper, the late Lewis Gannett, more anti-James than anti-Edel, remarked:

> [Oliver Wendell] Holmes . . . having known Henry James from boyhood, was not taken in by him. "I always thought Henry James's drooling on the social relations of important Americans in the Old World a trifle underbred," he wrote fifty-seven years after he and Henry James had visited the White Mountains together. Holmes thought Henry James's stories "generally dull," an opinion which is not suggested in Leon Edel's awe-struck biography . . . [a] book this reviewer enjoyed reading . . . despite Mr. Edel's humorless reverence for his subject. "It is now recognized that with Henry James the novel in English reached its

greatest perfection," Mr. Edel pronounces. It is now recognized, he might better have said, that Henry James is the spiritual father of a whole generation of waste-landers and literary exiles.

On the other hand, Professor Carlos Baker, of Princeton, without recourse to demurrers, called the book "a pleasurable excursion;" Wayne Andrews, in the *Commonweal,* hailed it as "nothing less than a masterpiece;" Professor Perry Miller, of Harvard, wrote in the *Christian Science Monitor,* "To the task of making out the design in the carpet Mr. Edel brings the qualities of the most relentless of detectives, the most fanatical of Jacobites, and the most calmly objective of historians;" while Brendan Gill (Yale, 1936), elevating his subject from the stereotyped rank of a hawkshaw to that of a topographer, observed, in the pages of *The New Yorker,* "Mr. Edel is delightful, by no means innocent, and knows the James family better than a native. Few countries are more worth visiting, and the view from some of the peaks is sublime." It remained for Mr. Maxwell Geismar—curiously, in view of the fulminations that were to come from him only ten years later—to purr, in the *Nation:*

> Since the death of F. O. Matthiessen, Leon Edel has been the leading James scholar in America.... Like Matthiessen, Edel escapes from all the irritating and boring clichés of the cult of James; from the circle of the hit-and-run specialists, or those who have clung to the coattails of the master and established their career [*sic*] by the fervor of their adulation.

A decade later, Mr. Geismar, after calling a roll of "Jacobite critics" that included Matthiessen and Edel along with Dupee, Auden, and Spender, exclaimed:

> What a roster of illustrious modern names.... And what a farrago of nonsense they have all contributed to the remarkable case of Henry James. Under the spell of the Circean wand they have become, if not quite an order of lower critical animals, very like unto the little children who were the heroes of a writer whose own mind was fixed and permanently embedded in childhood fantasy.

What Circean spell caused Geismar to revise his estimate of Edel—and of Matthiessen? In the ten years between the two critiques, Matthiessen could scarcely have turned posthumously from a "leading James scholar" into a nonsensical juvenile. Such are the enigmas of literary criticism.

"The Untried Years" led Edel, still an untenured visitor to the groves of Academe, to an associate professorship at New York University and brought

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him, in the mail, a topaz ring. “This was followed by a letter from Bruce Porter, who had married William James’s daughter and lived on the West Coast,” Edel said recently. “He was past eighty. He’d just read my book, and he sent me his uncle-in-law’s ring. A charming gesture. I always wear it to places where James has been.” (This conversation took place at The Players, where James spent several happy hours in 1904 and 1905 as the guest of Witter Bynner.) “James is wearing it in all his late pictures—by Sargent and so on. It always twinkles.”

Edel, who generally twinkles, unless he is thinking about Maxwell Geismar or about one or two writers who he feels have tried to poach on his Jamesian priorities at Harvard (“Leon can be very vindictive when someone crosses his path,” a fellow-Jacobite has said), has received suitable gifts from other James relatives. Three or four years ago, the late John James, a grandson of William, invited him to the old William James house on Irving Street, Cambridge, which the grandson was about to sell, and offered him a collection of books—mostly French—from his great-uncle’s library. (Harry James had died in 1947; his brother Billy had died in 1961; and John was Billy’s son.) “He filled my car with books,” Edel says. “James’s Balzacs, and so on, and he showed me a portrait of Henry done about 1900 by Bay Emmet—Ellen Emmet Rand. It was cracked; it was dirty; it was a mess. John wondered whether it was worth keeping, but I said, ‘It’s a document.’ So he gave it to me. I asked Sheldon Keck, the famous art conservator, who had left New York to live in Cooperstown, to tell me who might restore it. He sent me to Margaret M. Watherston, who is a conservator to several museums, including the Whitney, and she said, ‘*Grime.*’ Two months later, when I was in England, mopping up some research, I got a letter from her: ‘You now have *two* portraits of Henry James.’ The under one, an unfinished study, depicted what seemed like a red-nosed Irishman. Bay Emmet had tacked a new canvas over it. I now own the two oil portraits. The newly discovered one is perhaps the more interesting. I plan to publish both in Volume V of the biography.”

This triumphant terminal volume, “The Master,” scheduled for publication this fall, follows “The Treacherous Years” by only two years—a considerable speedup from the nine years that elapsed between Volume I and Volumes II and III, and the seven years between them and Volume IV. In the first gap, between 1953 and 1962, besides carrying a heavy teaching and outside-lecturing load, he brought out “The Selected Fiction of Henry James,” a conventional anthology, in 1953, and “Selected Letters,” in 1955. In the latter year, also, he wrote a book giving a “step-by-step account of what happens in fiction when the reader is asked to read it not in terms of external reality but from the inside-out;” called “The Psychological Novel” (later renamed and revised in paperback as “The Modern Psychological Novel”), it dwelt upon the stream-of-consciousness and internal-monologue aspects of Joyce, James, Proust, Faulkner, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, Kafka, Nathalie Sarraute, and so forth. In 1956, in another paperback, he edited James’s “The Future of the Novel: Essays on the Art of Fiction,” with an introduction that decried the “hackneyed language of television” but contained some not altogether unhackneyed language itself, such as “But now the century was turning.” (Edel likes centuries to turn, and sometimes fast: “From 1896 to the century’s turn . . .” he wrote in “The Modern Psychological Novel.”) In 1956, also, he edited “The American Essays of Henry James,” and in 1961 he began to publish “The Complete Tales,” whose twelve volumes were completed at the rate of four a year.

The anthologies among these works again transcended their titles. The “Essays” were prefaced by a thirteen-page essay on the essays, and the “Letters,” in addition to a hundred and eleven letters and one telegram, contained a two-page “Note on the Text,” a seventeen-page introductory essay, a list of correspondents, with dates of birth and death and succinct identifications, as well as a dozen pages of background biographical and expository material. The “Letters” also threw off a hundred and forty-seven footnotes, a number of them done in the Disciple’s best corrective manner:

“On Sunday Wilkie and I went to Rolandseck with the Humbards[1] ‘Kaffee trinken.’ ”

[1] Henry James here mis-spells the name of Dr. Humpert at whose pension he was staying.

“I resent their having buried her [his cousin Minny Temple] in New Rochelle.”[1]

[1] She was actually buried in the Temple family plot in Albany.

“I must thank you [an English reviewer] without delay for the little no-

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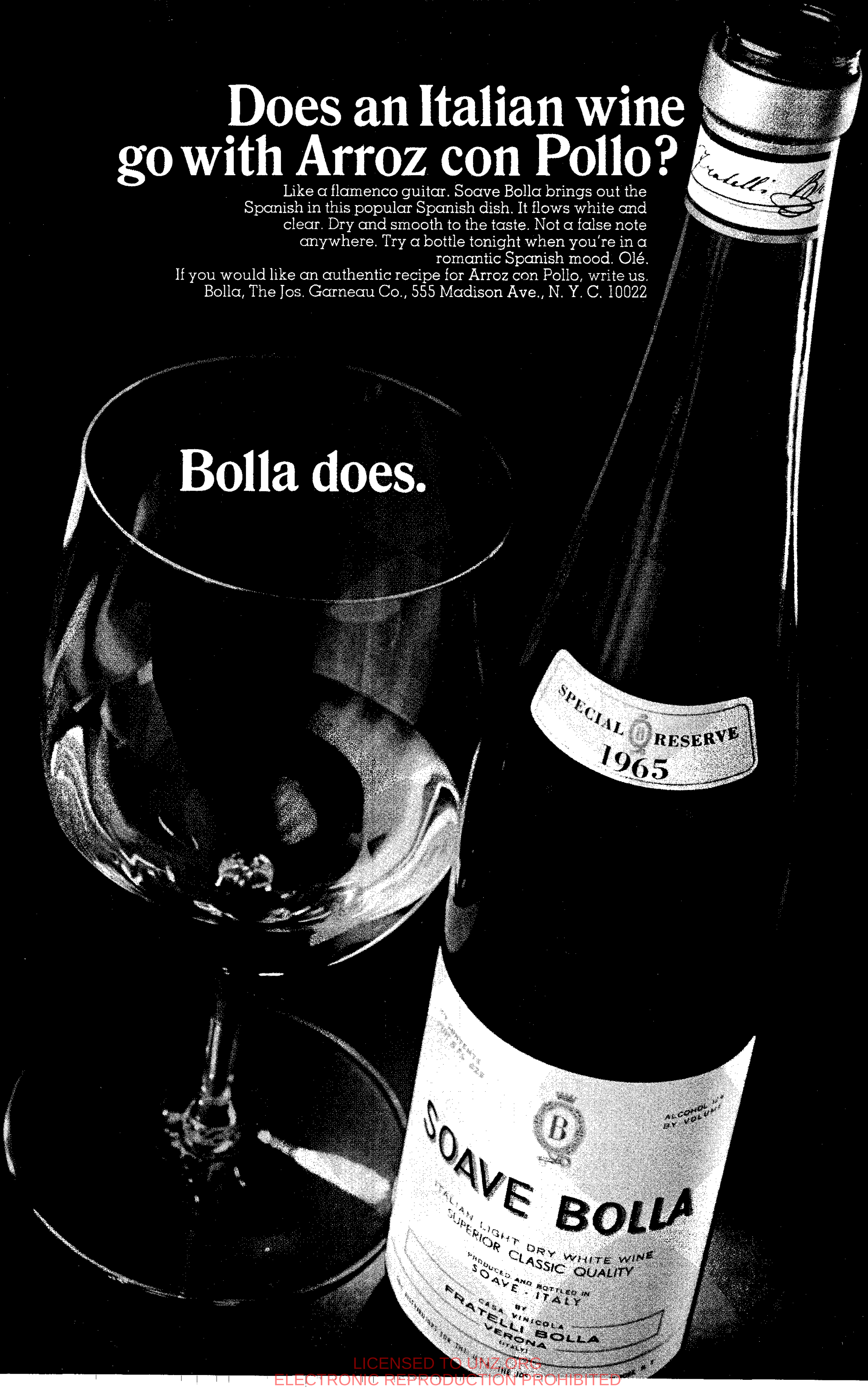

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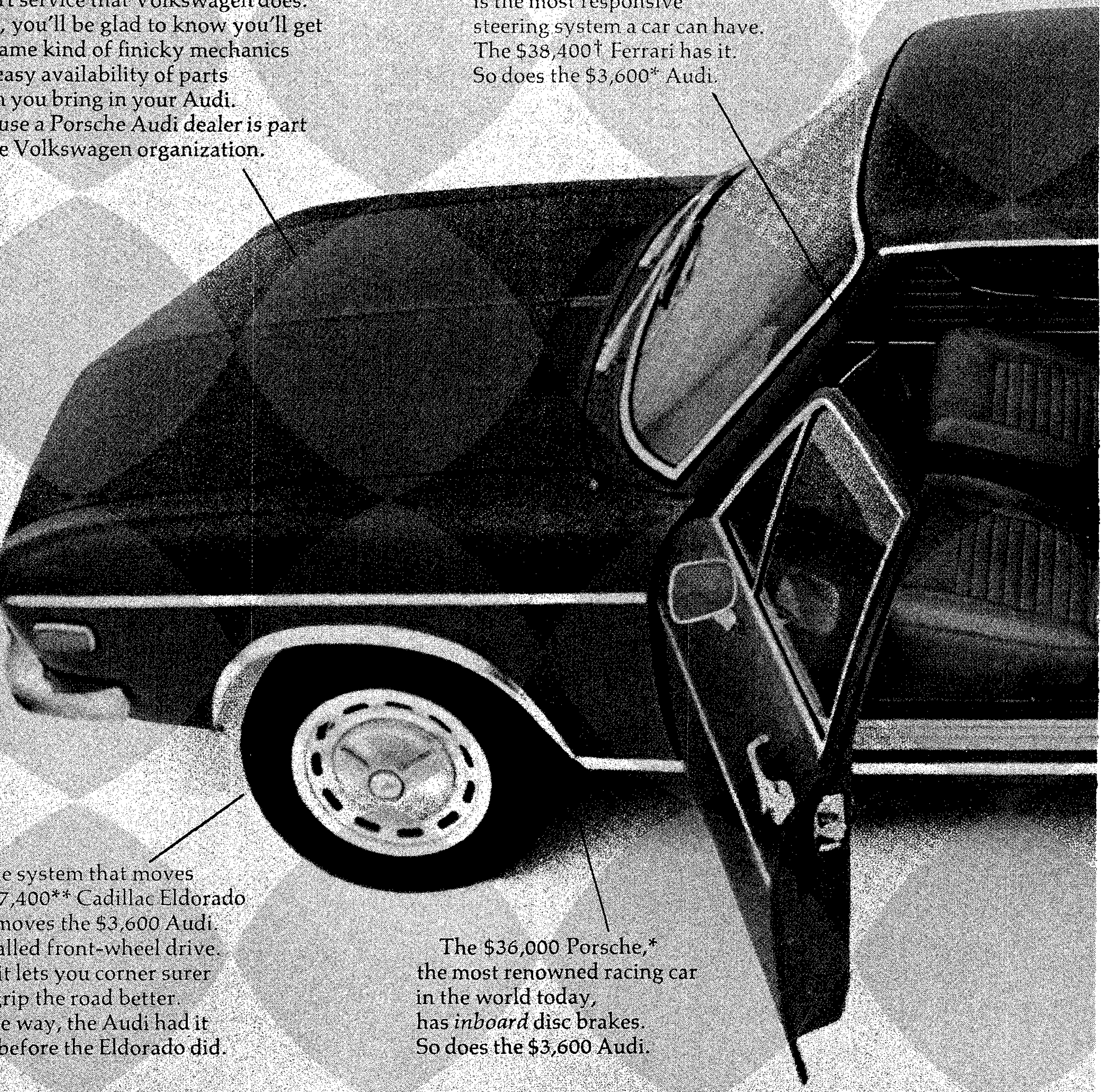

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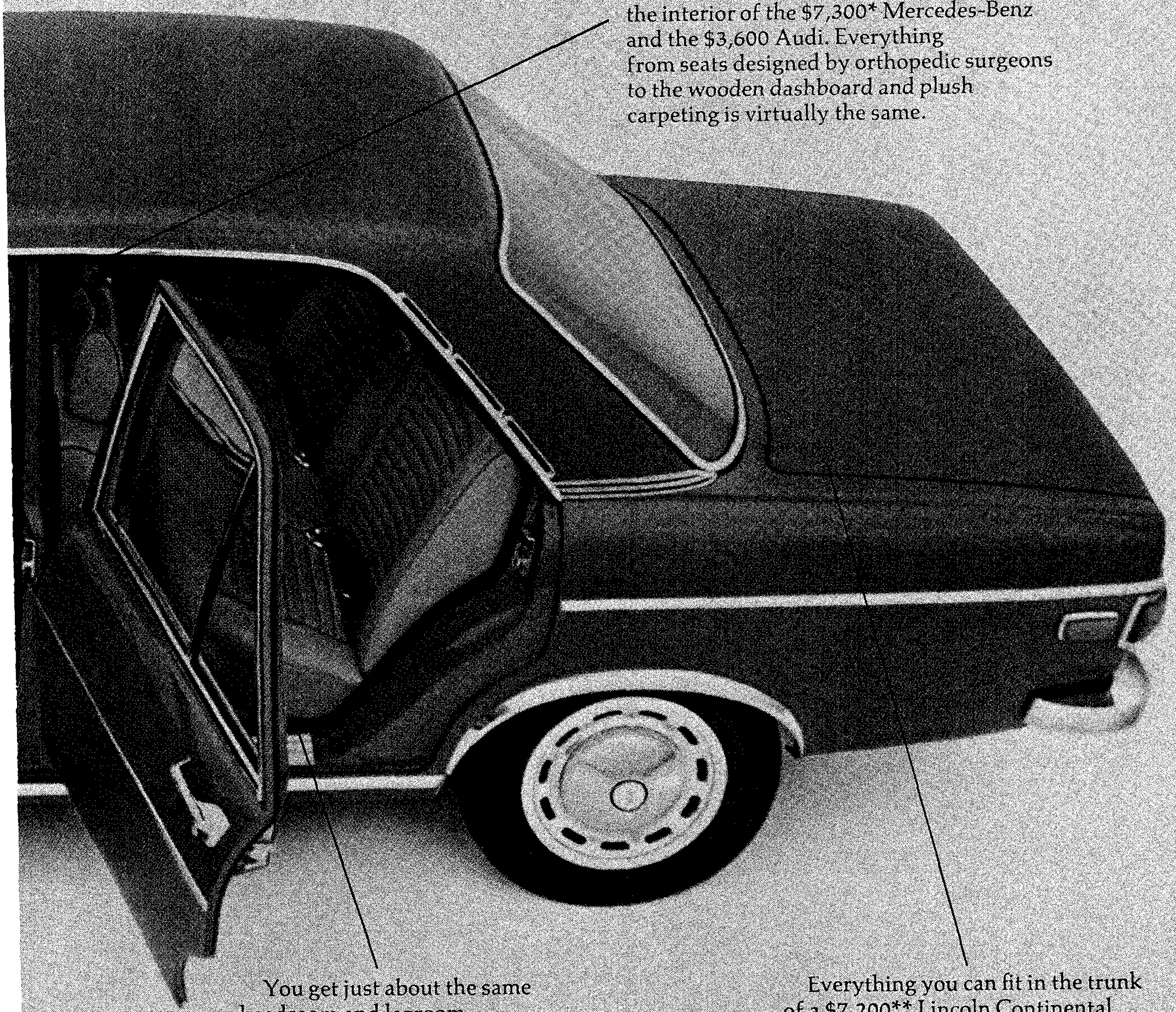

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tice of 'Daisy Miller' and the 'Three Meetings.' "[1]

[1] The volume reviewed was *Daisy Miller and Other Stories*. . . . James makes an interesting slip of the pen here in speaking of "Three Meetings" although the title of his story was "Four Meetings," which suggests that perhaps his title was inspired by one of Turgenev's tales which did bear the title "Three Meetings."

"Being now almost in my 100th year . . ."[1]

[1] James often pictured himself as a centenarian during his last years to emphasize his sense of the great backward reach of his memory. He was at this time actually 63.

In 1957, during the hiatus between Volume I and Volumes II and III, the interrupted biographer published a closely reasoned book, "Literary Biography," based on five lectures he had given at the University of Toronto and aimed at bringing biography "into mid-century focus," according to his preface. That year, too, he took time off from the Life to bring out the bibliography co-authored with Dan Laurence. What a digression *this* must have been! Four hundred and eleven pages, giving the exact day of publication of all of James's works; the size of their first printings (surprisingly small in many instances: "Daisy Miller" two hundred and fifty, "The Bostonians" five hundred, "The Aspern Papers" six hundred and fifty, "The Portrait of a Lady" and "The Princess Casamassima" seven hundred and fifty each, "The American" one thousand); their prices; the measurements of their pages; the colors of their bindings (broken down into such categories as dark green, forest green, olive green, dark blue-green, green-blue, royal blue, steel blue, light cobalt-blue, light blue-gray, ochre, brown, red-brown, chocolate brown, dark rust-brown, dull violet-brown, purple-brown, dark purple-brown, deep purple, dull maroon, terra-cotta, and canary yellow); variants of bindings; variants of end-papers; variants of English and American editions; details of publishing contracts (such as whether or not the author paid for the plates); documentation of prior magazine publication; data on Braille editions; a list of forty-three books, other than his own, to which James made contributions; a list of his five hundred and eighty-two appearances in periodicals; a list of a hundred and fifty-seven James translations (including two into the Croatian—one tagged "No copy available for collation"); a list of his published letters; and a section on the whereabouts of his manuscripts—not to mention a twenty-five-page index. (The technical research, including color matching, was done by Laurence, who travelled all over Europe looking at library copies; Edel gave him the necessary entrée, supplied all the historical material, wrote the manuscript section, and assembled the tour de force, whose publication caused the prices of James first editions to skyrocket, thus giving no pain to Professor Edel, who owns copies of nearly all of them.)

The next year, 1958, saw the publication of another book that slowed the Professor down on the Life—"Henry James and H. G. Wells," whose subtitle, for once, *did* do justice to the work's substance: "A Record of Their Friendship, Their Debate on the Art of Fiction, and Their Quarrel." This collection of sixty-four letters, mostly from James to Wells (James burned most of *his* correspondents' letters), was also a joint effort: Edel's co-editor, Gordon N. Ray, now president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, was then vice-president and provost of the University of Illinois, which possesses an H. G. Wells archive of sixty thousand letters. The James end of the book was handled by Edel and the Wells end by Dr. Ray. A twenty-seven-page introduction, written by both Edel and Ray, and the letters themselves traced the seventeen-year ups and downs of the relationship between James and Wells, to its final down of 1915, when Wells, under a pseudonym that fooled nobody, wrote a satire that likened James's work to an empty church with a dead kitten on the altar, and, in a more ambitious zoological flourish, called James a "magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost upon picking up a pea." The "Record" received particular attention in England. The *New Statesman* called its introduction "magisterial;" Harold Nicolson, in the *Observer*, observed that the book was "an amusing and cautionary study . . . both sad and entertaining: it is excellently told;" *Punch* called it "a most effective compilation, almost an intellectual thriller as it draws to its climax;" while a writer in *Country Life* said of it, "The whole business seems to me slightly absurd."

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Life was followed, in 1959, by another Edel task—his selection and editing of various writings of Hawthorne, James, O'Neill, Eliot, and Faulkner in "Masters of American Literature," a college textbook that also sampled, extensively, Edward Taylor, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Mark Twain, Henry Adams, Stephen Crane, and Robert Frost—but after that the great explorer of James began to cut down on his side excursions and to settle into "The Conquest of London: 1870-1881" and "The Middle Years: 1882-1895." He was invited to teach at Harvard for a year, and this enabled him to work intensively in its Jamesian archives. He systematically plowed through some ten thousand letters. "James's handwriting is impossible for a stenographer to decipher," he says. "I would have been smothered by this stuff, but my wife said, 'Use modern technology.' So I got a tape recorder and dictated texts, digests, and notes, which were typed up for me every day. Strange things happen with letters, by the way. When Edith Wharton died, in 1937, her correspondence, including many letters from James, went to Yale, where her literary executor, Gaillard Lapsley, locked it up until 1969. But she had allowed Percy Lubbock to copy the James letters, and the copies were at Harvard all this time, available to accredited scholars. I've had copies of these copies since the early nineteen-fifties."

In his University of Toronto lectures, Edel had advocated "the scenic method in literary biography." Typographically, throughout the Life, he has highlighted this technique by breaking down the individual volumes into titled "books," by breaking these down into titled chapters, by breaking *these* down into short, numbered episodes, and by heading virtually every right-hand page with a separate title. (Left-hand pages are headed simply "Henry James.") Thus, "The Conquest of London," the fattest to date (four hundred and sixty-five pages), provides eight "book" titles, including "A Season in Cambridge," "Roman Hours," and "The Siege of Paris;" fifty-six chapter titles, among them mouth-watering ones like "The Precious Wound," "The Exquisite Provincials," "Voltaire in Petticoats," and "C'est Mon Plaisir;" and two hundred and six page headings, starting with "Honest Massachusetts" and ending with "Venetian Memories."

In his Toronto talks, Edel had also recommended a kind of biography "in which the biographer is present in the work as omniscient narrator," and he had said:

> Certain critics insist that any attempt to relate biography and the artist's work, and in particular any attempt to read the life of the creator in his books, constitutes a "biographical fallacy."... The biographer, I think, is inclined to dissent from such a view. He holds that the personal emotions have not necessarily vanished and that at least a portion of them may be recovered and may perhaps be found to have some relevance.

Practicing what he preached, Edel wrote in "The Conquest of London," *inter* a plethora of *alia:*

> The rivalry with William emerges in *The American* no longer in the complaining terms of the Cambridge time, but simply as a hard fact of life. The unpleasant Marquis de Bellegarde, who is fifteen years senior to his brother, Valentin (as William was fifteen months older than Henry), represents one extreme of old feeling; the other is the portrait of the American clergyman Newman encounters during his travels. And here, at last, William recognized himself. "Your second instalment of *The American* is prime," he wrote. "The morbid little clergyman is worthy of Ivan Sergeyevich [Turgenev]. I was not a little amused to find some of my own attributes in him—I think you found my 'moral reaction' excessive when I was abroad."

"The Conquest of London" and "The Middle Years" found Kazin, Nicolson, Pritchett, *Punch*, the *Times Lit. Supp.*, *et al.*, still in Edel's corner; Edmund Wilson called the biography "a literary classic;" the word "monumental" began to creep into the reviews; and *Time* ran a picture of a beaming Edel in an article headed "Who Owns Henry James?" But there were also at least two consequential faultfinders: Howard Mumford Jones, in the *New Republic*, and George Steiner, in the New York *Times*. "One may admire [Mr. Edel's] patience," Professor Jones wrote, after characterizing the Life as "majestic,"

> yet question the value of his thousand incessant details. To list piece by piece the furniture in a Boston hotel room casually occupied, to note that in his London lodgings on Bolton Street James faced a sooty, brown, brick wall, to dilate for a paragraph on the delicate dilemma of entertaining Maupassant at dinner when the clubs were closed, meticulously to record the wall colors of a room in the Palazzo Barbaro, James's delight in the fact that French railway buffets served lunch, and the presence of a woodpile in his kitchen at 29 Rue de Luxembourg—

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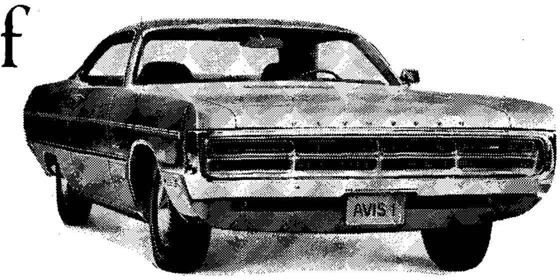

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these trivia, though "true" enough, clog narrative.

Professor Edel did not take this lying down. "Professor Howard Mumford Jones enunciates a surprising theory of biographical narrative," he wrote to the *New Republic*, going on to say:

> He charges me with introducing irrelevant detail when I describe the furniture in a Boston hotel room in which James stayed; or the blank sooty wall which faced him as he wrote in Bolton Street; or the colors in the chamber he occupied in a Venetian palace. "These trivia, though true enough, clog narrative," says Mr. Jones. But a biography without trivia—relevant trivia—is like a tree without leaves. It becomes a cold and naked thing, like so many of our academic biographies. It may be a matter of opinion, but I could show it was quite relevant to describe that furniture in the Boston hotel. James disliked it so intensely he put it into one of his tales. And it is certainly relevant to know that James's imagination created graceful and witty tales opposite a grim, sooty confining wall.

Mr. Steiner's reproof was made from higher ground. It was preceded by a thoughtful, appreciative evaluation of James ("James accomplished for the English novel what Turgenev had achieved in Russian and Flaubert in French") and a thoughtful, appreciative evaluation of Edel ("... acute scholarship and his matchless knowledge of all things Jamesian"); it also credited Edel with two scoops—his demonstration, "in striking and original detail," that "James wrote under steady pressure of financial need," and his discovery of James's deep, though spiritual, liaison with Constance Fenimore Woolson, a grandniece of James Fenimore Cooper. But then Mr. Steiner went on to his reproach:

> By its sheer dimension, Mr. Edel's treatment asserts that James is a figure of the first magnitude, that his work is of supreme stature.... Mr. Edel works from within. Nowhere does he step back to hazard a colder look. The result is often excessive praise. "He would do more than achieve greatness. He would create a kind of imperium of letters, annex Europe to his native American domain, achieve a trans-Atlantic empire larger than that of other novelists. And like Marcus Aurelius he would offer the world the countenance of a conqueror."
>
> Yet this is what James failed to do. He did not annex the two worlds but ended as something of a stranger in each. ... James's grasp of English social and political realities remained, to the end, unsteady. He was barred from the intuitive certainties open to the art of George Eliot and Dickens. James knew little of the America to which he occasionally returned. His kingdom was, at the last, something of a limbo.

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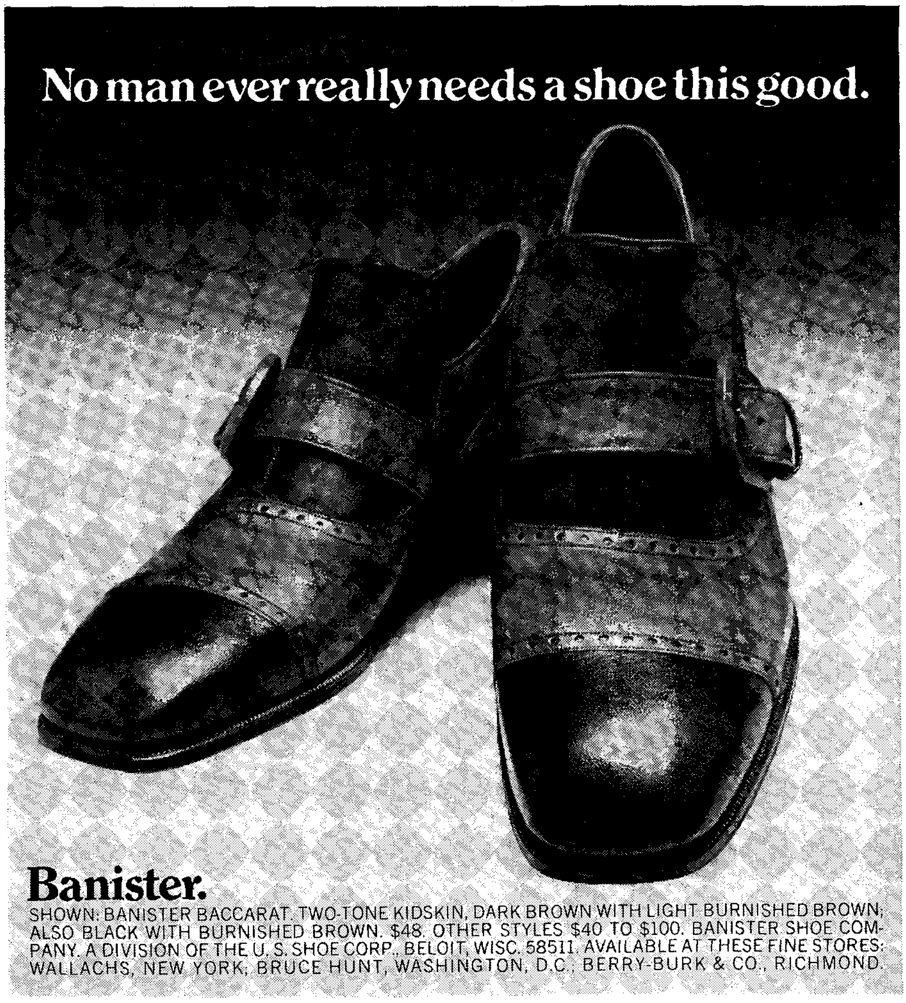

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When Mr. Edel proclaims "The Portrait of a Lady" to be one of "the supreme works of the century," with "a narrative unsurpassed for its rhythmic development," one protests at the devaluation of critical currency. . . . Mr. Edel's monument marks the logical summit of that revaluation of Henry James which began thirty years ago with the work of such critics as R. P. Blackmur. Now there is need of perspective. . . . In the realm of Anna Karenina and Ahab, of Ivan Karamazov and the Baron de Charlus, James is only an occasional, diffident guest.

This time, Edel did not protest, but the *Times* subsequently ran eight letters bearing on the Steiner charges. Score: Edel (and James), 6; Steiner, 2.

On the more positive side, Volumes II and III won their author a National Book Award and a Pulitzer Prize, which, in turn, won a concession from his wife. Dr. Roberta R. Edel is listed in the telephone book, but Dr. Leon Edel is not. A girl in the Lippincott office called him up to tell him about the Pulitzer, and got Roberta on the phone. "Professor Edel can't be disturbed," she said. The girl said he had just been given the Pulitzer Prize. "In that case, he's at home," Roberta said, and woke her husband up from a nap he was taking between thoughts about Guess Who.

ON to Volume IV. No—wait. It took Edel seven years to get this one written, so let us take seven minutes. Among the delaying actions this time, in addition to the biographer's academic schedule and his mounting research ("James himself proved larger-scale than I thought he would, because letters keep turning up—thousands of them," Edel said in a 1970 published interview), were the completion of "The Complete Tales," with the usual introductions and forewords, and the writing, in 1963, of an eight-page afterword (duly copyrighted) to a paperback edition of "The American." The afterword was followed by a more substantial roadblock: the editing, in 1964, of "The Diary of Alice James." This boasted a preface relating the story of the diary (originally issued in an abbreviated version in 1934; its full text, with improved punctuation, was now published for the first time), an introductory biographical essay, "Portrait of Alice James," of twenty-one psychologically oriented pages, recounting the bedridden existence of Henry James's invalid sister ("We may speculate that at least some part of her condition was the common one of Victorian restrictions on women"), and

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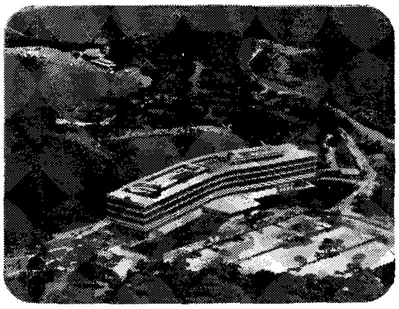

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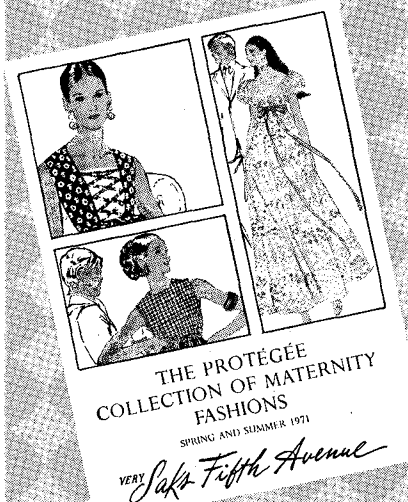
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two hundred and fifty-four footnotes, some of them amplifying, as

> "Poor little Portugal has succumbed before the Big Bully."[1]
>
> [1]An allusion to a British ultimatum to Portugal forbidding its plans to expand the empire in Mozambique and Angola.

and others done in the editor's seasoned corrective manner:

> "How revolting Sarah Bernhardt acting in a Passion Play!"[1]
>
> [1]This must have been theatrical gossip, for Bernhardt never acted in a Passion Play.

Are we home free yet? Not quite. In 1968, while Edel was working on "The Treacherous Years," he looked up long enough to edit James's "The American Scene," a travel book. Why did the Professor take on this job, which W. H. Auden had performed some twenty years before? Well, the Auden presentation was out of print, and, besides, Edel had a few new things to say about the book. Let *us* look up long enough to compare the two distinguished introducers. The poet's preface was on the literary-stylistic side. It started out with a comparison between the journalist and the artist—"Of all possible subjects, travel is the most difficult for an artist, as it is the easiest for a journalist"—and went on, in part:

> Few writers have had less journalistic talent than James, and this is his defect. . . . James was, of course, well aware of this limitation; he knew that both his character and circumstances confined his residence to a certain kind of house or hotel, his intimate acquaintance to a certain social class, and that such confinement might be an insuperable obstacle to writing a book of travel. . . . Nevertheless, the challenge . . . fascinated James from the first. . . . In *The American Scene* [his] imagery, no longer inhibited by the restraining hand of character or the impatient tug of plot, came to its fullest and finest bloom.
>
> Indeed, perhaps the best way to approach this book is as a prose poem of the first order, *i.e.*, to suspend, for the time being, one's own conclusions about America and Americans, and to read on slowly, relishing it sentence by sentence, for it is no more a guide book than the "Ode to a Nightingale" is an ornithological essay. . . . It is in his treatment of social objects and mental concepts that James reveals most clearly his great and highly original poetic gift.

The Edel introduction was more on the historical-sociological side. It began with a factual background to the account—"Henry James's book about his own land and his own people was written after a twenty-years' absence from the United States"—and it included such remarks as

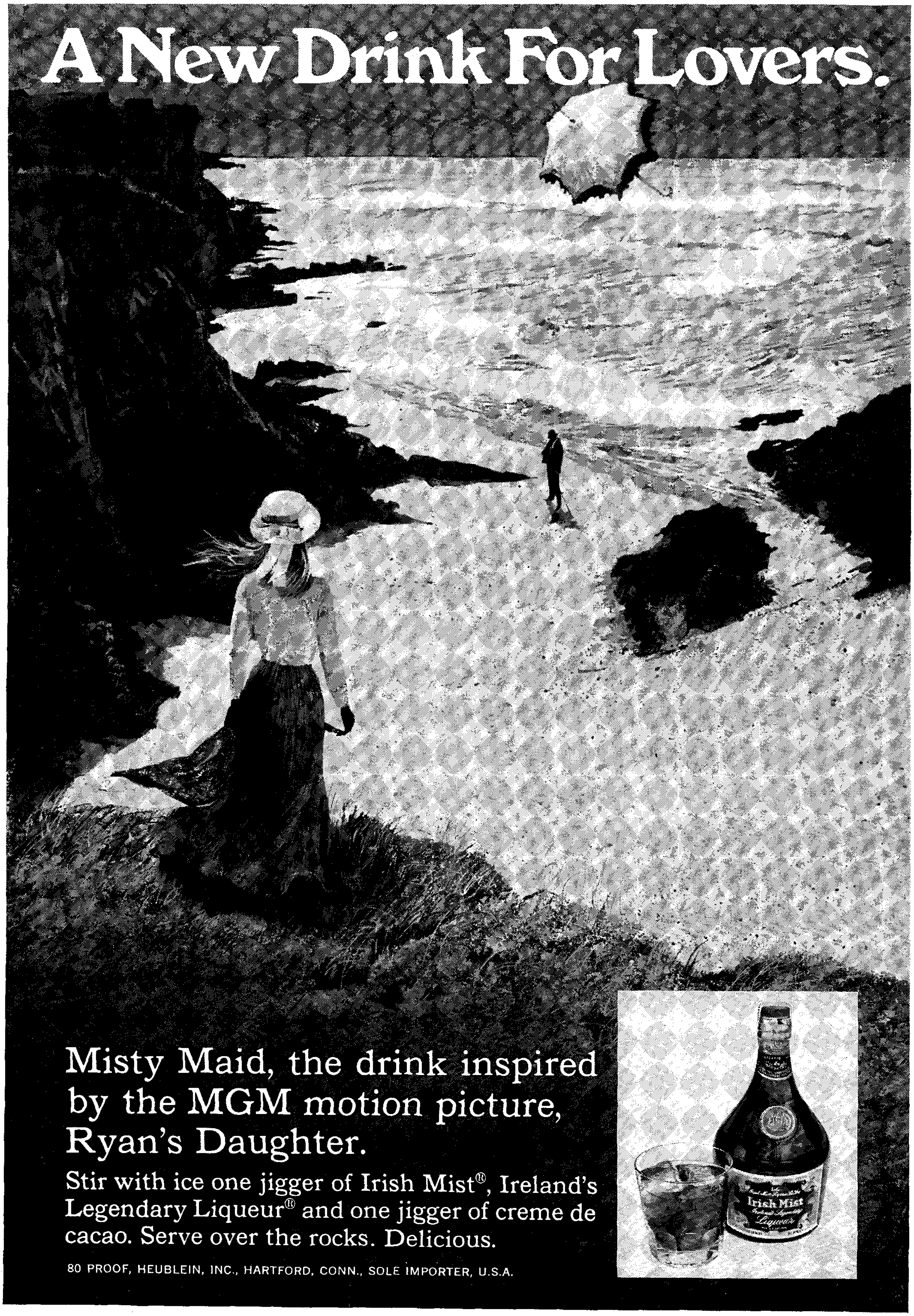
> The American continent was still being opened up when [James] had gone abroad. It was now well on its way to being plundered. . . . What were the impressions and opinions for which Henry James was prepared to go to the stake? The first . . . was his horror at America's cult of impermanence. . . . James could find no tranquillity in America. . . . The note of impermanence is sounded from page to page. . . . The luxury hotels of America became great islands of alienation and impermanence. . . . In the rediscovered country, Henry James found a corrosive materialism, a vulgarity of affluence, as if the very plumbing, in which the nation took such excessive pride, had to be made of gold.

The Auden-edited "American Scene" (which contained, in addition, essays by James on Saratoga, Newport, and Niagara Falls) was dressed up with nineteen photographs of such scenic landmarks as Washington Square, Gramercy Park, Grant's Tomb, the Waldorf-Astoria, Central Park, and Mrs. August Belmont. The Edel edition was not illustrated, but it had, typically, the apparatus of scholarship: a "Bibliographical Note," "Notes on Chapters," "Chronology and Itinerary," and an index. The chapter notes, some more than a page long, included one that began:

> HJ's discussion of the Country Club as an institution has been taken perhaps much too literally by earlier critics. "I cannot share James's pleasure in that institution," Mr. Auden remarks; and F. O. Matthiessen read the passage as proclaiming the values of democracy against "European exclusiveness." A careful reading of these passages suggests that James may be talking of something else—he foresees what was later called "togetherness" in the family in American society, which he had always argued placed the young in a dominant position and short-circuited mature conversation and mature attitudes in the drawing-room.

A careful reading of these passages ("American manners, as they stand, register *therefore the apotheosis of the Family . . . and it is in the light of Country Clubs that all this becomes vivid*. These organizations accept the Family as the social unit . . .") does indeed suggest this, but a careful reading of Auden suggests that Professor Edel may have done less justice to the poet's disclaimer, in which Auden states:

> Democratic snobbery or race prejudice is uglier than the old aristocratic snobbery because the included are relatively so many and the excluded relatively so few. The exclusiveness, for instance, of Baron de Charlus is forgiveable and even charming. If Charlus will speak to only half a dozen people, it cannot be supposed that the millions suffer severely from being unable to speak to Charlus; his behaviour is frankly irrational, a personal act from which, if anyone suffers, it is only himself. The exclusiveness of



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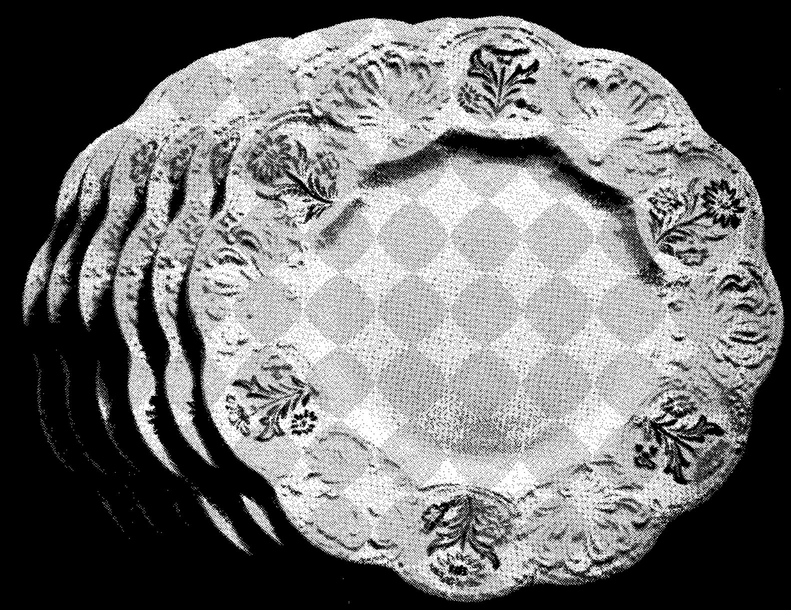

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the American Country Club—I cannot share James's pleasure in that institution—is both inexcusable and vulgar, for, since it purports to be democratic, its exclusion of Jews is a contradiction for which it has to invent dishonest rationalizations.

Edel, in *his* introduction, goes to some pains to defend James against the imputation of prejudice, and makes out a reasonable case. "There are no pages in *The American Scene* packed with closer analysis and humane feeling than those James devoted to the aliens," he writes, and goes on:

> What has put some readers off, doubtless, has been James's air of Grand Seigneur, his essentially aristocratic way of looking at the newcomers. Thus he has been thought of as both snobbish and narrow in his account of his wanderings in the Italian and Jewish neighborhoods of New York, and some critics have mistakenly characterized his picture of the immigrant Jews as "anti-Semitic." Indeed, F. O. Matthiessen says that James "drifted dangerously close to a doctrine of racism" in *The American Scene.* The book provides no warrant for so strange a conclusion. That James should have visited the crowded tenements of the aliens shows an active interest.... He looked closely because he was curious and interested, and puzzled by what the "melting pot" would yield. In the two decades of his absence millions had poured into the United States from all corners of the world through the Ellis Island gateway.... The Jews offered a startling contrast with the Anglo-Saxons or Celts, a deeper problem in assimilation; they had the barrier of language and an old religion, and they had to free themselves from their long ghetto servitude. James accordingly paid a long and searching visit to the East Side. Looking at the tenements, with their external fire escapes, in which the human spectacle, with display of laundry and bedding, resembles for him a scrambling of squirrels and monkeys in a zoo, he speaks of "the whole hard glitter of Israel" and asks himself whether this is the awaited "New Jerusalem." To be anti-Semitic, however, he would have had to be a bigot; and a bigot would not have seen the immigrant Jew as having an "intensity of aspect" and "the unsurpassed strength of his race." He adds, "This, I think, makes the individual Jew more of a concentrated person, savingly possessed of everything that is in him, than any other human noted at random."... His final observation of the East Side is to take note of the great "overtowering School" dominating the neighborhood. It is almost as if he foresaw the role it would play in the self-betterment of the American Jews.

In further ethnic defense of his client, Edel, in conversation, has observed that James, during his long stay abroad, "saw" the Rothschilds. (What was it Lord Rothschild is supposed to have said to his nephew Sir Philip Sassoon? "It must be terrible to be a Jew and not be called Rothschild.") More com-

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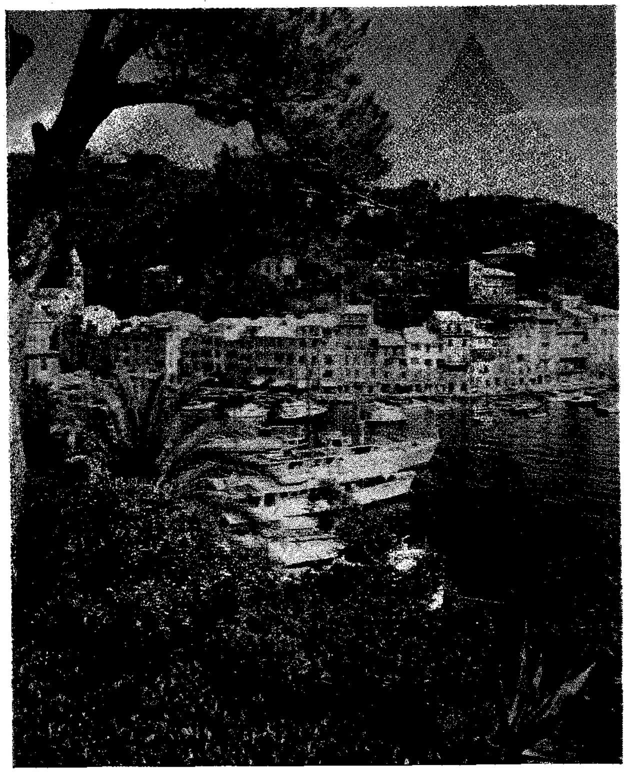

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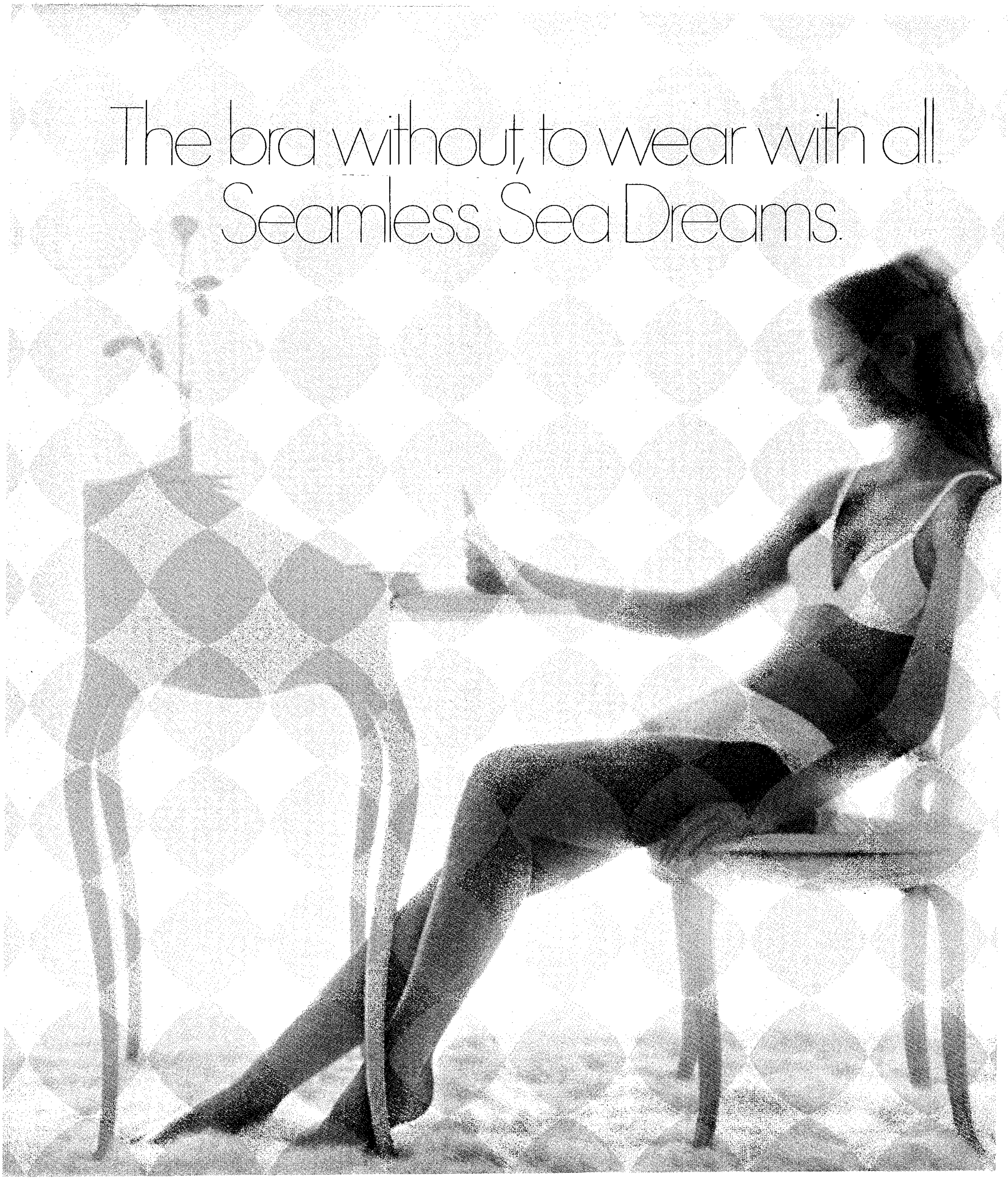

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pellingly, he has called attention to "The Tragic Muse," a middle-years James novel, whose vital, gifted part-Jewish actress heroine—a girl with unusual vocal cords (" 'What a pity!' she richly wailed")—inspired her upper-class British Gentile acquaintances to such philo-Semitic tributes as "the prepossessing fact that . . . she's more than half a Jewess" and "If she is [stupid] she'll be the first [of her people]," and is given a final, sympathetic sendoff by the Master himself: "In taking leave of our wonderful Miriam . . ."

"The Treacherous Years" was finally published in 1969, and its lengthy period of gestation was noted by the *Times Lit. Supp.* "Leon, how long?" this review's nameless critic richly wailed, and went on:

> Heaven knows when you originally planned to write a life of Henry James. Your first two books about him . . . came from Paris in 1931. Your present serial magnum opus opened with a volume on the youthful, "untried" James in 1953; it was to be the first of three. You kept us on tenterhooks for a decade before putting out two volumes on the maturing James in 1962-63. . . . You promised, or your publishers did, a positively last appearance with a fourth volume on "the Master." . . . And now—it is 1969, dear first occupant of the Henry James chair at New York University—now you produce Volume IV . . . and you bid us patiently await yet another positively final volume. You have teased us. . . . Have you been fair to us? Have you been fair to James?

The answer to these questions was a resounding "Yes":

> You have, you know. . . . It is an especial merit of Dr. Edel's biography that he has built it up piecemeal as he has gone along. . . . Dr. Edel has woven a biography of . . . outstanding virtuosity . . . eminently the most penetrative and persuasive of the series. . . . The subject [of James's sexual leanings] is treated . . . with exemplary candour and detachment.

Actually, Edel has been criticized for his slowness in coming to terms with the fact that James may have had (at the very least) homosexual tendencies—a possibility that other critics had long, if sparingly, hinted at. (In his 1934 *Hound & Horn* piece, not altogether an act of homage, Francis Fergusson had remarked, after commenting on the idealized characters of Jamesian heroines, "James was, it seems, largely unconscious of his own psychology, and anxious to suppress the gift that enabled him to describe so well a passionate relationship between men.") "I think that in other circum-

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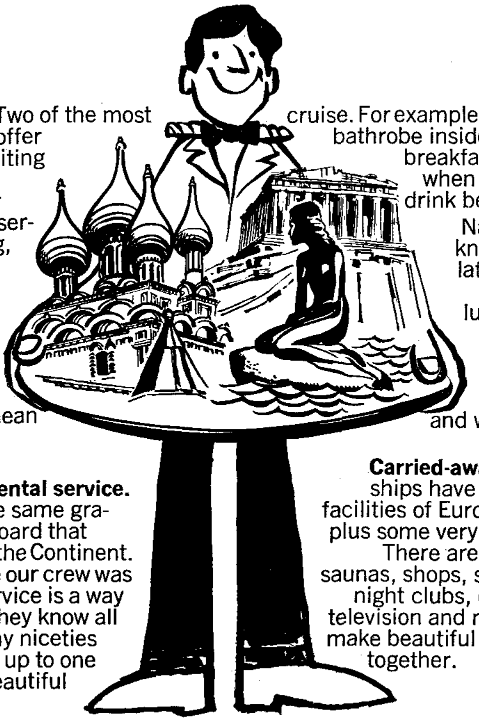

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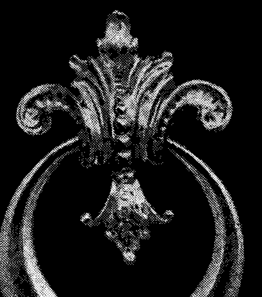

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stances James could have ended up as a prissy homosexual, but he overcame all this," Edel said to a friend in 1963. "He was constitutionally incapable of interesting himself sexually with women, but he was interested in women." Yet seven years later, in a talk with the same friend, Edel said, "I'm not sure that James was a homosexual; he was homoerotic," and in "The Treacherous Years" he says of a James story about an elderly author who retires to a kind of monastic retreat and gets a "feeling of delicious ease" when a young acolyte sits beside him and puts a hand on his knee, "The tale has in it distinct homo-erotic overtones." Then he goes on to describe James's own relationship with a young acolyte, Hendrik Andersen, in terms that are, conceivably, at least suggestive:

> Each meeting brought a renewal of affection, renewed and often intense outpourings from James, who wrote to Andersen with a freedom not to be found in any of his other letters. . . . [A] significant element [in these letters] is the quantity of physical, tactile language; James repeatedly . . . puts out his arms to embrace the younger man, pats him tenderly on the back—in words. . . . All this embracing and laying on of hands and tender benedictions in James's letters to Andersen may signify nothing more than a well-known demonstrative Jamesian hug. Nevertheless there is a quality of passion and possession in the reiterated "I hold you close," "I feel, my dear boy, my arms around you," or "I meanwhile pat you affectionately on the back, across the Alps and Apennines, I draw you close, I hold you long."

"The question that may be asked," Edel continues in this section, "is whether the use of the term 'lover' and the verbal passion of the letters was 'acted out.' The question, if relevant, cannot be answered. We simply do not know."

Well, back to the critical reception of Volume IV. "So far his most distinguished volume," Cyril Connolly wrote in the London *Sunday Times*, and Pritchett wrote in the *New Statesman*, "I don't know any writer who is so free of the vices psycnology has offered to biography as Professor Edel is." But critical disaffection with Edel's Freudian approach has grown with the years on both sides of the Atlantic. In England, the *Sunday Telegraph* wrote, "As a biographer [Edel] is too much the Freudian detective," and the critics of the *Observer* and the *Spectator* wrote, respectively, "Some of Mr. Edel's Freudian interpretations seem to me too starkly diagrammatic," and "As usual, one wants to balk at some of his psychological speculations." In this country, Elizabeth Stevenson, in *Commentary*, wrote, "The defect of the [Edel psychological] method is that the biographer seems to have put a cart before a horse. Looking for the artist's secrets in the works, he seems to be using them rather than perceiving them," and the Phoenix, Arizona, *Republic* began its estimate with:

> This fourth volume . . . has received praise of a kind rarely lavished on works of academic scholarship. It is not easy to understand why, in view of the rigidity with which Mr. Edel applies himself to the psychoanalytic method of biography. He evolves at laborious length an hypothesis for which substantial evidence simply is not available—namely, that the chagrin and shock that James suffered when his most ambitious play, "Guy Domville," failed . . . induced a profound psychic trauma, the results of which are measured in his fiction of the next half decade.

The *Psychiatric Quarterly* remarked, more snidely:

> The evaluation of such material [see above] requires special training and experience for which Edel does not here offer us his qualifications. He does mention assistance from a Dr. Roberta Edel, his wife, who may be a psychoanalyst, but this book has been written by Leon, not Roberta, and unfortunately for Edel his hypothesis is unreliable. . . . No well-trained modern clinician would approach this material in the didactic incautious and arbitrary manner in which Edel handles it. . . . It is not uncommon to find, among writers unfamiliar with the rigors of scientific discipline, the assumption that it is necessary to go beyond facts in search of the spirit. That is the mission of the poet.

Was this a nice way to approach a man who, a few years before, at a meeting of the Boston Psychoanalytic Society and Institute, had delivered a seven-thousand-word address, "The Biographer and Psycho-Analysis," later printed in the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*? In any event, the cracks of the presumably qualified, well-trained, and modern clinician were surpassed, in a kind of offhand way, by Mr. P. N. Furbank in the *Listener:*

> Put as Edel manages to put it . . . the theory [*vide supra*] carries you with it wonderfully; the mind which conceived it was creative in a not un-Jamesian way. The only trouble is, I don't believe a word of it.

And in the New York *Times* John Leonard, then thirty years old, suggested in a one-sentence summing up that perhaps the James boom may be on the wane among our junior citizens:

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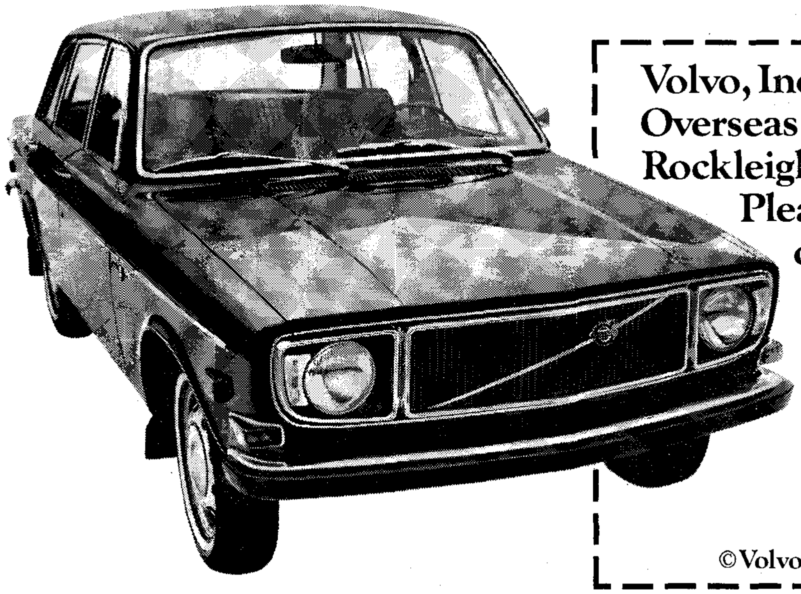

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biography that, by virtue of Dr. Edel's scholarship and style, makes James seem more interesting than he really is.

NOW that Edel is through with the Life, he does not feel at loose ends. He has an idea that he may write a book of biographical essays on some of the people who crossed James's path: William J. Hoppin, a diplomat who was once secretary to James Russell Lowell, the Ambassador to England, and whose unpublished twelve-volume diary, "Journal of a Residence in London," Edel found at Harvard; Jonathan Sturges, a young friend of James, who often visited him at Lamb House and for whose translation of Maupassant tales James wrote a preface; and Theodora Bosanquet, the last James secretary and a writer herself. "She's well worth a portrait," Edel says. "It would be very salutary for me to do a few minor figures. Although I've done my share of it, criticism doesn't interest me as much as biography. I am fascinated by the recent past. I would like to try other figures besides the literary ones. The life of a scientist might be a challenge. As a writer, I don't feel high and dry. Someday, I'll revise the whole James biography and put it in one volume, adding new stuff. I don't pretend the Life is complete, but it is a total portrait."

It looks as though these projects might get under way in Honolulu. Professor Edel is approaching retirement age at New York University, and he has bought a house in Hawaii. He has expanded his teaching schedule at the university there (although he intends to return to N.Y.U. for the fall term this year), and his faculty friends around Washington Square do not know what to make of his new life. They have told him that Honolulu is no place for a man identified with Henry James, but the high priest of the Jacobites does not agree. "I'd like to stay there the rest of my life," he said the other day. "The students there are really dedicated. They're more relaxed than the ones here: they don't have the urban tensions. The activists don't get very far there. They're out surfing. They have the whole Pacific Ocean. I've given courses in Honolulu on Thoreau and Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Faulkner—not just James. My classes start at seven in the morning, and I'm through for the day by nine. You can go swimming three or four times a day in Hawaii. I have a guest card at the Outrigger Canoe Club, the great sports club; you go for a swim, a drink [Edel's favorite is Campari on the rocks], lunch. Very elegant—on the edge of the water. I expect to enjoy living in Hawaii very much. My chief problem is what to do with my James library—all his books, in various editions; all the books from his library; all the books about him; all the books about people who crossed his path. The trouble is, there's a termite in Hawaii that eats books."

Edel's long preoccupation with James has given a good many people the mistaken impression that this concern is total. The misconception nettles Edel. Besides his extra-James activities already mentioned (his professorial lectures, not only in New York and Honolulu but all over the United States, deal with the entire field of British and American literature), the chairman of the board of Henry James has given particular attention to Thoreau. Edel is not a Thoreau buff. Bringing to bear his beloved psychoanalytic method, he has remarked in an essay:

> [Thoreau had] a domineering and loquacious mother.... Thoreau's historians have strained to provide him with a history of love.... He attached himself to Mrs. Emerson; she must be seen as still another in the line of female figures—the sisters, aunts, mother—who had surrounded him from his earliest years.... He ... tallied exactly twenty-six months [at Walden Pond], but he ... led neither the solitary nor the Spartan life his book later described.... It is a work of art pretending to be a documentary. Thoreau talked as if he lived in the wilderness but he lived in the suburbs. He furnished his home with pieces retrieved from Concord attics.... He plastered and shingled the cabin when cold weather came. We know that he took his shoes to the Concord cobbler ... that he slept not in rough blankets but between sheets. He gave himself the creature comforts few Americans in the log cabins of the West could enjoy.... By the standards of his fellow citizens in Concord Thoreau seemed lazy and shiftless. ... Emerson, in his truth-seeking eulogy at Thoreau's grave, said that he counted it a fault in him that he had no ambition. ... He had a disagreeable and often bellicose nature. He lacked geniality.... He was, in the fullest sense of the word, a "curmudgeon" ... a self-preoccupied and self-indulgent man.... The image of Thoreau which has reached us is larger than the figure Thoreau's contemporaries knew.... He was a fragile Narcissus embodied in a homely New Englander. ... His constituted character had no room for love for anyone save the ubiquitous "I" of his journal.

It is hardly surprising that Edel does not occupy the Henry Thoreau Chair anywhere. As for the chair he *does* occupy, his friends vary in their appraisal of his posture in it. "Leon is possessive of James, not idolatrous," one said re-

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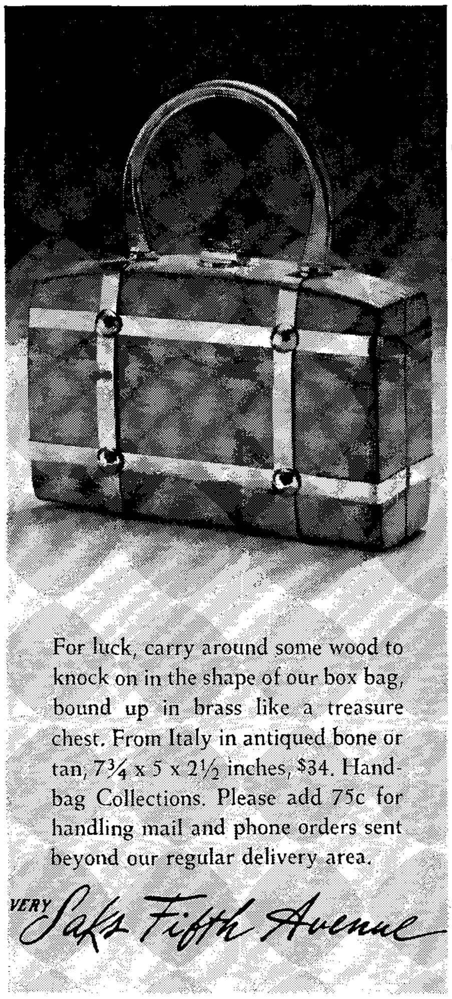

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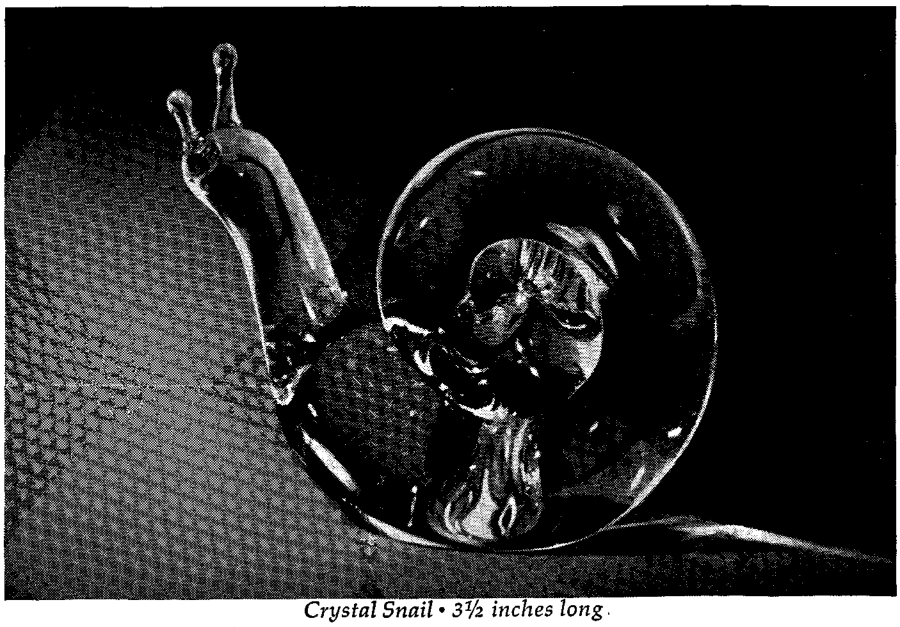

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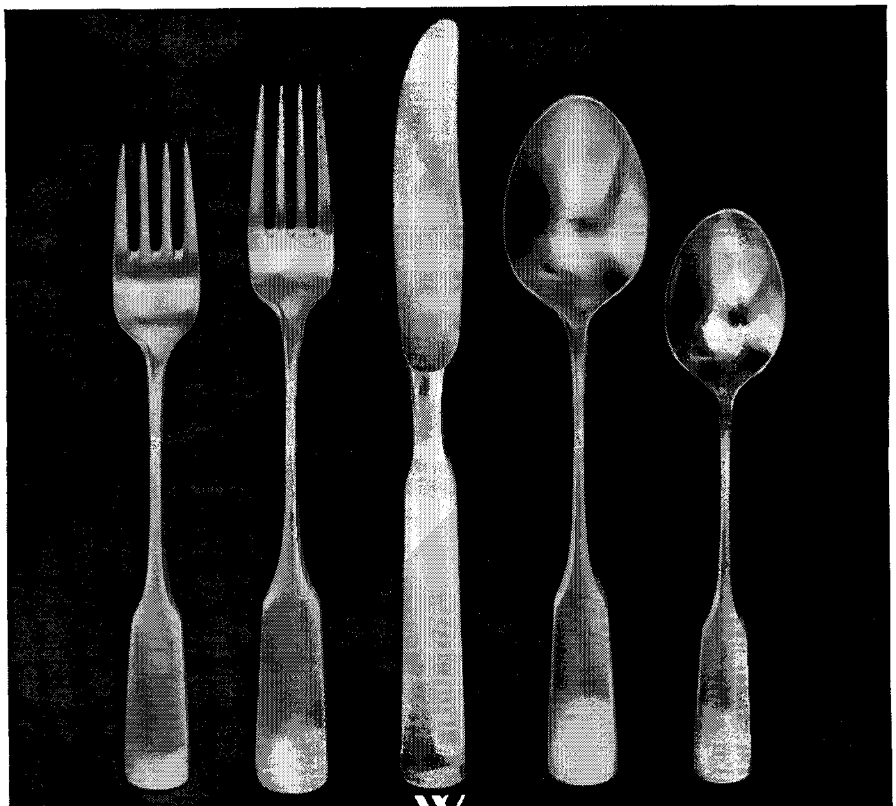

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cently. "James is his patient, not his alter ego." And another: "Leon is James's attorney. He always dignifies James's faults. Don't mention me. Leon would follow me and *sting* me." By and large, Edel's attitude toward James *isn't* idolatrous. "A lot of James is a bore," he said recently. "Toward the end of his life, things got very rarefied: he wasn't trying to write realistically, his style got involved, his novels were myths—the rich princess in 'The Wings of the Dove,' for instance, and the evil people trying to do her in. In some of his late writings, he was doing the same thing over again but somewhat mechanically—the touch was there, but it was pretty lame. It is true that he didn't understand great parts of life, and that he lacked the common touch of a Dickens or a Thackeray, but he understood *people*. He had a very powerful intellect, he said things vividly, and he was a marvellous contriver of things. And is a novelist supposed to know it all?

"As to what I think of Henry James as a man," Edel continued, "the reason I have been so taken with him is that he had one of the most interesting minds in literature, and a fascinating career. Unlike Hawthorne and Faulkner, he went out to meet the world—at a time when Americans didn't go out into the world. He liked to be in the thick of society—it was a narrow world; we have to recognize this—but what saved him from dilettantism was his knowledge of people: how they were affected by their environment. He discovered that this world of uptown was a nice one to write about. If anything, I've got to like him more during recent years. I used to feel more identified with him than I do now. I've learned to take him as he is. I began to get away from him when I saw all his quirks and weaknesses. He was a very attractive figure, but I'm not an apologist for him. I'm not *selling* him, as some people seem to think, but I do expect he's going to be around for a long time."

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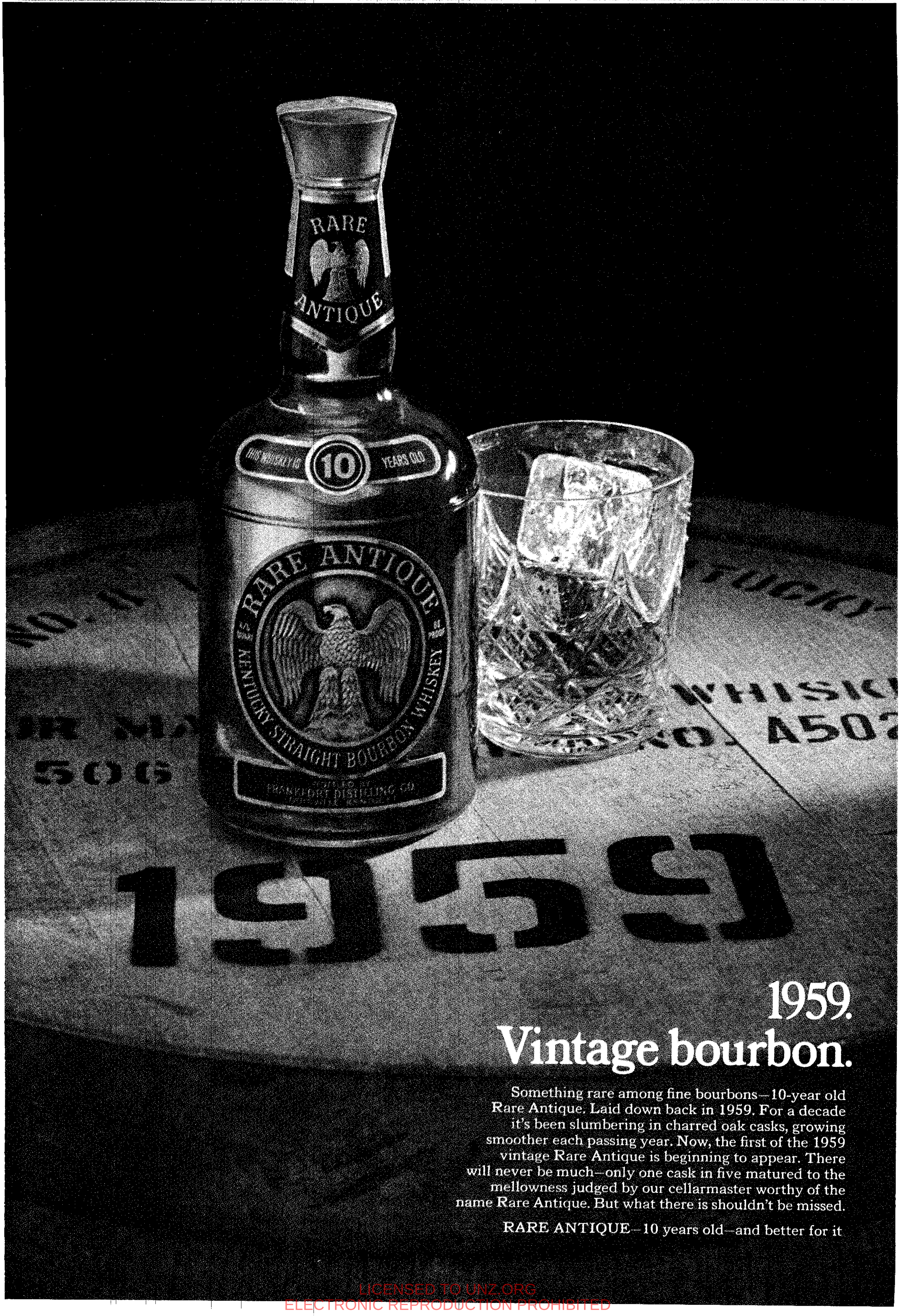
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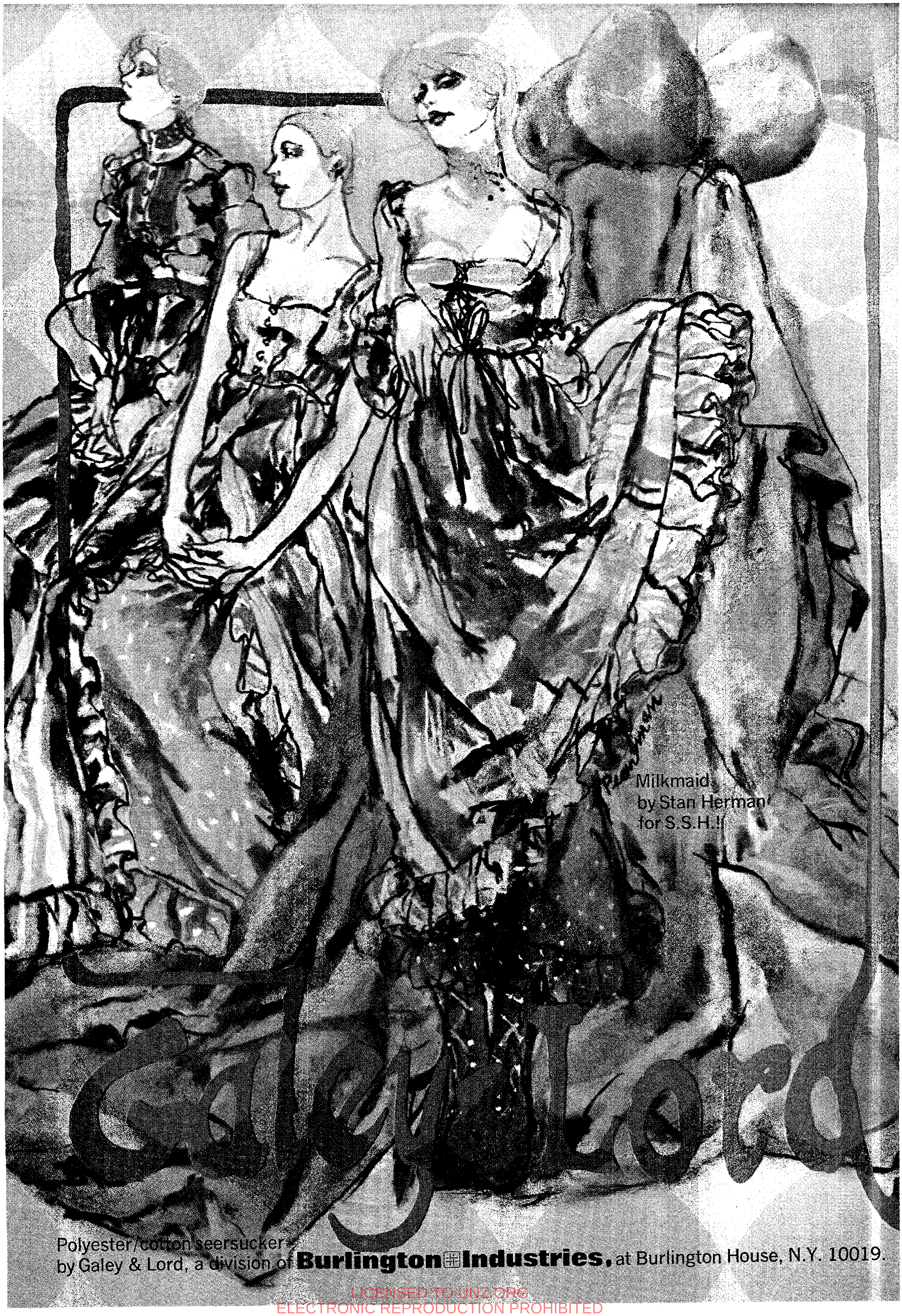
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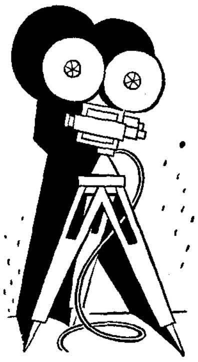
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Misanthropic Movies



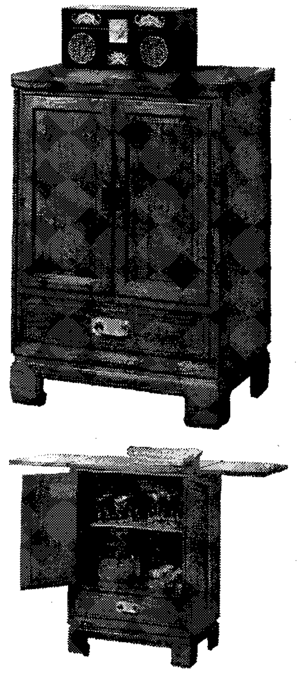
DURING parts of that Jacobean soap opera "Doctors' Wives," I watched the audience rather than the screen—I wasn't worried about missing anything—and I would guess that only a small fraction of the audience, perhaps one person in fifteen, looked away from the blood and gore and the flesh being cut and the steel pin being driven into a child's skull. "Doctors' Wives" gets into the pornography of surgery—blood used to give color and juice to pale-blue soap opera. I don't quite understand the attraction of surgery for the audience—whether it's the porno appeal or whether the audience is so bored with untalented moviemaking that this gory life-and-death surgery provides a dramatic jolt, a substitute for the emotional involvement in life-and-death conflicts that movies once provided. I don't mean to suggest that surgery is in itself pornographic; I have judged a competition of medical-surgical films without ever getting the slummy, scummy sensations I got from "Doctors' Wives." This strung-together soaper uses surgery to excite and horrify, on the model of that infamous scene in "The Proud and the Beautiful," with Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan, when a king-size hypodermic is inserted so slowly that the movie becomes fixated on the metaphor; it uses pink, pulsating blobs the way sci-fi horror films do. There's an incredible whorish innocence to this literal blood-and-guts approach: the moviemakers throw in surgery at regular intervals, like the sex acts in a porny picture. And it doesn't even get an X rating; it can play all over, and you can take the kids—if you're breeding vampires. Yet the surgery spoils the fun of laughing at the souped-up sex problems, so "Doctors' Wives" fails to become a lubricious howler like "The Oscar."

Dyan Cannon, who plays the husband-poaching chief bitch, has tantalizing comic-pornographic qualities; she's the latest in a classic Hollywood funny-dirty-girl tradition. But these moviemakers aren't skillful even at the low trade they're plying. How could Mike Frankovich, who produced this surgico-porno curiosity, and George Schaefer, who directed it, and Daniel Taradash (the president of the Motion Picture Academy!), who wrote the script, kill off this sexpot-tease in the first reel, and have nothing left but Richard Crenna and a troupe of bland surgeons with sexually distraught wives? (Sex in the movie is treated as some sort of hysterical affliction that attacks only women.) One knows exactly why a picture like this was made—it is a major studio's bid for the skin-flick trade—but not why some of the performers consented to be in it. John Colicos plays in such a traditional unpleasant, smart-rotter villain style that he disengages himself from the proceedings. A male actor can absent himself more easily than an actress, because he's not as likely to be called upon to strip; it's difficult for Janice Rule writhing in drug-induced lust or Diana Sands playing her big dramatic scene in a see-through blouse or Rachel Roberts confessing, in closeup, to a lesbian affair (it began when the seductress removed a cinder from her eye . . .) to pretend she isn't there.

LARRY PEERCE's last film, "Goodbye, Columbus," was best in the simple and romantic human relationships and when the actors spoke the Philip Roth badinage in long, unbroken scenes that made us feel melancholy about a period so newly past; it was poor whenever the director tried to be visually hip and satiric, not just because those sixties banalities were wrong for the mood of Roth's story but because the director was inept at visual satire and hopeless when he tried to stage big sequences. His Jewish wedding supper was disastrous. A man who has a crude visual style cannot successfully satirize vulgarity; he must be able to supply another dimension—one that suggests what's missing in his subject's way of life. This sequence threw one right out of the movie to speculate on whether a dimension of sensitivity wasn't missing in the director who so grossly showed people overeating so grossly. Surely people who have been hungry in their youth might be treated with a little more humanity, and even some affection, when they proudly put on a spread for their children. Peerce simply joined the ranks of the middle-class moviemakers who love peasants but consider it repulsive when middle-class people show the gusto of peasants. Upward mobility is an unfortunate drive in one who hopes to be an artist.

Once again, Peerce has taken a novel by a good writer: Thomas McGuane's "The Sporting Club" is a Surreal woodland comedy in which the "aristocracy" of Michigan revert to base animality and turn their private deer park into Bosch's "The Garden of Earthly Delights." But this time there are no simple human relationships—or performances—to save the movie, and the viewer never gets into it. The movie of "The Sporting Club" is *all* in Larry Peerce's worst range; he's trying to do exactly what he doesn't know how to do—short takes, crowds, lots of violence. It's *all* in the style of his wedding-eating sequence; there is not one good scene or one good performance in the entire movie, and the audience (me included) reacted to it with boos and hisses. Movie directors customarily explain audience hostility by saying that's what they wanted—to shock people out of complacency. Peerce would be wrong to think this; it's not that the audience isn't hip enough, it's that his film is loathsome—a word I don't think I've ever before applied to a movie.

Being puzzled as to how the novel—which is booby-trapped, like "The Manchurian Candidate"—would be adapted, I asked to see a copy of the script, by Lorenzo Semple, Jr. It is, I think, a borderline script—brilliant but also impossibly self-conscious and literary. It's all bitter bravura, and I doubt whether anyone could have made a good film out of it, yet it could hardly have fallen into worse hands than Peerce's, because it requires a daring, sophisticated style. (Semple is a nephew of Philip Barry, and he may have been drawn to the McGuane novel because it gave him an opportunity to take the rich Americans of "The Philadelphia Story" several steps further into witty decay.) The hero, Vernor, is in his mid-thirties, a wild but noble decadent, a spoiled millionaire but also a soured idealist contemptuous of his own class; he is determined to destroy the northern-Michigan hunting-and-fishing club to which he belongs by inherited membership, and the script (which clarifies the climax of the novel) records the chaos caused by his overripe college humor. Vernor's schoolboy tricks include baring his bottom to the crowd at the inauguration of a dam; nasty, idiotic duels with wax bullets; and a truly imaginative final jest. At the centennial celebration of the club, the members are to dig up a time capsule put in the earth by the club founders. Vernor gets



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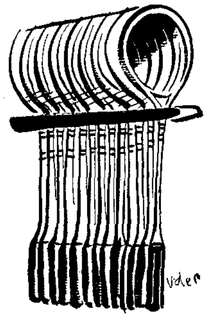
Peerce has managed to miscast the movie so outlandishly that one can barely guess what the principal characters are meant to be. Vernor, whom one visualizes from the script as the Robert Walker of "Strangers on a Train" or a smart Robert Vaughn, is played by Robert Fields, who bounds about sneering, with beetle brows and so much eye-liner he seems to be a cross between Johnny Downs and a Nazi played by Maximilian Schell. For the smaller roles—and it's painfully obvious that they're meant to be Fascists—Peerce has also picked relative unknowns, but he has used them in ways drawn from old movies; if you're going to use an actor to play the George Macready-Walter Pidgeon role, you might as well get one of them. This way, most members of the cast seem to be stand-ins. What in ideal hands might have been a weird, exuberant satiric fable of the self-dramatizing self-hatred of a rich American has become one more excuse for a series of rancorous attacks on American Gothic faces and American flag-waving Babbittry, joined to an equally repulsive series of scenes of a vile redneck-barbarian hippie gang. Peerce doesn't seem to understand that he hasn't earned the right to contempt the only way an artist can earn it—by the understanding he reveals. Since every detail and action seems inaccurate, our reaction is revulsion. In the film, the pornographic photograph that is dug up is not a forgery, and in context this isn't Surreal—it becomes the movie's idea of the truth about the American past. It's followed by repulsive super-Jewish-wedding scenes of middle-aged debauchery, and watching moviemakers devour their elders isn't any more attractive than watching people devour their young.



Why would anybody go? Well, of course, nobody will. (Even "Doctors' Wives" isn't doing as well as the moviemakers calculated; maybe most of the people in the theatre don't object to the porno surgery, but there are probably many at home who do.) The brutality in "The Sporting Club" includes closeups of men shot in the mouth and splattering blood and teeth as they speak, and a screaming old man covered with smoking-hot tar and feathers. There's a rock song blasting on the track while he screams, but one could still hear the piping voice of a child in the theatre asking what was the matter; that small voice was the final sickening touch. I don't know any adult who has seen this film and hasn't been repelled by it, but, like "Doctors' Wives," it's an expensive big-studio production and you don't see pubic hair—not in closeup, anyway—so it isn't X-rated. Brutality is so self-righteously employed in this movie that it doesn't make you hate brutality, it just makes you hate going to the movies.

It has always been assumed that the mass movie audience enjoys violence, but I think recent movies have gone way past the audience's pleasure threshold. When we are not expected to feel pity for the victim—not even when his flesh is smoking—the whole experience of moviegoing becomes ugly. The movie audience is now a minority audience (it fell from seventy-eight million people a week in 1946 to seventeen and a half million in 1970; admission prices are scandalously high because the industry is trying to get some revenue from the reduced audience), and I suspect that a lot of people stay away for the excellent reason that they don't like being bludgeoned. Recently, I've noticed that some of us critics express more disgust with the brutality of movies privately than publicly; in our columns we tend to ignore the gore or to be rather jocular about it, as if only quaint old folks could react the way we ourselves actually reacted. I think we're afraid of being thought oversensitive and uncool. But really it's sordid sitting there looking at people's innards spilling out in cherry and maroon. No doubt the violence in movies reflects changes in our national self-image, but the empty theatres tell us we don't like what we see. This isn't necessarily because we can't face the truth but, more likely, because most of the time now the movies' attitude toward violence is, as in "The Sporting Club," gloatingly exploitative.

THE Spanish film "The Garden of Delights" doesn't come very close to Bosch, though it's a good try at the dramatic use of misanthropy. This story of an amnesiac industrialist whose relatives act out grotesque psychodramas from his childhood, trying to shock him into remembering and telling them the number of his Swiss bank account, lacks impetus, however. As the movie goes on and the worm never turns, we lose interest. For a political parable of Spain, it may be satirically valid that the whole family end in wheelchairs, but the drama has ground to a halt. If the director, Carlos Saura, involved us in the other characters, there might be some compensation for our diminishing interest in the central figure, but there's nobody to care about. Visually, the movie is elegant in a dark, heavy-lidded sort of way. But it's odd that a movie having to do with lust and greed should be so tightly controlled, and Saura has a maddening habit of cutting away in the middle of a sequence just when we've got interested in where it's going (as in the reënactment of the industrialist's confirmation ceremony).

Though Saura works in the tradition of Buñuel (with perhaps some derivation from Pasolini, too), he has a sedate, measured style; this gives the film an air of authority and intelligence, but after a while the whole enterprise begins to seem rather stilted. The director isn't an instinctual Surrealist, and that, given the nature and drive of Surrealism, is really the only kind there is. He's an academic Surrealist, and this is something of a contradiction in terms as well as a key to the tameness and respectability of the movie. Saura's images don't come from the hidden and unadmitted; they're impeccably planned to be "Surreal." When he brings a pig into a house, it's not something dirty being released from the unconscious, it's an emblem and an homage. We're not shocked by Saura's academic Surrealism, we "appreciate" it.

The movie has one brief gloriously redemptive sequence: the beautiful, voluptuous Lina Canalejas enters the industrialist's Art Deco bedroom, opens the French windows, and lets the breeze waft through the curtains and her chiffon gown before going over to flirt with the man in bed, and for a moment or two the film has a trace of magical reminiscence—of all the sexy, elusive movie stars who ever wafted through our imaginations. This is, I think, the only moment of sensuous beauty in all these hours of movies.

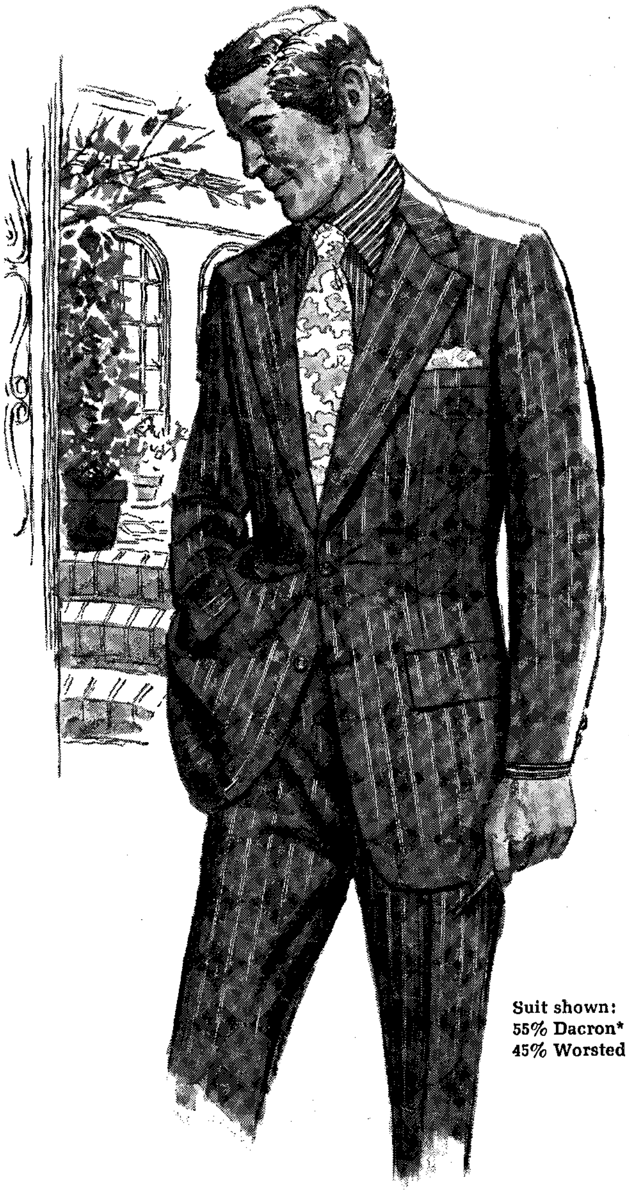
—PAULINE KAEL

•

The first photograph bounced off a satellite was a picture of President Dwight Eisenhower. exhibited in 1716 in Boston at the home of Capt. Arthur Savage.

—*Bradford (Pa.) Era.*

Must have ricocheted.



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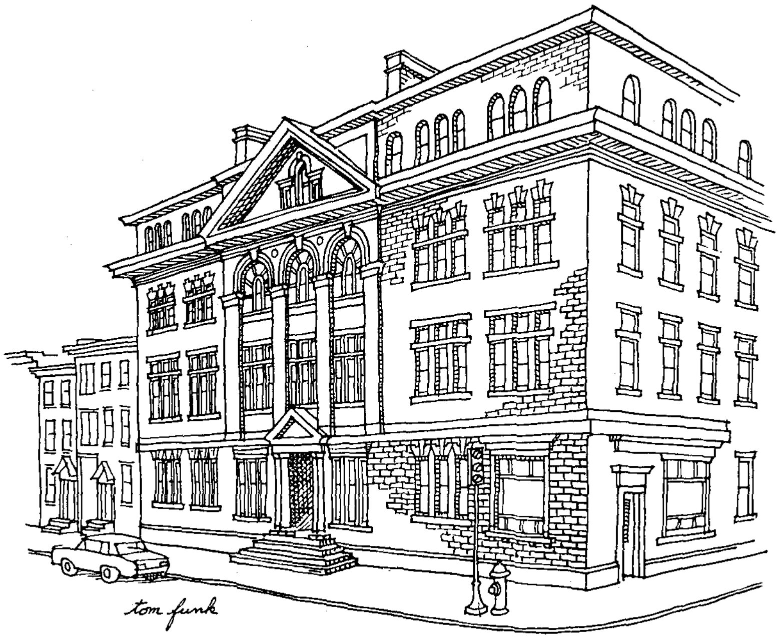

ON a scorching weekday afternoon during one of the long hot summers of the late nineteen-sixties, a meeting between the officers of the East Garfield Park Tenants Union and a representative of the American Jewish Congress was called at Our Lady of Sorrows Parish Hall, on the West Side of Chicago. The immediate topic for discussion was how to fix up a few run-down buildings in the middle of the local black ghetto. At stake, however, was the larger issue of whether or not people in a community like East Garfield Park can have a say in determining what happens to their own homes and neighborhoods. During the past decade, the effort to "empower" responsible community leaders has become a primary concern of the American Friends Service Committee, the Quaker-founded social-action agency that guided the East Garfield Park Tenants Union through its organizational birth pangs and, at the time of the meeting, was still supplying advice, encouragement, and financial support. Through its Community Relations Division, the Service Committee has been involved in scores of similar projects across the country, ranging from the Intertribal Friendship House for American Indians living in the San Francisco Bay area to a leadership training course for seasonal farm workers in the East Coast migrant stream. Although the participants and problems vary enormously, the long-range goal of all these projects remains the same: Expanding the role of the individual in the real decision-making processes of his community, the surrounding political jurisdictions, and American society as a whole.

East Garfield Park is a comparatively recent addition to Chicago's slum ghettos. In 1940, it had a population of 65,789, ninety-five per cent of it white; today, it has a population of roughly the same size, ninety-eight per cent black. The streets near the Parish Hall are lined with three-story brick houses, built late in the nineteenth century for the rapidly expanding white middle class; the façades still radiate an air of grim respectability. The entire section was laid out in a strict grid pattern, with broad boulevards and wide sidewalks; unpaved rectangles were left at intervals along the curb for shade trees. The trees are long gone, and the bare earth in the depressions is now hidden by broken glass. Here and there along the boulevards, the rows of houses are interrupted by empty lots, overgrown with weeds and bearing large white billboards with this inscription: "Progress for East Garfield. A building formerly on this site has been removed by the CITY OF CHICAGO to improve this community. Richard J. Daley, Mayor."

Earlier that hot day, Mrs. Minnie Dunlap, the program director of the Tenants Union, had taken the man from the American Jewish Congress on a tour of some apartments on the corner of West Madison and Albany Streets, a few blocks from the center of the local business district, which had been partly burned out in the riots of April, 1968. The tenants of the apartments at West Madison and Albany were conducting a rent strike. Their landlord had signed a collective-bargaining agreement with the Union a few months before, but the tenants had decided that he was not living up to his promises, and they had begun withholding rent. Their grievances included, in Mrs. Dunlap's words, "no paint, no locks on the doors, garbage piling up, plaster falling everywhere, and rats galore." Now the Tenants Union was thinking about buying the corner buildings, renovating them, and turning them into low-cost coöperatives or condominiums for the present occupants. The landlord, who was getting no return on his investment as long as the rent strike continued, was thought to be willing to sell. The American Jewish Congress had expressed an interest in providing seed money for the project.

In addition to Mrs. Dunlap and the man from the American Jewish Congress, the conferees who took seats around a large rectangular table in the parish hall were Mrs. Vernedia White, president of the Tenants Union; Mrs. Rosemary Hollins, a tenant organizer; several young white lawyers from the Community Legal Services Project, Inc.; and Tony Henry and Major Beverly, black staff members of the American Friends Service Committee. Some of the volunteer lawyers were familiar figures to Mrs. White and Mrs. Dunlap; they had defended community people in numerous eviction cases and had helped negotiate contracts with the handful of landlords who had so far agreed to bargain with the Tenants Union. But one of the attorneys was new. He was introduced to the Union officers as Daniel Epstein, of the firm of Schradzke, Gould & Ratner, and a specialist in housing law.

Mrs. White stared at him coolly. "You any relation to Epstein Realty Company?" she asked.

Epstein vigorously denied any connection with the firm, which had recently been taken to court by the Tenants Union for a long list of building-code violations.

Everyone laughed, including Mrs. White. "You *sure* you're no kin?"

There was a painful pause; then everyone laughed again, and on that note the meeting got down to business. The man from the American Jewish Congress began by reaffirming his organization's interest in co-sponsoring a redevelopment plan. The important thing,

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he said, was that the community do its own planning.

The young attorneys hastened to agree. "We'll find the architects, the consultants, the lawyers—whatever you need," one of them told Mrs. White and Mrs. Dunlap. "The money is available through federal programs. The community just has to sit down and decide what it wants."

But first, the lawyers went on, everyone had better be clear on just what the options were—and there followed a discussion of the pros and cons of rehabilitation, new construction, co-ops, rentals, condominiums, high-rises, town houses, walkups, H.U.D. assistance, F.H.A. approval, G.N.M.A. financing, mortgage subsidies, nonprofit sponsors, and so on. One fact that emerged from the tangle of figures and regulations and federalese was that it would definitely be cheaper to demolish and build from the ground up than to rehabilitate buildings as far gone as those on West Madison and Albany. "What we *should* do is burn the whole ghetto down and start over," one of the lawyers said.

"If you burn those buildings down, where the people gonna go?" Mrs. Dunlap asked. "We're doubling up already."

With evident reluctance, the lawyers agreed to focus their attention on rehabilitation. The most reliable estimates indicated that it would be possible to buy one of the buildings on West Madison and Albany, renovate the interior, and maintain it as a condominium at a cost to each tenant of approximately a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

Mrs. Dunlap shook her head. "The tenants in that building are paying seventy-five and a hundred dollars, not a hundred and twenty-five," she said.

"We could ask if they want new bathrooms," one lawyer said. "If they don't, it could be done for something close to a hundred dollars."

"They would want new bathrooms," Mrs. Dunlap said.

Epstein explained that, as far as F.H.A. regulations were concerned, it made more sense to plan for an entire block than for just one house. "It's much more efficient; you have to do the same amount of paperwork for one building as you would for many buildings," he said. The most efficient type of construction, he added, would be a full city block of six-story apartment buildings with elevators.

Mrs. Dunlap immediately objected to elevators. "They have elevators in public housing, and they're constantly getting out of fix," she said.

"If the people owned their own building, they might feel different about keeping it up," Epstein said.

Mrs. Dunlap looked unconvinced, and Mrs. White said, "The thing is, we have some people who want condominiums, some want high-rise, some want to buy their own town houses. For me, I'd like to have a whole town house with some grass around it."

Tony Henry, who had been sitting quietly at one end of the conference table, stood up and went to a green blackboard against one wall of the room. A large, solidly built man in his early thirties, he has a dark, squarish face, a dark, squarish beard, and a surprisingly soft voice. With a piece of yellow chalk, he drew a large square to represent a city block; then he filled in the square with a series of smaller squares, to show that the construction of single-family houses with individual lots would mean fewer families per block than were there at present, which, in turn, would mean more doubling up in the community and more hardship for many tenants.

"There are plenty of empty lots with no one living on them," Mrs. White replied. According to a survey conducted by Mrs. Dunlap, there were three hundred and forty-six empty lots in East Garfield Park, and that was before the riot.

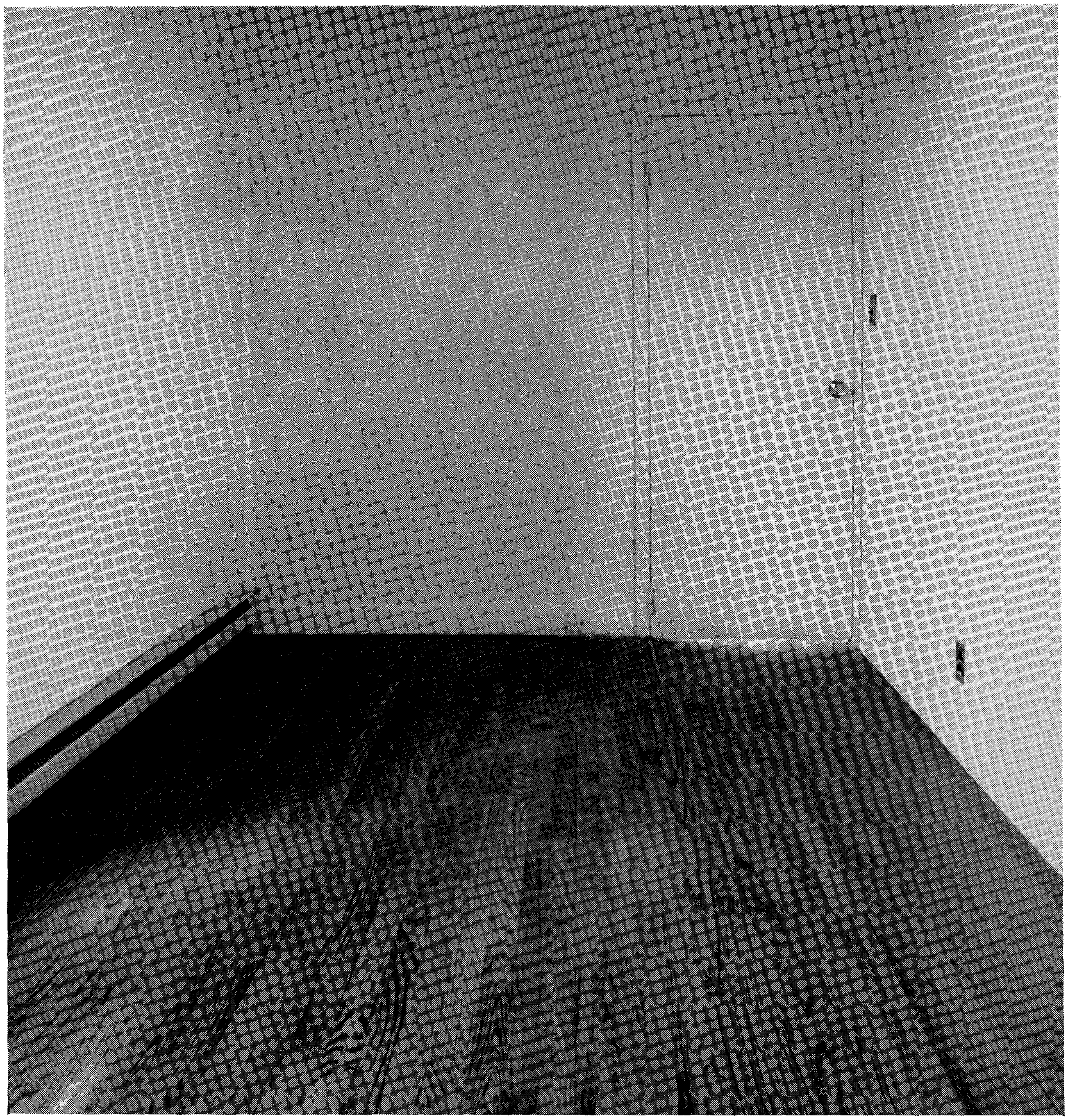
"But would it be a good pattern for the community to follow?" Henry asked. "Maybe if we're talking about single-family houses, we should think about building in the suburbs."

Mrs. White said that she would just as soon move to the suburbs. Mrs. Dunlap said that she preferred to remain in the city. The two women agreed that, no matter what kind of housing was built, it should be built for "poor people" and not for "the black middle class," and that the plan should include a safe grassy area for children.

Epstein said that with the legislation already on the books it ought to be possible to build decent low-cost accommodations for everybody. One provision of the 1968 housing law—Section 235—provided for forty-year mortgages, he said, with interest payments in some cases as low as one per cent a year.

"If we do put together a whole block, can we get the money?" Mrs. White asked. "I mean it ain't gonna be fifteen or twenty years?"

"It takes about a year to get your application through the paper shuffle at the F.H.A.," Epstein said. "That's



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true no matter who you are—even Mayor Daley. Then it would take another few months for rehabilitation, or about a year for new construction. But the trouble is, even with the laws on the books, we don't know how *much* money there will be. The last couple of years, housing appropriations have been down to a trickle, because of the war."

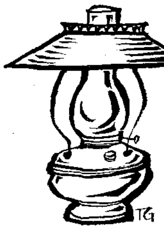
The conferees finally decided to take a poll of the entire membership of the Tenants Union—which then numbered some five hundred families, in sixty buildings—to find out what type of housing the people would really like.

"Things can be done if we get the people together," Henry said.

"The big thing," one of the lawyers agreed, "is to let the community do its own planning."

STAFF members of the American Friends Service Committee who are active in community organization are painfully familiar with the problems that arise at meetings like the one at Our Lady of Sorrows Parish Hall: the difficulty of finding out what people need and want in a community that has never heard the sound of its own voice; the burdens placed on inexperienced local leaders; the agony of trying to communicate across chasms of language, history, and culture with an outside world that offers a confusing mixture of assistance and resistance; and the inevitable disappointments and the pitifully slow pace of progress.

Like most of the community groups that it works with, the A.F.S.C. does not fit into any neatly organized pigeonhole. It is not a social-welfare agency or a charitable foundation or a membership organization. It was founded by Quakers and draws its inspiration from its Quaker heritage, but it does no proselytizing. Some fifty thousand individuals support its work through annual donations, and the great majority of donors are not members of the Religious Society of Friends—as the general body of professing Quakers is known. For some of these fifty thousand, the Committee functions as an external conscience, reminding them of the ideals they would like to live up to if only they had the time and the energy and the will power. Everything the Committee does is based on the belief that there is an innate worth in each human being which must not be ignored, degraded, or exploited; from this conviction—as well as from the Quaker interpretation of the New Testament—come a refusal to engage in violence, no matter what the provocation, and a faith that, despite all the setbacks in recent years, the way of nonviolence is still the surest path to a better world.



Quite aside from its thoroughgoing pacifism, the Committee's stand on many social issues tends to reflect what is usually called liberal opinion. And, like any other white liberal organization with a strong civil-rights bent, the A.F.S.C. has had difficulty adjusting to the rapidly changing priorities in the black ghetto during the past decade. Many former staunch civil-rights supporters outside the A.F.S.C., discouraged by the obduracy of a strongly racist establishment and rebuffed by the very people they were seeking to integrate into the dominant white culture, have proclaimed the bankruptcy of the civil-rights movement, and either have withdrawn from the struggle in despair or have become "radicalized," in the sense of learning to accept a violent solution for social inequities. But the Service Committee's memory is longer than that of most "movement" groups. Even before its early involvement in the battles against racial discrimination, Committee staff members had been at work in American Indian communities, where one of the primary concerns was to preserve (or, in some cases, re-create) a sense of tribal identity in the face of encroachments by the dominant white culture. Civil-rights activists connected with the A.F.S.C. therefore found it easier than many others to remember that their real goal was not to "sell" integration but to make sure that the widest possible range of options was open to anyone who chose to exercise them. For this same reason, it appeared that the Committee was in a unique position to demonstrate that a liberal outlook was an asset, rather than a liability, in evaluating the changing racial patterns in America and in responding constructively to those changes.

In many ways, Tony Henry is typical of the A.F.S.C. people on whom the success of this demonstration depends. Although, like most of the Negroes connected with the Committee, he is not a Quaker, he has evolved a personal philosophy of social change that he believes is close to Quaker tradition—a philosophy he sums up in the phrase "You move when the people are ready to move." He was born in Houston in 1938, but his family moved around a lot, and he did part of his growing up in Boston and Los Angeles. He first came into contact with the Service Committee in 1958 while he was studying at the University of Texas, in Austin; during a sit-in campaign to integrate the local lunch counters, he and some friends accepted the help of two representatives from the A.F.S.C. Southwestern regional office in organizing a workshop in nonviolent tactics. Later, after getting a master's degree in group work and community organizing from Springfield College, in Massachusetts, Henry went to Tanzania under the auspices of Voluntary International Service Assignments—an A.F.S.C. program that was the organizational model for the Peace Corps. In Tanzania, he worked in community-development projects, and in 1963 he came back to the United States and joined the staff of the East Garfield Park Project House. His first undertaking there brought together groups of young children from the inner city and the suburbs of Chicago, in activities aimed at breaking down the cultural isolation of the two groups. In the years since, his interest has gradually shifted from promoting interracial communication to encouraging self-awareness and self-determination within minority groups. Yet he remains committed to nonviolent tactics as the best method of achieving his goals. And his view of the Service Committee has not changed. "There is no organization I know of that I would rather work for," he said recently, giving as his reason the Committee's ability to keep up with the times without losing its administrative grip, its courage, or its principles.

THE earliest Quakers—men like George Fox and William Penn—used to speak of being compelled to take a certain action, whatever the personal risk, in order to remain "consistent" with their principles. Because they rejected the notion of formal creeds and catechisms, they could not be sure exactly what they believed until their beliefs were put to the test by circumstances. They knew what they opposed—intolerance, hypocrisy, dishonesty, injustice, violence, the exploitation of man by man—but they left the working out of a code of behavior to each man's conscience, which they considered to be divinely illuminated by "the Inner Light." And it was this view—that in questions of morality the individual conscience must be heeded—that led to the founding, in the spring of 1917, of the American Friends Service Committee. The Committee's immediate task was to provide a channel of alternative service for young

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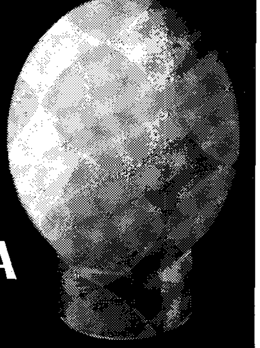

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Quakers who objected to military service as a matter of conscience. In the next two years, more than five hundred conscientious objectors went to France under A.F.S.C. auspices to join a group of British Friends who had been working in hospitals, driving ambulances, and organizing relief projects among French civilians since the beginning of the First World War. When the Armistice was signed, the British and American C.O.s stayed on to distribute food and clothing and to help rebuild the shattered farms and villages. From the first, the A.F.S.C. mission tried to put into practice the Quaker belief that there is "that of God in everyone." There may be evil acts and evil institutions, this view holds, but there are no irredeemably evil men. At one point, the Service Committee was involved simultaneously in trying to help France recover and in feeding a million starving children in Germany. The latter project aroused bitter opposition in those quarters where the enemy was still considered the enemy, even if he was under ten years of age and the fighting was over.

The burden of humanitarian service proved harder to lay down than to take up. What had begun as a temporary wartime effort turned into a permanent commitment. During the next few years, A.F.S.C. representatives looked into the faces of the hungry and sick and dispossessed in Poland, Austria, Serbia, Syria, Bulgaria, Albania, China, and Russia, and, here at home, in the coal-mining counties of Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania. By the end of the nineteen-twenties, they had become acknowledged experts in the art of salvaging something human from the wreckage of man-made disasters—not fires, storms, and earthquakes but wars, depressions, repressions, riots, and revolutions. (In 1947, in recognition of its humanitarian labors, the A.F.S.C. shared a Nobel Peace Prize with the Friends Service Council of London.) There has hardly been a year in the Service Committee's history when it has not been involved in a large-scale relief operation somewhere in this country or abroad, most recently in Nigeria and in Vietnam. Indeed, the Committee is so firmly associated in the public mind with such missions that its efforts to bring about more basic social changes—to try to *avoid* the disasters—have often gone unnoticed. Without stinting on its emergency relief work, the Committee has gradually evolved into a unique channel for what might be called conscientious affirmation.

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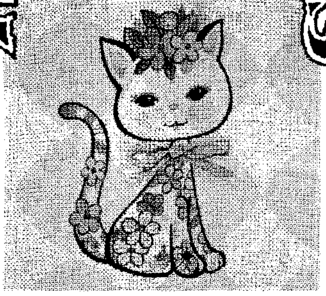

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Among the tenets that the people who work for the A.F.S.C. affirm is that there is no necessary conflict between idealism and practicality. The staff includes idealists and visionaries—mystics, even—who take great pride in their sound business sense and efficient program management. In principle, the Committee tries to avoid outright give-aways in its relief and other social programs, so as not to foster a sense of dependency in the recipients. In practice, the mode of repayment may include various self-help tasks performed by the recipients, which end up multiplying the value of the goods received. Quakers in general have long been noted for a streak of mercantile shrewdness, and in the eighteenth century an unkind appraisal, probably coined by an unsuccessful competitor, claimed that the only merchant who could buy from a Scotsman and sell to a Jew and still make a profit was a Quaker. This reputation may be somewhat out of date, but it was staunchly upheld after World War I, when the A.F.S.C. mission restocked the Verdun region with new tools and equipment from five enormous dumps of Army surplus that the United States War Department had been happy to part with for fifty thousand dollars. The matériel was passed along to French farmers and businessmen at bargain-basement prices, but, even so, when the operation was completed, the A.F.S.C. "Dumps Department" showed a profit of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—money that was used to rebuild a bombed-out maternity hospital in the town of Châlons.

Last year, the Service Committee spent $7,939,000 around the world and employed some six hundred staff people (only a third of whom were professing Quakers). At present, the work is administered through four program divisions—International Service, International Affairs, Peace Education, and Community Relations—which all have their headquarters in Philadelphia, and through ten regional offices, in places like Cambridge, Massachusetts; Seattle, Washington; and High Point, North Carolina. The Philadelphia offices are at the corner of North Fifteenth and Race Streets, in a hundred-year-old compound of grimy red brick buildings that also houses the offices of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, the *Friends Journal*, and a host of other Quaker institutions. The A.F.S.C. building was formerly a Friends' school, and its décor can be charitably described as "devoutly drab." Quakers

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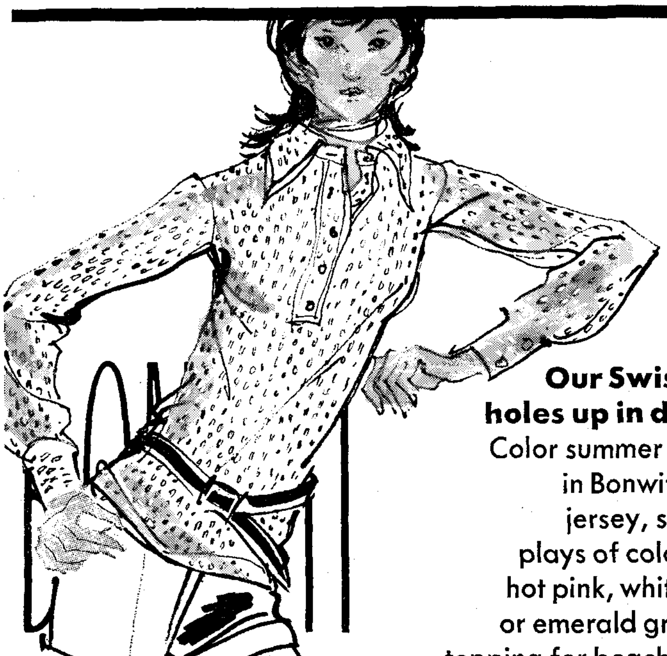

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have always tended to be suspicious of the decorative arts, and their traditional meetinghouses are absolutely unadorned, without icons, stained glass, or even a simple cross. The atmosphere inside the Philadelphia compound is subdued but pleasantly informal. One vestige of the early Quakers' "plain speech" that has survived in current Quaker usage is a distaste for superfluous titles, including "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss." When Committee members want to be really formal, they refer to a colleague by both his given name and his surname; otherwise, everyone is on a first-name basis, from a part-time secretary on up to the chairman of the board.

The ultimate responsibility for Committee affairs rests with the members of a corporation and with the forty-six-man board of directors, all of whom are Quakers and all of whom receive no pay for their services. Over-all administration is the province of an executive secretary, also a Quaker, who receives a salary and who reports to the board. At almost every administrative level, a distinction is maintained between the paid professional staff, which operates specific projects, and unpaid, nonprofessional members of program committees, who theoretically set the guidelines and employ the staff. Each staff member is responsible to at least one program committee as well as to his administrative superiors. (Many, but not all, members of the program committees are Quakers.) A particular project, such as the A.F.S.C. involvement with the East Garfield Park Tenants Union, may require at various times the scrutiny of the regional executive committee and the regional executive secretary; the executive committee and the secretary of the Community Relations Division, in Philadelphia; staff coördinators and special program committees from both the regional and the national offices; the finance committees and finance secretaries at both levels; and the national executive secretary and the board of directors. The overlapping lines of communication look prohibitively complicated on paper, but the idea is to spread the responsibility for all decisions as widely as possible through the organization. When the system works, the Committee resembles a web of connected nerve centers, sensitive enough so that a ripple of activity in one corner soon sets the entire network trembling. The key to this sensitivity is a longstanding Quaker tradition of arriving at important decisions by a process of consensus.

The term "Quaker" itself was originally a pejorative nickname applied in the mid-seventeenth century to members of a new religious sect because they were supposed to quake in the presence of the Lord. The members of the sect defiantly adopted the name, but they also coined for their movement the more euphonious epithets "Children of the Light" and "First Publishers of the Truth." The early Quakers held that God was made manifest to all men through the Inner Light, which could inform the faculties of reason and emotion and point the way to true belief and correct behavior. By experience, they found that a group of men could reach agreement on a course of action if each member of the group laid himself open to the promptings of the Inner Light and at the same time listened sympathetically to his fellows, who were presumably being prompted by the same Light. The group experience was thought to guide and temper individual insight; no man could ever be sure that *his* understanding of God's will was complete and sufficient. But, by the same token, no man could be expected to act against his conscience if he sincerely believed that he had been vouchsafed a piece of the truth. As a result, although Quakers have been active in the struggle for many of the freedoms that are considered essential to a political democracy, they have avoided all forms of balloting in the conduct of their own business. Rather than force a question to a vote, which might freeze a minority in permanent opposition to the majority, the Quakers prefer to continue a discussion until everyone present feels comfortable with the "sense of the meeting" as articulated by the presiding clerk.

The discussion proceeds freely—everyone speaks out when he wishes, without having to be recognized by the chair—until the clerk says something like "Friends, aren't we at the point now of very clear judgment on this matter?" If no one objects to his brief summary of that judgment, it is recorded in the minutes as an expression of the will of the entire assembly. On the other hand, if it becomes clear in the course of the discussion that there is no unity whatever on the subject, the clerk may say something like "I get two strains of thought on this," or "Some Friends have expressed serious reservations about going ahead." After summarizing what seem to him to be the conflicting opinions, he may suggest referring the matter to a small study group for further clarification. Again, if no one objects, the suggestion is considered to be "carried."

Theoretically, if just one member in a meeting of a thousand feels that his conscience will not allow him to unite with the nine hundred and ninety-nine others on a certain decision, the nine hundred and ninety-nine will wait until the lone dissenter can be reconciled to their view or until a compromise embodying his objection can be worked out. In practice, a Quaker consensus does not mean that every participant enthusiastically supports the proposed action, but it does mean that anyone with reservations has been given a full opportunity to make his views known, and, if these go unheeded by the majority, has voluntarily agreed to stand aside and let the others proceed. It is understood that once a consensus has been reached in this manner, the responsibility for the recorded decision falls equally on all participants.

To function at all, such a process requires a presiding clerk who is alert to every nuance of the discussion; a high degree of what the Quakers call "like-mindedness;" and a great deal of humility all around. The Quaker approach to decision-making may break down entirely when opinion is so evenly divided on matters of conscience that neither side can feel comfortable with a compromise. This happened during the doctrinal schisms that rent the Religious Society of Friends in the United States during the nineteenth century. Even at best, the consensus process is time-consuming and exhausting, and it would seem to be a heavy cross to bear for a religious congregation, much less for a far-flung corporate enterprise like the Service Committee.

Kale Williams, the executive secretary of the Chicago regional office, recently returned to his post from an eighteen-month leave of absence in Nigeria, where he coördinated the Service Committee's relief efforts during the civil war. This kind of occupational leap is not uncommon among Committee staff members—not even among those who, like Williams, are married and have children. Williams, who is forty-five years old, has been an A.F.S.C. staff member since 1951 and regional executive secretary since 1958. During the past two decades, he has seen the emphasis of the local programs shift from racial integration to com-

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munity organization; he has seen the mood of young draft refusers shift from conscientious objection to open resistance; and he has seen the rise and fall of nonviolence as a popular tactic in the struggle for social change. He has defended the radicalism of the Committee against objections from conservative-minded contributors and the conservatism of the Committee against objections from young radicals, and he has tried to keep up with new developments without violating his own convictions, which were formed largely by a wartime experience before he was twenty years old.

Williams was born in Cedar Vale, Kansas, a town of fewer than a thousand residents, where his father sold automobiles and farm equipment. His family was nominally Methodist, and he attended the local Methodist church and Sunday school as a matter of course. He was a serious young man with an idealistic bent, and when he graduated from high school, in the spring of 1943, he volunteered for the Navy "with great enthusiasm." He became a radar technician on a light cruiser operating in the Pacific, and saw action off the Philippines, off Okinawa, and, eventually, off the coast of Japan. When the war was over, he decided that he would never again be able to take part in organized killing. Thinking about his decision many years later, Williams recalled that it had not come "all in one flash." He explained, "It was more of a gradual process of disillusionment. Part of it was my first encounter with racial discrimination. I don't think I'd ever seen a Negro at home, but I had been taught that discrimination was bad, and I was naïve enough to be upset by the caste system in the Navy. All the Negroes were mess boys, except during battle, when they had the least desirable and most dangerous task—as ammunition handlers belowdecks, putting shells on elevators. Then, there was an American atrocity I witnessed. We hit some Japanese planes in battle, and their pilots parachuted out. As a radar technician, I wore earphones that were tuned in to the gunnery circuits, and I could hear the chief gunnery officer, in a paroxysm of rage and obscenity, while the twenty- and forty-millimetre guns fired on the helpless parachutists. I *knew* some of those gunners, and I knew they were perfectly decent men, and somehow I began to get the idea that the real problem was not the Japanese but war itself, as an institution that could turn otherwise decent men into this. When Hiroshima came, it only seemed

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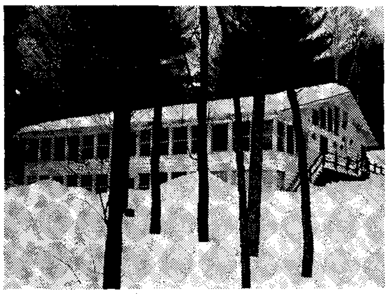

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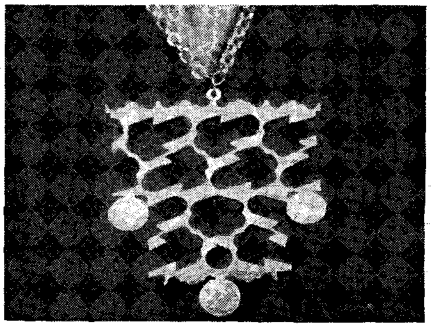

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like the supreme illustration of the callousness of war as an institution. I had talked with American pilots who had flown over Japan without seeing any sign of resistance; they all felt that Japan had already been defeated. And then, after the bomb, after the surrender, to go ashore yourself in Japan, and to see life going on, to see human beings, some friendly, some not, trying to raise children and gather food— You looked around and you thought, This is the enemy?"

After receiving his discharge, in 1946, Williams took advantage of the G.I. Bill to study social science at the University of Chicago, with the idea of becoming a high-school teacher. Living in a dormitory with other veterans, he began to work out his personal pacifist position in arguments with fellow-students. "One of my friends told me I sounded like a couple he knew," Williams said. "He introduced us, and they turned out to be Quakers. It was the first time I realized that there might be people who had an organized body of concepts like mine." The Quaker couple were active in a summer work-camp program for young people that the A.F.S.C. sponsored. Williams served as a volunteer there for several years, and in 1951 he interrupted his progress toward a master's degree in social science to fill a temporary vacancy in the Committee's Chicago office.

That same year, the Service Committee took part in an abortive campaign to breach the residential color line in the Chicago suburb of Cicero. The local whites reacted violently and en masse to the prospect of Negro neighbors, and when it became clear that the black families were in danger the civil-rights advocates withdrew. The Service Committee, however, refused to consider the setback anything but temporary. In the years immediately after the war, the Committee had been instrumental in starting a merit-employment drive in Chicago's department stores, banks, and insurance companies, and that campaign had brought about a noticeable change in hiring policies. Now the Committee decided to establish a housing-opportunities program, to work with white and black families who were interested in promoting an open-housing market throughout the metropolitan area. And in 1955 the Committee purchased a building on West Jackson Street to use as a base for youth-service projects in the area known as East Garfield Park.

"We chose East Garfield because we thought it was typical of the problems of the city at the time," Williams

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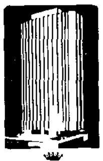

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says. "It was a neighborhood in transition, still mostly Italian and Irish, but with an increasing percentage of Negroes, and we hoped to stabilize it as an integrated community. Our first experience in the area was to be under physical attack. When we moved in, the house was still several blocks ahead of the Negro line, and there we were, with black faces going in and out of the front door. Bricks were thrown, and at least one shot was fired. Of course, from what we know now, it was naïve in the extreme for us to have thought that putting in ten or twelve youth-service volunteers would have any effect on a population shift of those dimensions."

The Service Committee is now well aware of the statistics showing that Chicago's black ghetto has expanded over the last two decades at a steady rate of between two and three blocks a week. Except for a few hundred Negro families that groups like the A.F.S.C. have helped to place in the suburbs, the expansion has been restricted to certain clearly defined corridors within the core city.

The Negro community of Chicago is both a ghetto and a slum—a ghetto because its inhabitants cannot choose to live elsewhere, and a slum because most of its housing is substandard and getting worse. In recent years, according to an estimate made by the A.F.S.C. regional office, less than one per cent of all properties listed for sale in real-estate agents' offices in the Chicago metropolitan area have been available to Negro buyers, and these properties have almost invariably been contiguous to the existing ghetto.

The humiliations and frustrations that qualified Negroes have regularly been subjected to in the suburban housing market throughout the country were documented in a report compiled by the A.F.S.C. in 1967. Five years after President Kennedy issued Executive Order 11063, putting an end to any form of discrimination in federally owned or federally aided housing, the Service Committee found that the order was "being widely and flagrantly violated by builders, brokers, and lenders," and that "implementation of the Order by the Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration has been at least ineffective, and at worst subversive of the goal of equal opportunity in housing." The report continued, "Even our experience in the frustrations of community-relations work did not fully prepare A.F.S.C. staff workers for the webs of obfuscation that have been encountered by them and by the homeseekers with whom they have worked in attempts to secure housing covered by the Executive Order."

Aside from the other hardships it imposes, the severely restricted housing market for Negroes is responsible for one of the cruellest ironies of the entire racial situation in the North. While blacks lag far behind whites in almost every recognized index of living standards, the category in which the two groups are the closest to equality is the monthly rent bill. In 1966, Chicago's Negro families, which were twenty per cent larger than their white counterparts, lived in dwellings that were twenty per cent smaller and five times as dilapidated, yet they paid the *same* median rent, and they paid it out of incomes that were only two-thirds as large—a state of affairs that sociologists refer to as a "color tax."

Although the Service Committee's establishment of Project House failed to influence the racial makeup of East Garfield Park, it did at least provide a base for the next phase of civil-rights agitation—helping the ghetto to organize itself. On almost every index of poverty—mean level of income, number of families receiving Aid to Dependent Children, incidence of tuberculosis, infant-mortality rate—East Garfield Park ranks among the five lowest of Chicago's seventy-five recognized community areas. It has no large industry, and, unlike some slum areas, it does not even have one highly visible institution—a famous university or a major hospital—to pin some of its troubles on and to give it a power lever in urban politics. As a result, East Garfield Park has remained at the bottom of the scale in the quality and quantity of outside assistance.

Many of the basic principles of what is now known as community organization were first laid down by Saul Alinsky, the self-styled "professional radical," whose Industrial Areas Foundation has been training community organizers in Chicago since 1941. "Alinsky was ahead of most people in understanding the forces that shape urban areas," Williams says. "But we reject his approach of using any kind of conflict to create a situation in which the group that's out of power can gain power." Alinsky—who was also ahead of most people in proclaiming the well-meaning liberal as the arch-enemy of the poor and the oppressed—has defined American society as a brutal competition among a wide variety of economic and political blocs; he sees his task as that of welding the formerly impotent into a new bloc strong enough to grab a piece of the action. "In one of the Chicago communities organized by Alinsky-trained people, the method used was to identify the enemy specifically as 'the Jewish landlords,'" Williams recalls. "We faced a similar situation in East Garfield Park with the Tenants Union, but our appeal was different. We started off by saying that we'd respect the humanity of the landlords but that nothing would keep us from telling the truth about conditions and naming the individuals that we felt were responsible."

The use of a scapegoat to arouse an apathetic community is not only bad morals, in Williams' view, but also bad tactics. "What we're striving to discover is a method of organizing people in a neighborhood to deal with their own problems so that the neighborhood remains in touch with the wider community," he said. "That's absolutely necessary, because so many of the resources are out there, not in the ghetto."

Encouraging community organization in ghettos can be hard on social reformers (of whatever ideological bent) who think in terms of grand strategies and strict timetables. Nothing is more suspect in the ghetto than great ambition. The more ambitious a community organization is at the outset—the more problems it tries to tackle and the more promises it makes—the more likely it is to disintegrate within a few months, leaving nothing behind but a heightened sense of deprivation among local residents. The neighborhood groups that survive, according to Williams, are those that spring up in response to immediate, tangible, and emotionally charged issues, and build from there. The first stages, especially, are booby-trapped with what seem to be irreconcilable paradoxes. If the indigenous group is to avoid a damaging client-patron relationship with the outsiders who offer help, it must have strong local leaders. But the pool of potential leaders in a ghetto community is, in Williams' words, "tragically thin." "A middle-class group in a Chicago neighborhood like Hyde Park can get competent, nearly full-time staff work from volunteers—housewives, retired people, businessmen—but you can't do this in a place like East Garfield Park," he says. "No one here with the kind of skills you need can afford to give them free."

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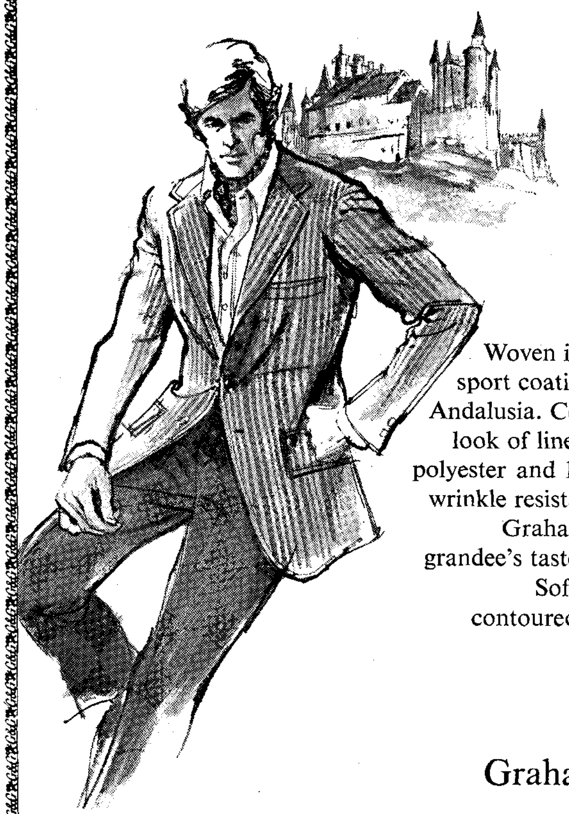

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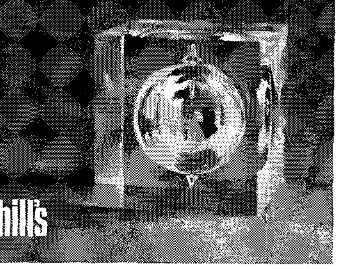

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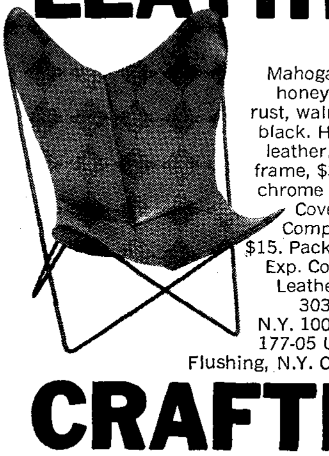

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with the urgency of whatever crisis brought the organization into existence in the first place. And the need for outside funds conflicts with the desire for self-determination that motivates the best of the new leaders. "There is a kind of natural life cycle to any community effort," Williams says. "In the beginning, when you form around a specific issue, there's a high degree of enthusiasm and participation; then there's a natural attrition as people become disillusioned by the slow progress and the lack of rewards. That's the make-or-break time for community organizations. If they don't move quickly toward real independence, it gets harder and harder to make them viable."

THE nascent forces of community organization in East Garfield Park were given a tremendous jolt by the decision of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference to conduct an all-out campaign of nonviolent direct action against slum conditions, and especially segregated housing, in Chicago in the spring and summer of 1966. Project House was chosen as a field headquarters, and a group called the East Garfield Park Union to End Slums was put together, with representatives from twenty-seven local organizations on the steering committee. Dr. King's campaign tested the methods of the Southern-based civil-rights movement in a large Northern city; his followers marched through the streets, held prayer vigils in front of the offices of uncoöperative real-estate agents, picketed, and eventually worked out an agreement, with business, labor, religious, and political leaders, to end housing discrimination in Chicago.

The implementation of this so-called "summit agreement" proved to be disappointing, and many people have identified the inconclusive Chicago campaign as the swan song of the whole civil-rights movement. But there were a number of small victories, among them the signing, that July, of the first collective-bargaining agreement between organized tenants—represented by the Union to End Slums—and a Chicago landlord with extensive holdings in East Garfield Park. When the ambitious citywide drive faltered, the East Garfield Park Tenants Union emerged as a wholly indigenous group around a core of dedicated local leaders, with the guidance and financial backing of the A.F.S.C.

Since then, the Union has undergone several changes of name, survived some hard times, and continued to

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grow. A contract with a second landlord was negotiated, but, like the first, it has been difficult to enforce. The Union has engaged in almost perpetual rent strikes, which do occasionally result in repairs to dangerously decayed buildings but which have also kept a battery of volunteer lawyers busy defending tenants against a succession of five-day eviction notices. When one city agency started to demolish some officially condemned buildings before another city agency had found adequate new housing for the tenants, the Union staged sit-ins in Mayor Daley's offices; after these demonstrations, the Mayor's aides found acceptable shelter for the families, and even displayed a new willingness to confer with tenants' representatives on rulings that directly affect the tenants' well-being. In general, the emphasis has shifted away from negotiating new contracts with individual landlords toward establishing, through legal and political action, certain rights basic to all tenants. (After much discussion, it was decided that the rehabilitation project on West Madison and Albany did *not* justify the investment of even a small portion of the community's available resources.)

Encouraged by the continued vitality of the Tenants Union—which by 1969 represented a thousand tenants, in both public and privately owned buildings throughout the city, and had accordingly changed its name to the Chicago Tenants Union—Tony Henry decided to transfer his energies, with the A.F.S.C.'s blessing, to organizing a nationwide movement of tenants'-rights groups. Late that fall, at a conference in St. Louis attended by delegates from a hundred tenants' unions with an estimated membership of more than fifty thousand, the National Tenants Organization was formed. Jesse Gray, a rent-strike pioneer in New York City, was named its chairman, and Henry became its full-time executive director, with offices in Washington. In releasing him to the new group, the Service Committee also released enough funds to underwrite the group's program until the N.T.O. could apply for tax-exempt status and secure permanent support elsewhere. The potential strength of the tenants'-rights movement extends far beyond the ghetto; indeed, some of the most successful tenants' unions have been organized in solidly white middle-class housing projects. Now, besides coördinating the activities of the local groups—which range from rent-withholding actions to dramatic takeovers of condemned buildings by homeless families—the Wash-

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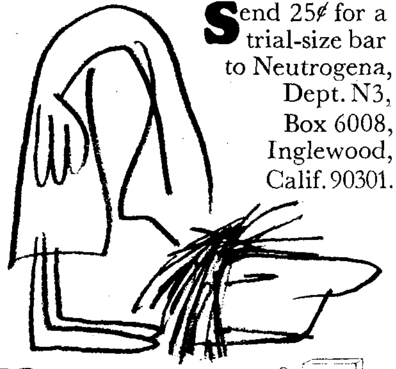

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ington office of the N.T.O. is already exerting its influence in national policy-making circles. Only last month, despite the opposition of some local housing officials, the Department of Housing and Urban Development promulgated a model-lease form and standard grievance procedures that had been sought by representatives of nearly three million tenants in public-housing projects throughout the country. In the long run, Henry feels that there is little chance of improving low-income housing without substantial federal subsidies and also some sort of legislative package that spells out the rights of organized tenants in much the same way the labor legislation of the New Deal spelled out the rights of organized workers.

The role that the Service Committee played in the genesis of the National Tenants Organization is an example of what is known within the A.F.S.C. as "program devolution." Since its resources are so limited, the Committee prefers to function in its community-relations work as an experimenter and enabler, putting itself out of a job as soon as a program is strong enough to go its own way. Ultimately, the success of a particular venture in community organization depends on the strength of the local leaders—people like Mrs. White and Mrs. Dunlap—who start out in what Henry calls "a kindergarten of power."

The American Friends Service Committee and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference have often influenced one another. They have borrowed each other's ideas, exchanged staff personnel, and worked together on a number of programs—one of them was the Poor People's Campaign—to effect social changes by nonviolent means. The Service Committee has usually played the role of silent partner, which is the way both organizations prefer it. The two groups not only work toward the same ends but also have the same view of the relation between ends and means. While neither would articulate a policy in terms of "rubbing raw the festering sores of social discontent"—a phrase of Alinsky's—both accept the necessity of shaking the status quo to bring about a more just society. Indeed, the Service Committee's penchant for taking sides in domestic strife has often confused supporters (and exasperated critics) who think of the Quakers as peacemakers above all. The credibility of the Quakers' anti-war testimony has always rested on their refusal to take sides in any armed conflict (even when their own country was involved), yet

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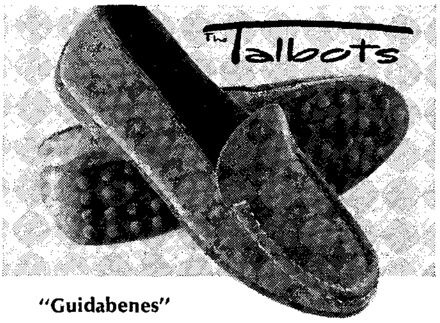

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the whole thrust of the Service Committee's domestic programs has been a public advocacy of the rights of the physically powerless, the economically distressed, the racially and religiously persecuted. There are Quakers who would prefer to see the A.F.S.C. assume the role of honest broker at home as well as abroad, and simply try to heal old wounds rather than take part in new (even if nonviolent) confrontations. "We had a real go-around on this in the Committee about ten years ago," Williams recalls. "The more involved we became in community race relations, the more we had to face the fact that our workers were at least temporarily *increasing* tensions within communities. Was this Quaker reconciliation? Eventually, the board adopted a resolution which said that true reconciliation means more than just two people in a conflict being reconciled to each other. Both must be reconciled to a common concept of justice."

Even with this redefinition, no one on the Service Committee is under the illusion that combining the roles of advocate and reconciler is an easy matter. It is taken for granted that the key to success lies in adherence to the principle of nonviolence, since only a nonviolent challenge to power and privilege leaves the door open for a recognition that both sides have a stake in building a more just society. The trouble is that everyone has his own idea of what constitutes nonviolence, and no one associated with the Committee is satisfied with his own formulation, much less with anyone else's.

Williams' guidelines to nonviolent advocacy were formed during his twenty years in Chicago, where the interplay of the forces of change and the forces of repression has been unusually instructive. Two vivid examples come to mind—the summer of 1966, when the Chicago police resorted to violence to protect the open-housing advocates who marched behind Dr. King, and the summer of 1968, when the Chicago police resorted to violence to disperse the anti-Vietnam-war demonstrators during the Democratic Convention.

In 1966, Dr. King led his followers through hostile white neighborhoods to the offices of real-estate agents who had played an important role in maintaining the segregated-housing market in the city. Mayor Daley deplored the demonstrations, but he ordered police protection for the marchers. The marchers sang spirituals, they did not retaliate when rocks were hurled at them, they kept proclaiming that their actions were motivated by love for all men—including the white rock-throwers and Mayor Daley. Despite the physical danger they faced, the demonstrators remained orderly and unflinching. On several occasions, the police drove off white hecklers with nightsticks or threatened them with drawn revolvers. Yet the campaign, in Williams' words, "failed to generate any greater spiritual power" once the police protection had become so efficient that it "effectively protected the marchers and inflicted violence and suffering upon the antagonists." In Williams' concept, a course of action that begins producing victims among the general populace—whether or not they are "innocent" bystanders—can no longer be considered truly nonviolent. Unable to devise an alternative strategy in the time available, the leaders of the open-housing campaign could only continue with the marches, while tensions in the city mounted, positions hardened, and the prospects for any significant reconciliation dimmed. Williams regards this outcome not as a failure of nonviolence per se but as a failure of imagination on the part of the nonviolent leaders, including himself.

The police violence during the Democratic Convention was directed primarily at the anti-war demonstrators, as anyone in the nation with a television set could see. But from Williams' point of view too many people in the streets had been trying to exploit an already explosive situation. The National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, which coördinated the major demonstrations, was a diffuse, ad-hoc group, and there was wide disagreement among its leaders concerning the tactics of the protest. The A.F.S.C. was not an official sponsor of the Mobilization, but it did lend office space to the group, and several A.F.S.C. staff members became associated with Mobilization activities. Williams himself was among thirty-one persons who were arrested opposite the International Amphitheatre during a vigil to protest the suppression of human rights "in Vietnam, Czechoslovakia, American ghettos, and the streets of Chicago."

Nevertheless, in a report on the events of Convention week Williams wrote that "strategies of disruption and provocation which have been peripheral in other large demonstrations became a dominant strategy in this one." He was referring to the threatening tone of public announcements by certain spokesmen for the Mobilization, the

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use of degrading epithets against police and other public officials, the call for "any means possible" to get through police lines, and "the use and justification of weapons and missiles."

For Williams, the exchange of degrading epithets—"such as using the word 'pig' for people"—is an act of violence, even if no bricks or punches are thrown, whereas physical trespass on public or private property, or open disobedience of a legal statute, may be nonviolent if it is carried out under "a clear and explicitly nonviolent discipline." Ideally, this discipline would include the establishment and prior public announcement of practical, limited goals, which would not make impossible demands on the "target" population; detailed contingency planning for each phase of the demonstration; full and uninterrupted communication with everyone directly concerned (the participants, the authorities, the potential antagonists); and complete openness about the possible risks to the participants and the steps being taken to minimize them. In other words, an act of nonviolent advocacy or protest should be at least as carefully planned and executed as a routine military operation or guerrilla foray. "The phrase 'nonviolent direct action' is too often used to cover anything that isn't a physical attack on another person," Williams says. "But to take thousands of people who have been marching around all day, and are tired and hungry and all fired up with speeches, and then at night, when emotions are higher and tensions greater, expect them to keep calm, especially if they've had no training, in a confrontation that offers no constructive alternative to either side—that is *not* nonviolence as I define it."

Perhaps the most important ingredient of a truly nonviolent discipline, Williams feels, is a willingness on the part of the demonstrators to "accept suffering and the legal penalties for their actions." This is important because the ultimate goal of all nonviolent action is "to reëstablish a real community, and law is one expression of such a community," Williams says. "People who seek to evade the penalties for disobeying a bad law assume a legitimacy for their actions—untested—that they would deny others. There's an element in the New Left that is trying to turn the issues into a contest for power. It might conceivably succeed in doing that—although the forces of repression would probably win—but it would not succeed in solving the basic human problems." On similar grounds, he holds that such "symbolic"

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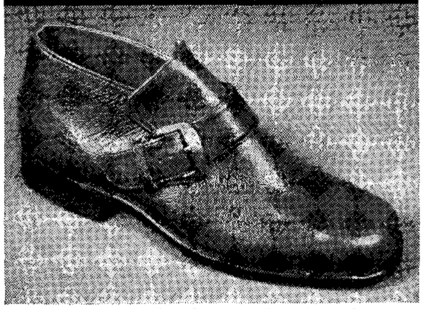

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acts as burning draft cards and pouring blood on Selective Service records are "essentially reactionary—the real problem isn't the existence of the records, it's changing the minds of people who think that the draft laws are necessary."

Williams' faith in the efficacy and appeal of nonviolence was not shaken by the events of Convention week. "What *was* called into question, at least in my mind, was the whole coalition approach to public witness—the idea that you should go along with anyone and any methods as long as your goal is the same," he says. Like most people connected with the Committee, Williams recognizes that A.F.S.C. participation in broadly based coalitions has sometimes been helpful in strengthening the nonviolent character of public demonstrations; still, he would prefer to have the Committee join with those groups which share a philosophical commitment to nonviolence. "One hopeful sign during Convention week in Chicago was the realization by many of the participants—who were often a good bit more nonviolent than their leaders—that the means in a demonstration ought to fit the ends," he says. "There were a number of examples of spontaneous nonviolent resistance to police pressures—especially late at night—after the news media had gone away. One night, the police tried to clear Grant Park, and the demonstrators stood together and sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner' as a witness that they were not going to be alienated from their own country."

Williams is so deeply concerned with the proper conduct of nonviolent direct action because he explicitly rejects what he calls "the moral calculus"—the reasoning process that men use to determine how much human suffering would be an acceptable price for bringing into existence this or that brand of utopia. As a "convinced" Quaker (he joined Chicago's Fifty-seventh Street Meeting in 1967), he believes that violence is inherently wrong, because it necessarily involves the exploitation of other individuals, and that it can therefore never contribute—any more than slavery or famine can—to improving man's condition. —GERALD JONAS

(This is the first of two articles on the American Friends Service Committee.)

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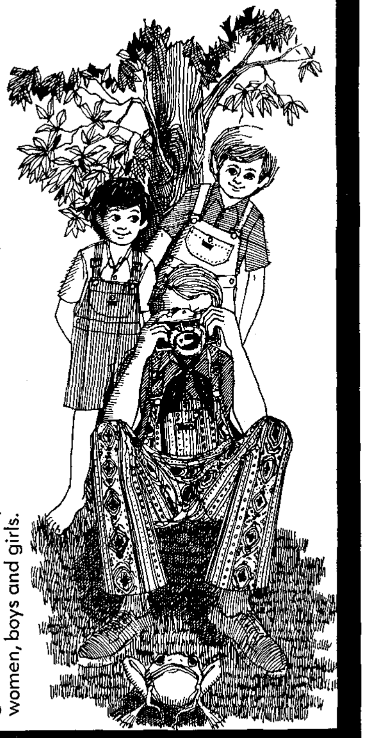

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THE RACE TRACK

The Lord High

It isn't stretching a point to say that Executioner mowed down his opposition in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last week. Away well and always in a good position, he picked up His Majesty, the favorite, as they approached the far turn, and raced stride for stride with him for about half a furlong. That was too much for the heralded brother of Graustark, who dropped back, finishing sixth while Executioner went on to catch Dynastic, who had been out in front all the while, and beat him by a head on the post. Eleven three-year-olds ran for this first of the hundred-thousand-dollar-plus events leading up to the spring classics, but only three were really in the picture until near the end, when Jim French closed a big gap to be third. Dynastic, a big, handsome colt, jumped off to a long early lead and might have duplicated his papa Bold Ruler's victory in 1957 if he hadn't kept bearing out. Ussery, who rode him, had his hands full keeping him from going wide on the turns, and he was tiring at the end, as the fractional times (0:22⅗, 0:45⅘, 1:09⅘, 1:35⅘, and 1:49⅕ for the mile and a furlong) show. After the race, it was discovered that His Majesty had injured his right foreleg during the running. He'll be out of racing for the rest of the year. Executioner, who is owned by Peter Kissel, is a well-made medium-sized chestnut colt by The Axe II out of Mae East, and he ran a solid race. By the way, Eddie Yowell, who trains him, surprised a lot of watchers and horsemen by sending him out for the Flamingo without the customary warmup gallop. Executioner hadn't been under colors since January 20th, when he won the Hibiscus Stakes. His next appearance, no doubt, will be in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on March 27th.

The day after the Flamingo, racing moved from Hialeah to Gulfstream, which opened with the Appleton Handicap, on the grass. It was run off in two divisions, one of which was won by Broker's Tip II, a New Zealand-bred racer. Broker's Tip—ah, me! The name brings to mind the picture of Meade on Ed Bradley's Broker's Tip and Fisher on Mrs. Silas Mason's Head Play coming down the stretch at Churchill Downs, leg-locked and whaling at each other with their whips. That was in the 1933 Kentucky Derby. How time flies. It's a long time, too, between victories for Judgable, who hadn't scored one since the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga last August. He ran a thriller, though, in the Donn Handicap at Gulfstream last weekend, leading from start to finish and winning by the shortest of noses from Snow Sporting, who had come from California for the race. Proving that they sometimes do come back—and at 30–1, which is what Judgable paid. . . . At Santa Anita last weekend, Manta won the Santa Margarita Handicap, the jackpot of the meeting for runners of her sex, in a driving finish from Beja, Last of the Line, and eight others. Manta was ridden by Pincay, who seems to be winning all the races out there.

Horsemen, especially breeders, are wondering what will become of the racing empire of Charles Engelhard, who died suddenly last week in Florida. He owned at least three hundred horses, a third of them in training—in this country, in England, in Ireland, and in South Africa, where he bought his first thoroughbred fourteen years ago. The rest were stallions, brood mares, and their produce, scattered among various breeding farms. Offhand, I'd say that in the last ten years he spent at least seven million dollars at the sales, buying hundred-thousand-dollar yearlings as you'd buy packs of cigarettes. His most famous horse, of course, was Nijinsky, whom he bought in Canada from E. P. Taylor, and with whom he won England's triple crown.

As had been expected, a bill was passed and signed in Albany last week allowing the New York Racing Association to lengthen its schedule fifteen days. The change came too late for Aqueduct to start any earlier than planned, however—they were off and running last Monday—and since the law says the season must end on December 15th, only nine days of the extra time can be added this year. The legislature also voted to give the N.Y.R.A. seven per cent of the take, as the tax on the money bet in the tote is called. (Its present cut is six per cent.) Four per cent will be used for operational expenses, which

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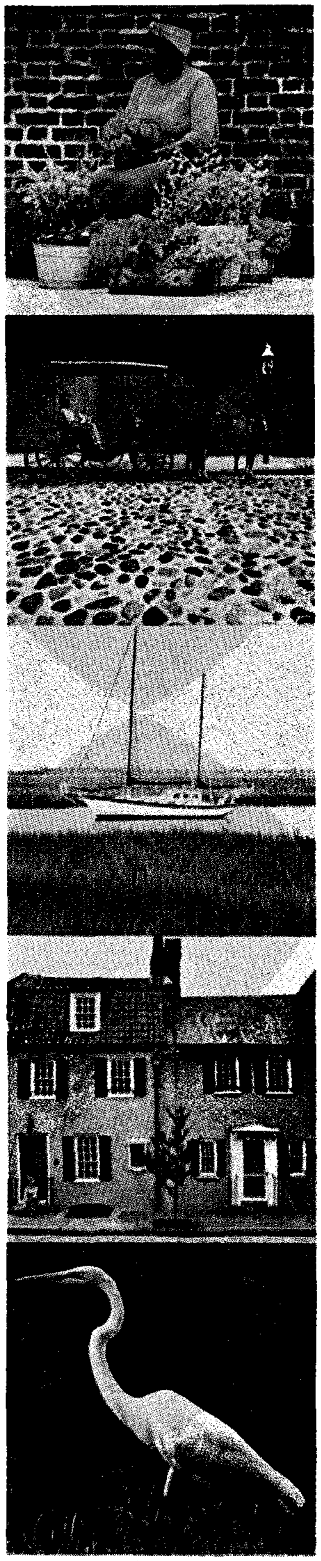

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seem to be going up by the minute, and three will go to the horsemen. Since the state's share, needless to say, remains at ten per cent (except at Saratoga, where it's nine), the take is now increased to seventeen per cent—the highest in the country at the major tracks.

WHEN it opened last week, Roosevelt Raceway, Long Island's showplace for the trots, offered a new betting gimmick it calls the Big Triple. As with France's famous *tiercé*, the winner must pick horses to finish first, second, and third, in the order named. Though it was raining and bitterly cold on opening night, there was a crowd of 14,862 in the stand, and in the course of the evening 37,800 three-dollar tickets were sold on the Big Triple. Fifty-four of them paid off, at $1,189.60 each. Not bad for a starter. But don't look for the Big Triple at Aqueduct next week. Alfred Vanderbilt, chairman of the N.Y.R.A., and his board of trustees are all for waiting to see how it works out—how much it increases attendance and betting.

Actually, France's *tiercé*, which has paid millions of francs on minimal wagers, is strictly an off-course operation. None of the money bet on it at the Pari Mutuel Urbain spots in Paris and the provinces is sent to the tracks along with the conventional straight and place wagers, which go into the mutuel pools on the races. The tracks, however, have their own version of the *tiercé*. At Longchamp, for one, if you want to see how good you are at picking a race one, two, three, there is a *triplé* on the second race and one on the sixth. There's also the *jumelé*—the two horses you name must finish among the first three. Every race on the card has a *jumelé*. But there's no daily double.

SORRY, but I almost forgot to report that Howard Samuels says his Off-Track Betting Corporation won't go into action till March 29th.

—AUDAX MINOR

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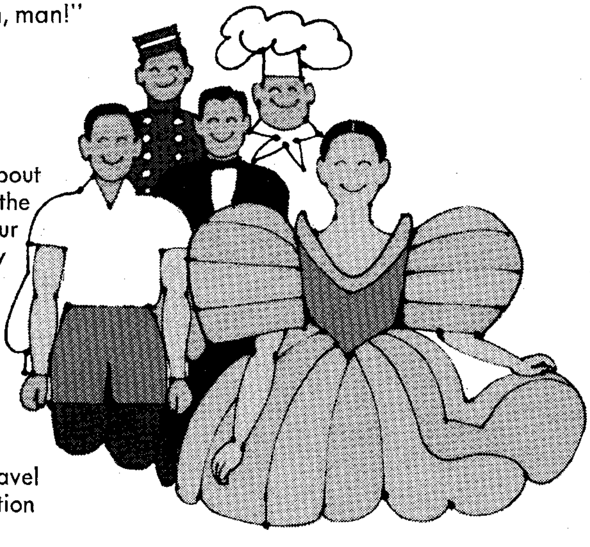

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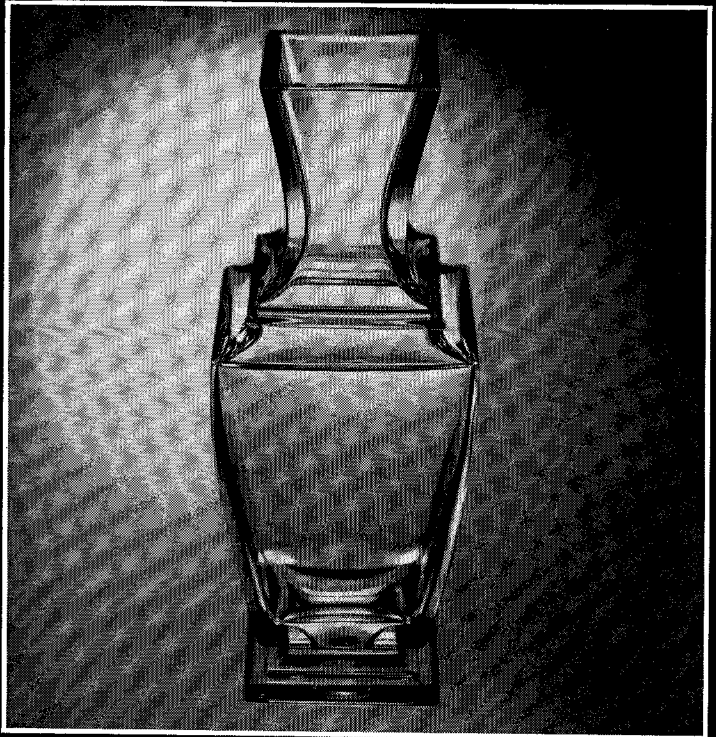

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LETTER FROM PARIS

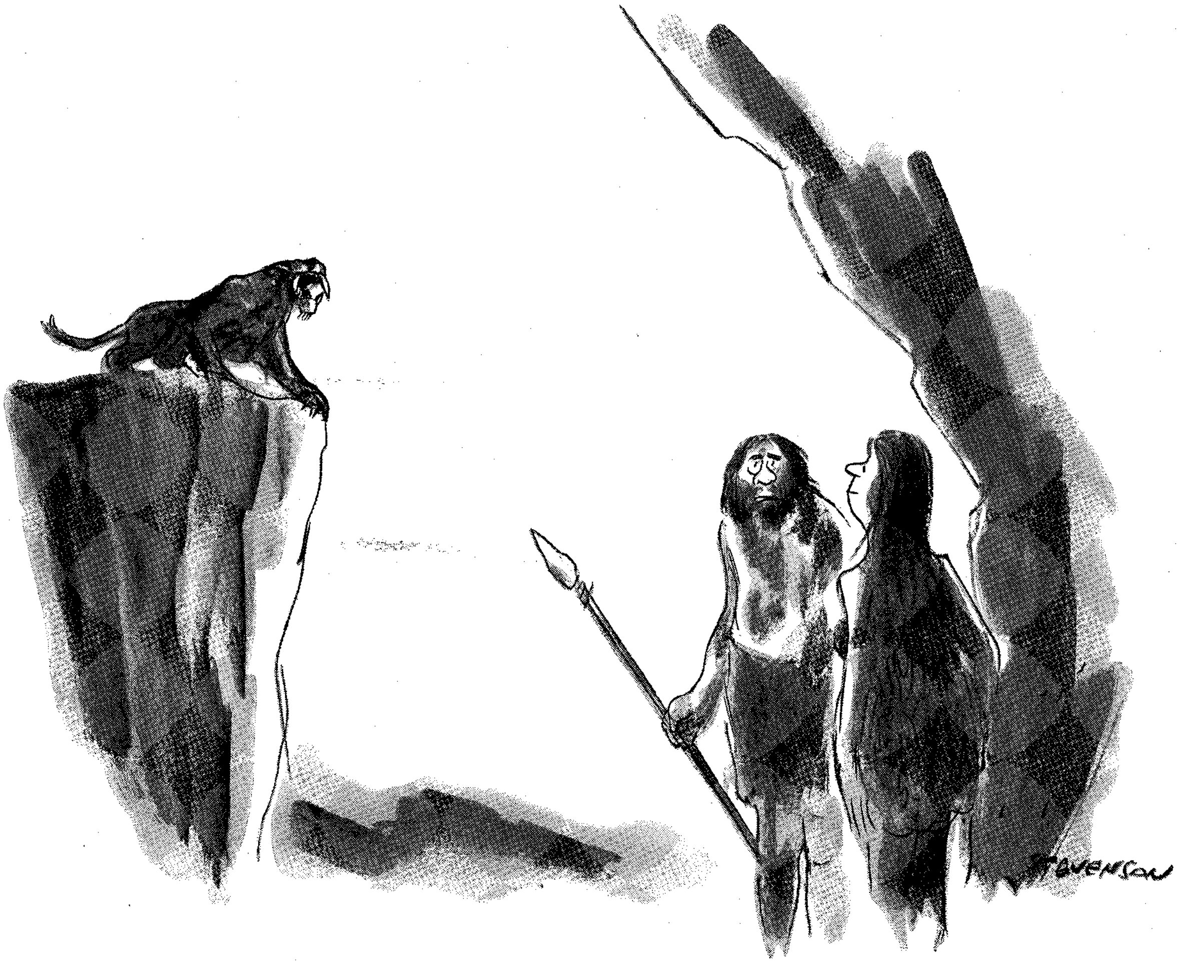
MARCH 3

THE latest Prix Goncourt novel—it received the award in November—has turned out to be doubly unique. In the sixty-odd years of Goncourt juries, noted for their quarrels about literary merits and for making choices that readers didn't respond to, it is the first that ever received a unanimous vote, and it is already one of the season's best-selling novels. It is no frivolous piece of amatory fiction but a violent, fascinating, scholarly, and rich picaresque novel that furnishes new views on the malefic Nazi idealism that rotted the German people, lost them the world's respect, and, indeed, helped lose them the Second World War. The brief Third Reich's history is vast, but this new book is like a private report on the Third Reich as a doomed, baleful force inherent in the peculiar psychic duality of the so-called German soul—the force that even Richard Wagner gave recognition to when he created his race of sinister underground dwarfs. The author of the novel is the erudite literary newcomer Michel Tournier. Its title is "Le Roi des Aulnes" ("The King of the Alders"), a reference to trees that proliferate in the treacherous marshes of East Prussia. He borrowed the title from Goethe's ballad about the *Erlkönig*, for which Schubert wrote music with a rousing baritone solo that has been popular over the last hundred years in international concert halls.

The war is principally summed up, in its final years, by a giant-sized French eccentric, a flesh-worshipping anarchist and anti-hero named Abel Tiffauges. He's a superstitious crackpot who had been a Paris garage owner and was assigned by the French Army to its small carrier-pigeon service, for Tiffauges was a born nature lover, successful only in his relations with wild animals and children. It is his wandering over Germany, mostly as an escaped prisoner of war, that justifies an enormous background of Teutonic military events, culminating in the fatal Russian offensive, in 1945, into East Prussia, where Tiffauges has holed up in the Fortress of Kaltenborn with several hundred members of the Hitler Jugend. There, during the Russian troops' unexpected attack and the Frenchman's attempted flight with a Jewish child, the book suddenly comes to its end.

This is a remarkable historical volume, based on four years of careful research and unpublished testimony collected by the author and warmed by him to human heat, and even to humor, in many places. One of several traits of the book that make it extraordinary is the author's use of mythology, rather than psychology, as an index to his characters' conduct and destinies. Thus, it is not only the weight of the little Jewish child Tiffauges carries on his shoulders that pulls him down in his flight from the crumbling, bombarded Kaltenborn Fortress. It is, by implication, also the weight on his anarchistic, anti-Church shoulders of the Christian myth of St. Christopher carrying the Infant Jesus that becomes a mortal muscular load heavier than he can support, and the pair of them, man and boy, myth and reality, fall among the alders and the marsh waters, and perish.

The book is now being translated into English for publication in New York next year. Tournier's mother was German, both his parents taught either the German language or German literature in French high schools, German was his second language, and, upon deciding to become a professor of philosophy, he went to the University of Tübingen. Unmarried, he has an adopted French son, is athletic, and is hospitable to occasional visiting journalists. He lives south of Paris, in the Chevreuse Valley, in a vast medieval barn that he has turned into a library for his huge book collection, portions of which he reads before writing his books. His first novel, published four years ago, was an iconoclastic rewrite of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," in which it is Friday who leaves to go to London. Thus, the book, which won another major French literary prize, Le Grand Prix du Roman de l'Académie Française, is called, in Friday's honor, "Vendredi, ou les Limbes du Pacifique."



"Why don't we just have leftovers tonight?"

These two awards give Tournier, as a writer, a distinguished rank.

As an illustration of the height that writing in France can bring a writer to, Eugène Ionesco recently took his seat for the first time under the cupola of the Académie Française to the sound of a rolling drum. His folded bicorn hat was tucked under one arm, and a white-gloved hand steadied his dress sword (this is always a gift from the new member's well-wishing old friends), its silver pommel traditionally, and fancifully, decorated by a jeweller to feature significant symbols of the writer's works. Ionesco's sword features a small rhinoceros horn carved in ivory, "Le Rhinocéros" having been the most caustic and most popular of all his plays. He was the only Academician who in the entry procession looked smiling and youthful; the older members, in their black uniforms embroidered with yellow leaves and small fruits, filed gravely into the severe rotunda looking important. The famous small Renaissance rotunda that served as Mazarin's tomb forms the center of the lovely Palais de l'Institut de France, which stands, spreading architectural grace, on the left bank of the Seine—perhaps the most exquisite historic construction still extant in all France. Once in place, and having rehearsed the procedure, Ionesco turned toward a microphone by his seat and, with the manuscript of his speech in one hand, began hunting with the other for his glasses in the unfamiliar pockets of his splendiferous new embroidered coat. "Not here, not there," his frowning face admitted in a dark moment of theatrical worry. Then, of course, he suddenly found them, just where he had first looked, and the audience, on exceptionally crowded benches, permitted itself a slight ripple of laughter. Squeezed into his audience were the new Minister of Culture, two administrators of the Comédie-Française, members of the Goncourt Academy, a sprinkling of no longer young theatre stars, and a contingent of well-dressed aristocratic old Academy lady fans, who attend all the cupola performances, if they feel strong enough. Ionesco's speech was intelligent and interesting to listen to. As is customary, it was given in praise of the late Academician to whose empty seat he had been elected—Jean Paulhan, the famous short-tempered editor of the once powerful literary monthly *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Ionesco's address not only was highly intelligent but

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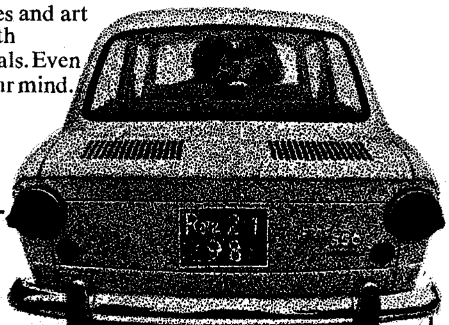

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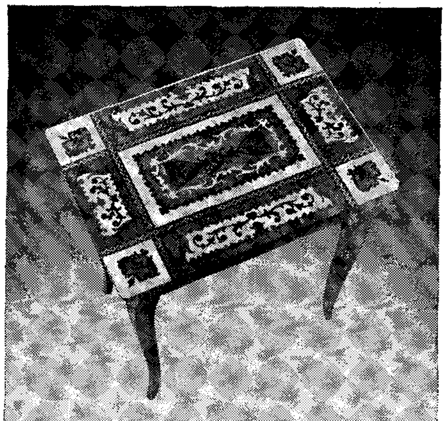

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was read in a pleasant, practiced voice.

For the exit of the Academicians, through the Institut's side portal on the *quai*, a small official honor guard from the Garde Républicaine was waiting, with its commanding officer mounted on a horse that capered between two lines of soldiers with drawn swords. As each Academician passed, the troopers saluted, with their swords pointed to the sky, the upright blades gleaming. Indubitably, when literature in the French tongue reaches official eminence, it is highly honored.

THERE is no point in mentioning French theatrical entertainment at the moment, because there is nothing of sufficient newness or consequence about. But a remarkable new Franco-Italian film has just opened, played by a cast that has given exceptional satisfaction. It's called "Le Conformiste," and was taken from Alberto Moravia's novel, which, in turn, was based on a political assassination in Paris in the nineteen-thirties, during the height of Italy's Fascist melodrama. The movie was directed magisterially by Bernardo Bertolucci and has a cinematographic opulence suited to Fascism's gaudy surface. Jean-Louis Trintignant plays Marcello, the conformist—a conventional upper-class dilettante and would-be killer, who, because assassination is the Fascist mode, accepts, like a diplomatic duty, the task of eliminating a liberal, anti-Fascist Italian professor who has taken refuge in Paris and whom the so-called "long arm of Mussolini" intends to suppress. Dominique Sanda beautifully uses her beautiful face and body as the innocent professor's alert wife in a dance-hall scene in which she aims at seducing the conformist's silly bride as a means of perhaps influencing the conformist himself—a bedroom tête-à-tête, with their bosoms naked, followed by a fascinating tango scene between the women.

The melodrama and suspense are played to the hilt in a kind of cloak-and-dagger style as the morose, cowardly Marcello tries to extricate himself from the dangerous trap he himself has laid. The film's historicality makes it a thriller of the new type, less good than, but on the order of, "Z," which is still fitfully running here in small suburban houses.

—GENÊT

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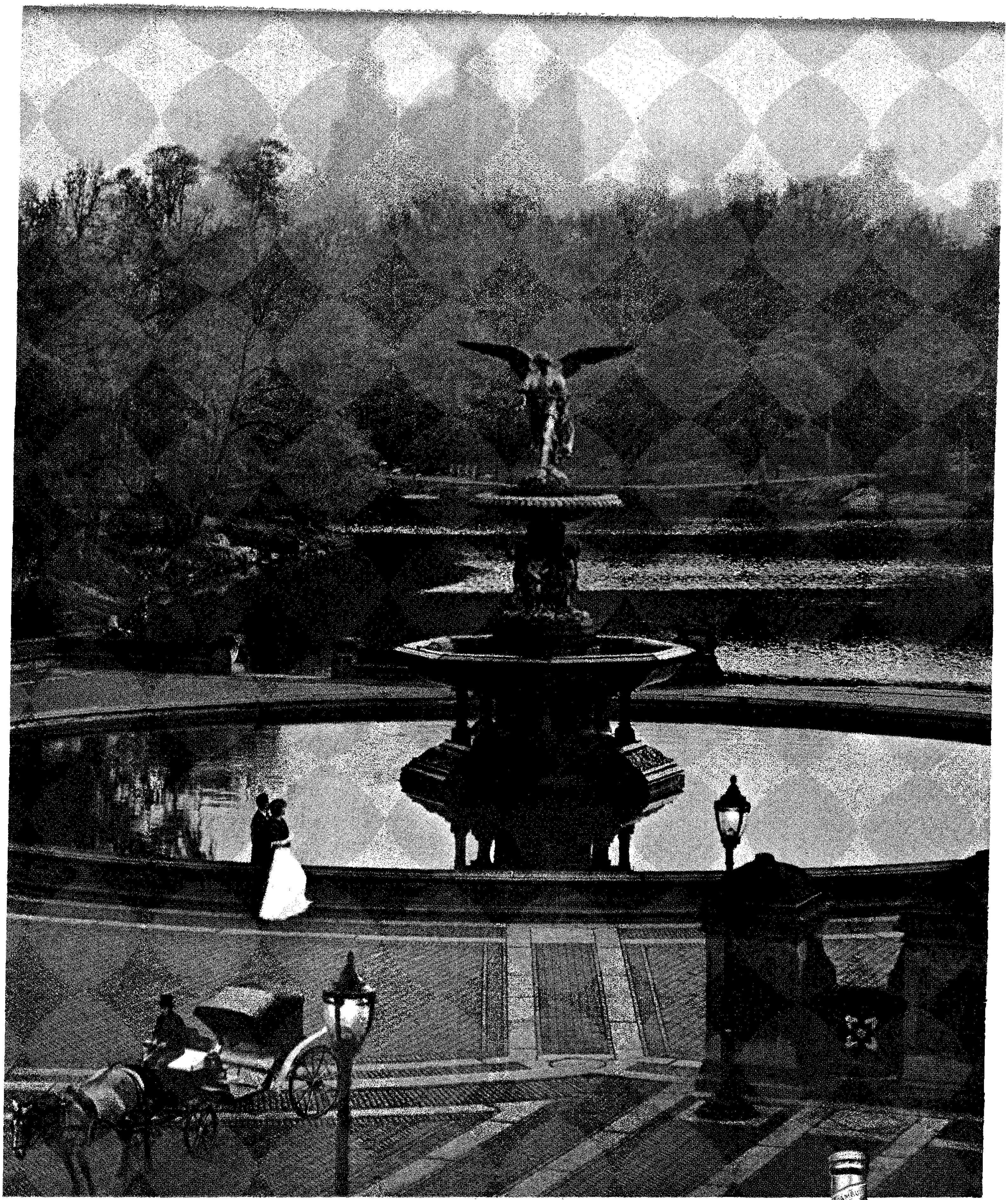

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY
MARCH 3, 1971

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN 1964, an editorial comment appearing in *The New Yorker* applauded the bequest of half a million dollars made by Mr. Ataullah K. Ozai-Durrani—the inventor of Minute Rice—for financing the translation into English of the works of two Urdu poets, Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib and Mir Taqi Mir, and also the writing of their biographies. "There is no telling," the comment quixotically noted. "They may be terrible poets." (For reasons I won't go into here, I have taken seven years to reply.) In trying to come to terms with this unsettling suggestion, I was reminded of Mr. Hussein, one of my father's closest friends in Rawalpindi. I met him when I was about ten, and I remember him as a tall Pathan who appeared even taller because he always wore a turban tied high on his head. He was never seen without it, and we children believed that he wore it to bed. I don't recall his ever discussing any subject without sooner or later touching on Mir and Ghalib. He often observed that the younger generation was so uneducated in its own language and literature that it might as well be illiterate, noting that if one knew Urdu literature there was no reason to know any other, for Mir and Ghalib were better than Chaucer and Byron. He insisted that Mir and Ghalib were so great that any attempt at paraphrase or translation was defamatory. I also remember, however, that in expounding the Urdu poetry Mr. Hussein used to refer us to an English book, "A History of Urdu Literature," written by Ram Babu Saksena and published in Allahabad in 1927. I recently obtained a copy of this book, and have come to realize that Saksena effortlessly and naturally catches a flavor of the poets that might take anyone trained in the West years of unlearning to achieve.

Saksena tells us that Mir Mahommad Taqi, who signed himself Mir, lived from 1125 to 1223 A.H., or from 1793 to 1810 A.D. (Saksena uses both the Mohammedan lunar calendar and the Gregorian solar calendar, and this procedure gets him into difficulties, since by the first reckoning Mir died at the age of ninety-five and by the second at the age of seventeen; literary histories give his dates as 1722-1810 A.D.), and that his period "is one of great glory for Urdu poetry when it blossoms forth with a dazzling magnificence." He continues, "They [Mir and his contemporary Mirza Rafiuddin, whose pen name was Sauda] outshine their compeers in the beauty of their style, in the elegance and command of diction, in the mastery of technique, in the loftiness of thought, and in the delicacy of sentiment. *Ghazal* and *Qasida* reached a very high level." A *ghazal*, Saksena explains, is an erotic or mystical ode of ten or twelve couplets, and a *qasida*, which is anywhere from twenty-five to a hundred and seventy couplets long, is a poem with an avowed intention, and the poem may be "a panegyric or a satire or it may be didactic, philosophical, or religious." Saksena dwells on Mir's period at some length:

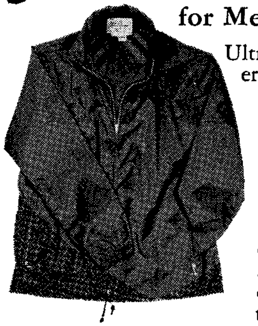
> Love themes were handled with a freshness and effect not to be found before.... The lines were more compact, and had a greater swing. There was little looseness about them. They had more vigour and poignancy and appealed better to the ear. Quaint and far-fetched... figures of speech began to make their appearance oftener than before, but not to such an extent as to mar the beauty and confound the meaning of verses. They are harmoniously woven and do not obtrude very prominently.... Not only were the poets of this period the originators of certain poetic forms in Urdu, but they handled them so cleverly that they laid down the lines for further improvement. Their treatment, however, was conventional, modelled strictly on the canons of Persian poetry. The language [Urdu] made great and rapid strides and acquired vigour, range and elasticity.... It [the period] saw the rise of some of the greatest masters of Urdu verse... some of the most distinguished and honoured on the bead-roll of Urdu literature.

Saksena is at his rhetorical best, however, in discussing Mir's poetry and its place in his period:

> Urdu poetry is popularly regarded to be co-extensive with the Urdu *ghazal* and as Mir is pre-eminent as a *ghazal* writer he is naturally regarded to be the greatest of Urdu poets.... His verses are simple, eloquent, poignant, winged with pathos and pain.... In the ardour of passion, in the melody and music... his *ghazals* rank the best in Urdu literature.... His *ghazals* are the elixir of Urdu poetry.... Mir's position is unequalled in the history of Urdu literature. He is popularly called Khuda-i-Sakhun or "God of Poetry."

Saksena makes a valiant attempt at critical comment:

> It is incorrect to say that Mir never attempted the satire and the *qasida*. He



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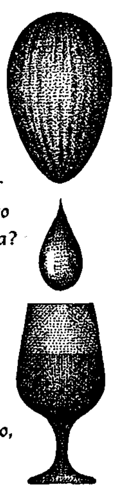

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tried and proved a failure, as his genius did not lie that way.

But then he gracefully cancels his criticism:

Mir's despondent nature, retired habits, and brooding mind, self-absorbed and hypercritical, did not permit him to scour widely over the field of human nature. The narrow outlook of Mir was the outcome of his concentration and proud temper. He wooed his muse with all the fervour and intensity of an ardent lover. Such was his self-effacement and his self-extinction in work that he did not notice for seven whole years a garden over which his sitting room looked out. Such absorption to the exclusion of everything else must result in high artistic work in its own circumscribed domain.

When Saksena comes to discuss Ghalib, he surpasses his discussion of Mir. He says that Ghalib "fully opens his heart to his readers and sings of . . . 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' his illusive and ever-receding hopes . . . the thousand and one attachments and affections of life, its pomp and circumstance, its joys and its vexation." He continues, "The intense pathos of life, the heart-rending anguish of helpless suffering, the blank bewilderment of unbearable misery, the stern and inexorable shocks of sudden misfortune, the painful consciousness, in short, that 'life is a sad funeral procession with the laughter of gods in the background,' all this finds an echo in his verses." But this particular consciousness, Saksena says, is only one facet of Ghalib's work, for "the tragic gloom of Ghalib's odes is occasionally relieved by rays of dazzling light." He goes on to say, "The sunshine and joy are interspersed with despair and darkness. . . . Ghalib is a consummate artist and has an astonishing power and felicity of presentation of the visual picture." To illustrate what he means by "the visual picture," Saksena quotes, in English translation, from Ghalib himself: " 'Ah! Love, the joy of night, the pride of heart, the peace of sweet sleep, belong to him over whose arms thy locks are gently waving.' " Saksena comments on the echo of Shelley elsewhere. He concludes, "Ghalib's . . . art is truly superb and yet superbly true," only to cap this epigram with another: "Once again beauty is truth and truth beauty." Ghalib is also "Khuda-i-Sakhun."

Perhaps I ought to stop here and admit that I accept on faith Saksena's questionable facts—which he rides like the proverbial beggar riding his wish-horse—because I am in love with Saksena's lush prose. His voice has the accent of my Indian childhood, and it speaks to me over the barrier of years

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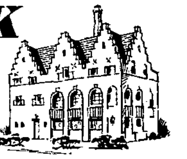

and critical sensibility. I even tend to identify myself with the poets as Saksena recounts their lives. "Mir . . . drank copiously of the gall of life," Saksena writes. "His is a tale of woe. . . . His verses bear the motto 'Abandon all hope ye that enter here.' " Saksena explains that Mir Taqi Mir was the son of Mir Abdullah, one of the nobles in Akbarabad (Agra); that Mir Abdullah died when Mir Taqi Mir was just a child, and the boy left Akbarabad when the Emperor Shah Alam was on the throne; that afterward the boy lived with his uncle Khan Arzu, who himself was a well-known Persian poet, and who proceeded to supervise the boy's education; that the uncle taught the nephew the art of writing poetry; that Mir received great popular acclaim ("His verses were on the lips of everybody. His *ghazals* were taken from city to city as valuable presents"); that, like most poets, he was impecunious; and that he was too proud—had a "supersensitive nature," which prevented him from courting the nobility of Delhi and receiving patronage. Saksena ends his survey characteristically: "Only a few scanty details which are authentic are available about Mir's life."

And Ghalib's life? He repudiated, Saksena says, "the pleasure garden view of paradise and the glowing pictures of the gratification of sense as humiliating and demoralising to the purity of high ideals." And Saksena continues:

> He writes, "We know what paradise is in reality but oh Ghalib! it is a fine idea to keep one's heart happy!" [Urdu poets often speak of themselves in the third person] and again "True worship is not evoked by the thought of wine and honey. Hurl down such a paradise into hell." Ghalib believed that the supreme misfortune, the real tragedy of life, is individual self-consciousness, because it sunders the individual from the cosmic consciousness. . . . He cries out, "After all, I have a heart of flesh and blood. It is not a stone or a brick-a-bat; why then should it not be moved by sorrow?". . . The concentrated passion, the unreasoning simple fond hopefulness, the pathetic clinging to fast vanishing faith, the dread of impending calamity but not the full consciousness of it are beautifully mirrored in the couplet in which he says, "Ah, friend! Why are you so nervous in telling me of the disaster in the garden? Why should it be my nest on which the lightning fell yesterday?"

Elsewhere, Saksena observes that Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib, who was born in 1797, was "sprung from a noble Central Asian family of Turks of the Aibak clan which traced its descent through the Saljuk kings to Faridun in

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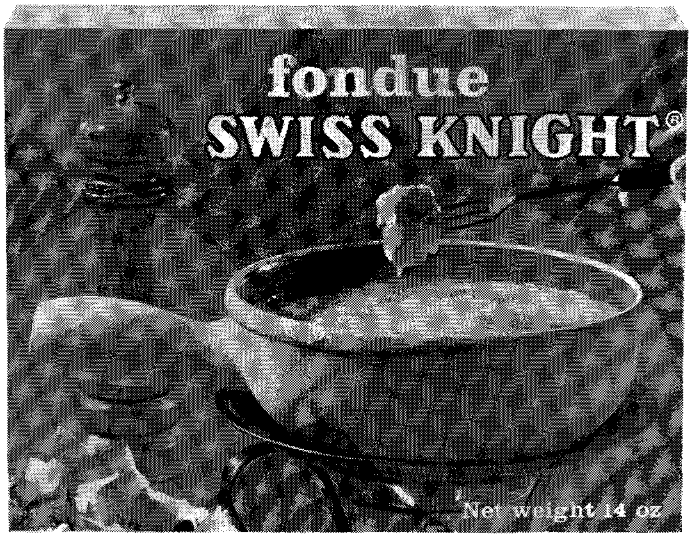

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the misty and legendary past." Ghalib's childhood was tragic, and his education intensive but haphazard. He lost his father at an early age, like Mir, and later, when he was nine, he also lost the uncle to whose care he had been committed. Because his relatives were well connected, the boy was given a pension to carry on with his education. He was fortunate in having excellent tutors. He grew up to be a good correspondent, have a host of friends, and be generous with his time and money—he was kind to aspiring poets. He drank and gambled, and behaved like a grandee, and apologized in his poems for his prodigal conduct. He received many local honors, among them designation as a courtier to several native potentates, but the British regarded him with suspicion and snubbed him. He died at the age of seventy-one, and Saksena, remarking on certain hardships of his hero's life, observes, "No wonder that he sought solace in his moderate cups."

Sincerely,
VED MEHTA

•

ACADEMIC NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Claremont Graduate School Alumni News, Claremont, Calif.*]

Carl Hertel has completed a film, "Aponivi" (The Gap Down Through Which The Wind Blows), dealing with articulation of spatial environment in the film medium. Film resulted from the Monumental Line Drawing Event on Lucerne Dray Lake in December. This involved about one hundred students and friends in two groups drawing two lines about one mile long (each) which intersected. One line was plowed, the other hemp with black balloons. Simultaneously, Katherine Snipes' 100′ balloon was inflated in so much as it could be having been punctured by the 11 dogs running over, around and through it. It was, in fact, ultimately completely inflated by desert winds and about forty people inside it breathing. Filming was done from the air and on the ground. During the fall semester, Mr. Hertel will be on sabbatical painting water colors of the southwestern landscape in an attempt to cleanse himself of the effects of having extended his media these past two years. Mr. Hertel also teaches at Pitzer College.

•

Captain Shepard's natural healing, Dr. Berry said, has fixed the tube in place since the operation. Space agency doctors have tested the captain several times to see if the pressures encountered during space flight could dislodge the vital tube.

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Roger.

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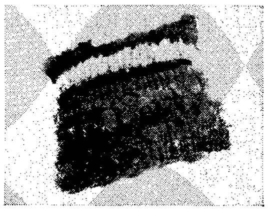

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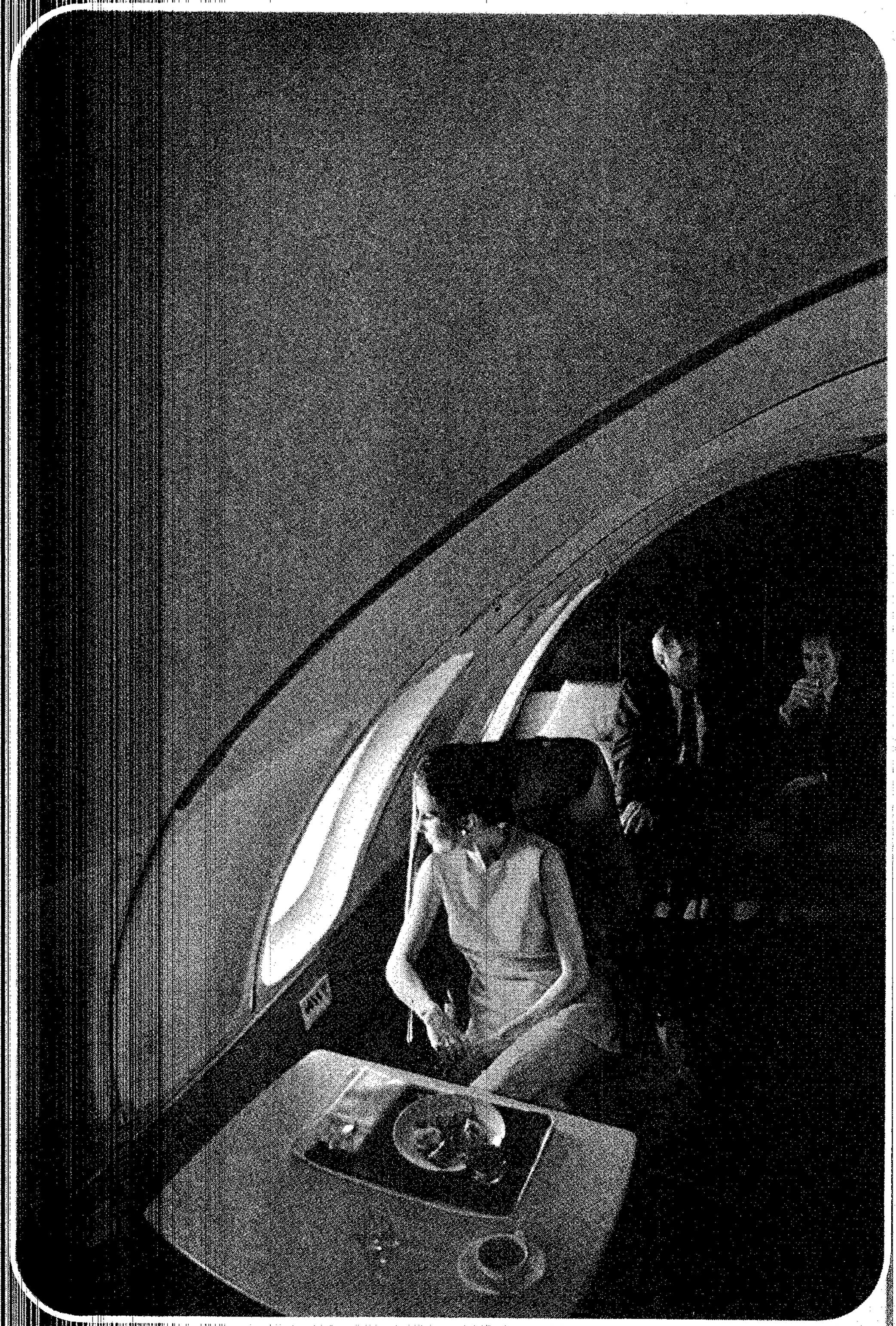

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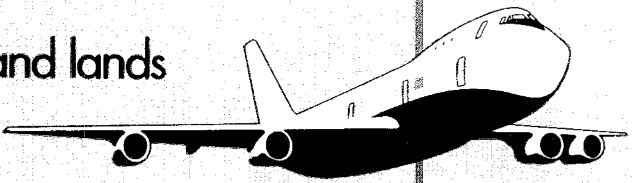

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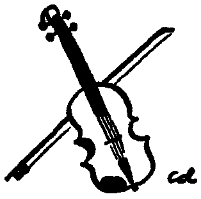
MUSICAL EVENTS

Music—Loud and Not So Loud

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN, whose "Hymnen" I heard in Philharmonic Hall on Thursday night of the week before last, is by his own admission a very angry young man. His anger is justified, and a large number of young people, attracted to the auditorium not only by him but by a lower box-office price than usual (this was an eccentric event in the New York Philharmonic's season), seemed to find it a source of satisfaction. I could sympathize with this anger, though the method of expressing it appeared to me to defeat itself. I have never heard so much hostility put into sound by a composer. Stockhausen not only hates the present state of the world; he hates music and—if I am not mistaken—his audiences, too. His "work," if you can call it that, is hard to describe. If I may make an inadequate attempt at description, it sounded like what a man might hear while sitting in a railroad switching yard twiddling the dial of a defective radio, vividly remembering meanwhile that somebody had been pounding on the radiator at home. Many of its components reminded one of the compositions of men like Luciano Berio and Milton Babbitt. But Mr. Stockhausen seemed to have a wider variety of sound at his disposal than these composers. And this was to be expected, since he has long been a hero of the avant-garde and a leader in developing its techniques. The thing fell into four sections, designated by the composer as "regions." The Philharmonic took part in the third of these. The rest were played by the Group Stockhausen, an assemblage of six men, one of whom played a piano and three of whom played electronic appliances, while a fifth hid behind a gigantic gong, stage center, and Mr. Stockhausen himself presided over a tape machine in the middle of the audience. There was obviously a "one-world" idea behind all the clatter, since Mr. Stockhausen presented fragments of the anthems of eight or ten nations, tearing them to bits much as a playful dog might tear an old gunnysack. The intention was admirable, the execution a trifle juvenile, and the total effect without any musical or intellectual values whatever. As I left the auditorium, I felt a craving for a more modern and expressive type of music—rock, even in its most depraved forms, like, say, the Coca-Cola television commercial.



A WEEK ago Sunday night, the New York City Opera brought Gustave Charpentier's "Louise" back into the repertory. "Louise" is a special favorite of mine, as it is for anyone who spent any time in Paris prior to the Second World War. Its charge of nostalgia is powerful, and its rather Wagnerian and sometimes thin score is always melodious. It is not done very often, and has never been done at the Metropolitan during the Bing regime. But I was disappointed in the production the other night. The direction, by Anthony Besch, was for the most part terrible. No atmosphere whatever was conveyed in the second-act street scene, and the last act looked like the beginning of Eliza's venture onto the ice. Moreover, the conductor, Charles Wilson—ordinarily a skillful performer—was ill at ease in the score, and, as a consequence, all the sensuousness of the music went out the stage door. The Louise was Carol Neblett, and she is a promising one, but her singing and acting on this occasion were timid and inhibited. (Fault of the director? Fault of Miss Neblett herself? Hard to say.) She has the vocal power for the role, and her voice, when she allows it full play, is rich and expressive. She allowed it full play only in the third act, singing "Depuis le jour" very nicely. Her French diction is cultivated and understandable, too. But she made very little of the joyous abandon that is Louise's nature, and during most of the opera her voice was so restrained as to be almost unnoticeable. A new tenor, a Corsican named Georges Liccioni, undertook the role of Julien. He is a curious and potentially valuable phenomenon—a tenor with an Italianate voice who sings French beautifully. He is also a handsome young man, quite slim for a tenor. He was not always at ease with his high notes the other night. Otherwise, his performance was pleasing. Joseph Rouleau sang the part of the father in an experienced manner, with a little gravel in his voice but on the whole effectively. Elaine Bonazzi made an acceptable mother. Among the hordes of minor characters, Kenneth Riegel as the Noctambulist (later the King of Fools) stood out because of the power of his singing. And another who stood out was Bianca Sauler, whose purity of voice as Irma, the seamstress, made her one of the evening's few unadulterated pleasures.

THE New York City Opera did much better on Tuesday evening of last week, when Beverly Sills returned to the company in Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux." I described her remarkable portrayal of Queen Elizabeth last year, when this opera entered the repertory. It is one of the greatest studies of character we have witnessed since the time of Maria Callas, and vocally it is a marvel of agility and expressiveness. Susanne Marsee, much better cast this time than she was in "La Cenerentola," sang beautifully as the Duchess of Nottingham. I had not heard the tenor Herman Malamood before. He coped well, if not exactly elegantly, with the role of Roberto Devereux. As the Duke of Nottingham, Richard Fredricks, the baritone, was altogether outstanding—a singer of great eloquence and an actor of considerable presence. Julius Rudel took charge in the orchestra pit and, being the master operatic conductor that he is, held tempos, variations in tempo, *fermate*, and so on, to precisely their right proportions, allowing for elasticity where it was needed and turning in a splendid performance. Tito Capobianco's direction (revitalized, I suppose, by Elena Denda, since Mr. Capobianco was out of town) remains as resourceful and as apt as before, and the sets, by Ming Cho Lee, and costumes, by José Varona, are still a delight to the eye and an enhancement of the drama.

I CANNOT say as much for the sets and costumes that Attilio Colonnello designed some time ago for Verdi's "Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan Opera. In fact, I can say that Mr. Colonnello is my least favorite stage designer. One could almost smell the cheap perfume emitted by his sequinned breastplates, and his *objet-trouvé* sets, with their architectural dilapidation, are terribly arty. Moreover, the costumes for Manrico and Azucena, in particular, looked like old clothes retrieved from some musty basement. "Il Trovatore" made its appearance on Tuesday and Friday nights last week, and I attended the Friday-night performance because I wanted to hear James McCracken as Manrico. The cast was all American—something that seems to work well in Verdi at the Met

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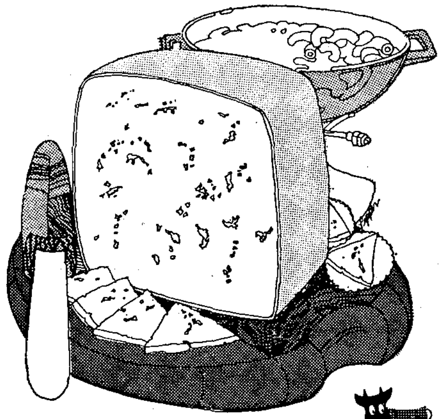

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nowadays. The singers were of the highest calibre, but the opera did not jell. The Leonora was Martina Arroyo, and she sang with the requisite power and fine vocal quality, though she lacked, here and there, the agility that the role demands. Mr. McCracken's Manrico was worth waiting for. He is, to my mind, the finest tenor in his class today, and his class is the rare one of the *tenore di forza*, whose members can bring down the house not only as Manrico but as Otello and Radames, along with some characters in operas of Meyerbeer's period. He has lost some weight recently, and his Manrico was not only vocally superb but visually heroic. He is a valuable artist, and we should be able to hear him more often. Then, there was the Count di Luna of Sherrill Milnes, who is certainly the outstanding Verdi baritone of the present generation, as well as the one recently past. The Azucena was Lili Chookasian, a fine singer, too, and the Ferrando was the admirable Raymond Michalski. With such a cast, one might have expected an epoch-making performance. But there were considerable flaws in this one. How many were the fault of Zubin Mehta, the conductor, or of insufficient rehearsal I am not prepared to say. Mr. Mehta is a man who loves a big, fat tone, and at times the tone was just too loud. Moreover, there must be an understanding between conductor and singers about whether the high note in the middle of the trio at the end of Act I, Scene 2, is to be prolonged, as is the usual Italian tradition, or whether it is to be sung in strict tempo, which was Toscanini's tradition. I like it either way, but when there is no understanding, and the conductor uses strict tempo while the singers, or some of them, seem to expect a ritardando, the result is apt to be an ugly clash, and so it was the other night. I suppose that it was because of Mr. McCracken's being thrust into the role that Richard Tucker had just vacated, and this without the proper amount of rehearsal. But it is the sort of thing that occurs in factory-produced opera, in which singers are treated like interchangeable spare parts in a machine, and, unfortunately, we are witnessing a great deal of factory-produced opera at the Metropolitan nowadays. I hope that when Goeran Gentele takes charge of the Metropolitan, he will retain singers like Mr. McCracken on an almost permanent basis, see that they have adequate rehearsal, and allow them to do their magnificent best at every moment of the score.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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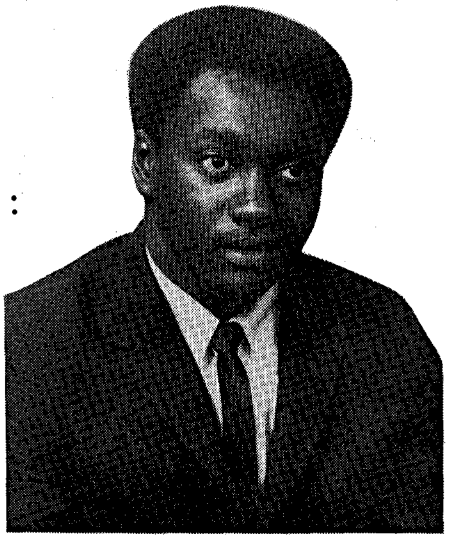

William Woods.
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Grandmother:
domestic worker
Children At Home: *2*
Total Family Income:
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BOOKS

Airborne

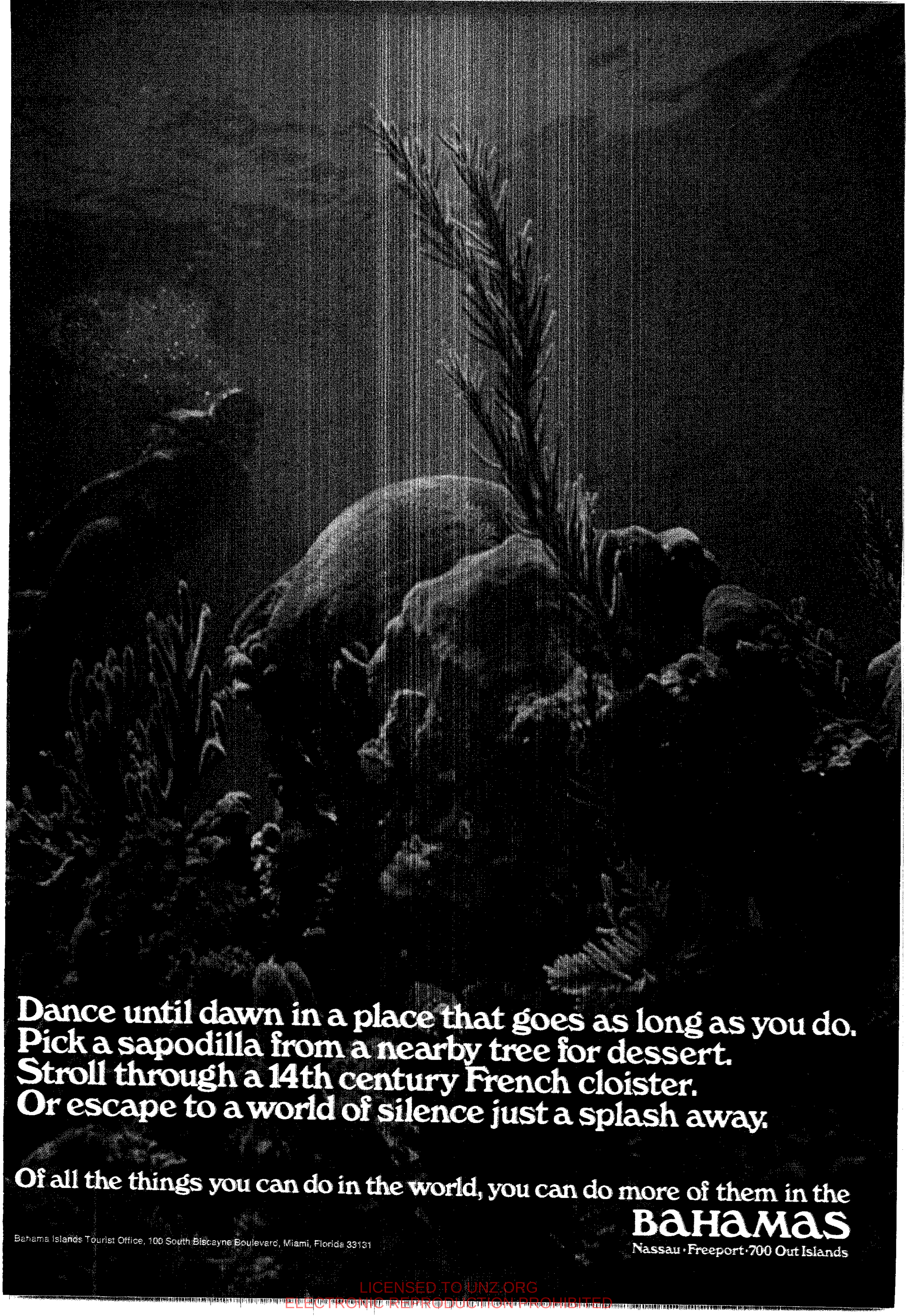
FRANCIS STEEGMULLER'S "Cocteau" (Little, Brown; twelve dollars and fifty cents) is a biography beyond my ability to praise, but I shall try. The author has surmounted innumerable difficulties, and, with efficacious, unobtrusive candor, constructed an absorbing, instructive narrative. There was, for example, the difficulty of simply finding out what happened to Cocteau, a mythmaker who repeatedly rewrote his own archives. Steegmuller knows that Cocteau ran away from home when he was fifteen and lived in the Marseille red-light district. For how long? What did he do? How did he get home? There are as many answers to these questions as Cocteau chose to give. Cocteau was by no means the only person in Cocteau's life who changed his testimony; Gide gave varying accounts of the origin of his dislike of the man. Cocteau documents have been scattered, and it is difficult to be certain about the exact quality of his relations with Proust because one of Cocteau's protégés stole and sold a great part of the correspondence. Steegmuller has done his meticulous detective work modestly; he collars recalcitrant facts without crowing—he knows that how people feel about facts matters, too, and that feelings can be even harder to collar. He gets them, though; when we are told that Cocteau worked on the libretto for Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," our biographer records what the men felt about each other before, during, and after the collaboration.

Cocteau lived from 1889 to 1963, through several artistic epochs, each of which rejected its predecessor. At the age of eighteen, he made his début as a poet in what Steegmuller calls "an artistic world that was still genteel." When, not much later, Cocteau discovered a world of art that was ungenteel—Cubist painting, Surreal poetry—he quickly appreciated its value. He decided that he, too, would create modern work, and that he would introduce his old friends of the genteel salons to the bold new styles. He became a creator, a collaborator, and an impresario for other men's talents. He persuaded Satie and Picasso to work with him on "Parade" (produced in 1917), and thus achieved, Steegmuller says, "the first wholly modern ballet [that] survives in its descendants." Cocteau always considered himself a poet, and insisted that his films, ballets, plays, novels, and criticism were forms of poetry. His biographer accepts this; to me, though, it sounds as if Cocteau were trying to disarm critics who resented his versatility. Nonetheless, as this book points out, Cocteau had not only remarkable imagination and inventiveness but a remarkable ability to figure out new things to do with arts and techniques other than language and verse.

"Come on, now. It's my turn to hold the sceptre."

The greatest difficulty in writing about Cocteau is his character—a mixture of inextricably intertwined strengths and weaknesses. Steegmuller is the model biographer—kind and shrewd. Cocteau was always in search of a strong man, as lover or leader. In trying to attach himself to powerful persons who were not lovers, he exhibited an appalling talent for pushiness. With his lovers, such as the novelist Raymond Radiguet, who was young, handsome, gifted, and cruel, he displayed an equally appalling talent for suffering. Steegmuller believes that Cocteau, feeling himself weak, wanted to "become" whatever strong figure he followed, even though, early and late, he had "a toughness and resilience" that he probably did not recognize. True, Radiguet started him writing novels, but he wrote his most successful one, "Les Enfants Terribles," long after Radiguet was dead, and though he made a fistful of admired films for the actor Jean Marais (a strong man who achieved what nobody else could—getting him off opium), he had created "Blood of a Poet," one of the earliest avant-garde films, long before he met Marais. Like many other people whose goal is self-fulfillment, who want "to live my own life," he was not very good at living; what he could do, amid every sort of disorder and disorganization, was go on working. But he did not realize that his work was proof of strength, and he was disposed to commit the sins of the weak—to be disloyal, exploitative, irresponsible, cowardly. He was also generous and staunch, and he could never help being charming. Cocteau's sense of weakness produced what Steegmuller calls his "humility"—his fear of not mattering, of being overlooked, which drove him to show off. Steegmuller thinks Cocteau took too seriously Diaghilev's famous command, "Astound me," and that, in his uncertainty, he never wholly overcame his "compulsion to astound."

This trait flaws Cocteau's work for me more than it does for his biographer. (I speak only of the printed



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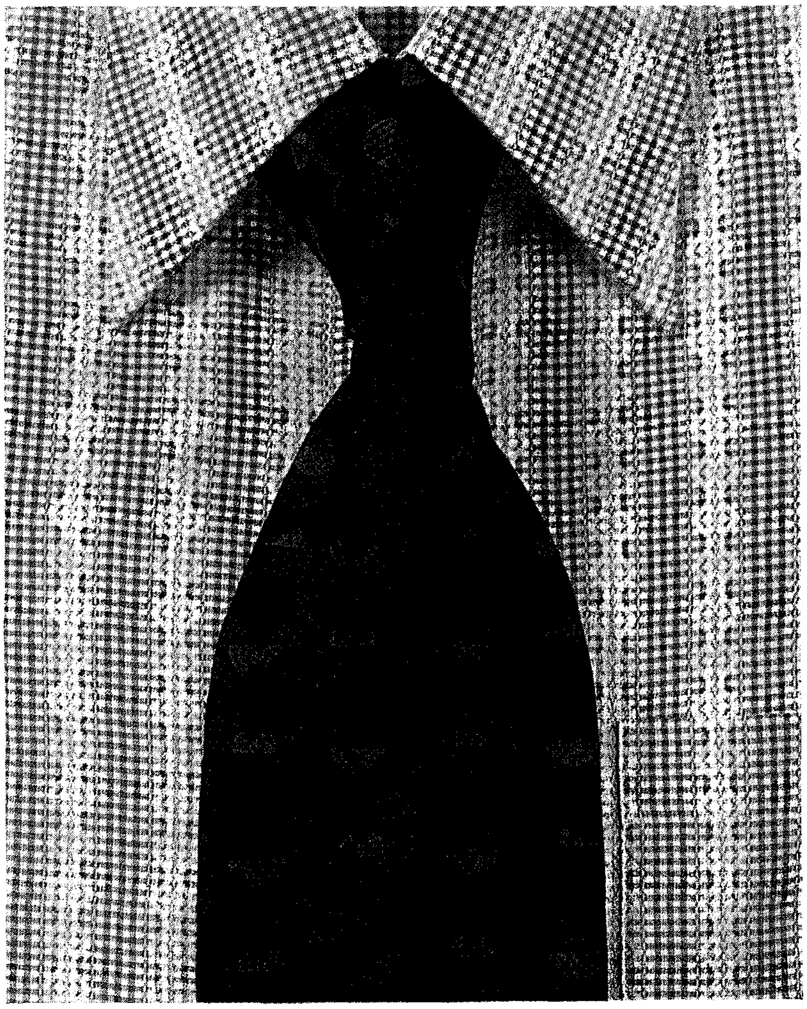

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k.) Cocteau is often too entertain-
to be entirely successful, and his
ting suffers from his inability to
t his material to make its own im-
sion. Steegmuller tells us how upset
teau was by the horrors he saw as
mbulance aide in the First World
r, yet "Thomas the Impostor," in
ch he uses his war service, is so wit-
nd its language so striking, that the
ering he wished to recall is nearly
sible in the dazzle of prose. I am
prescribing art that is not artful,
there is artfulness, too, in counting
reader's steady attention and good
, and not attempting to win him
n and again. Rereading Cocteau, I
ever more awed by the brilliance of
endowments, but by the standards
that brilliance much of his work
. That has nothing to do with the
e of Steegmuller's book; we do not
it only by examples of perfection,
an or artistic, and "Cocteau" is a
-perfect account of a fascinating,
erfect being.

HE subject of Curtis Cate's im-
pressive biography "Antoine de
t-Exupéry" (Putnam; ten dol-
) lived in the twentieth century
00-44), yet a good deal of his life
ngs to what seems a remote past—
omance with flying when he was
of the pioneering pilots of civil
tion in the twenties, and his insist-
on remaining chivalrous in the
tieth century. Saint-Exupéry was a
e man who was not combative, and
n he was lost on a reconnaissance
ion over southern France in the
mer of 1944, he was flying, at an
that even he admitted was too
t, because he could not bear
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us warfare that was going on
ng the French factions in
; he preferred to risk his life
France rather than to quarrel with
r Frenchmen, and his death illus-
s that unhappy contemporary truth:
htly guys finish last.

ate portrays a beguiling man whose
y and playfulness were gradually
ted as much by the troubles of
world, his country, and other peo-
s by his own. Saint-Exupéry began
ing when he was a schoolboy, but
ad neither the self-assurance nor
money—despite his title of Count,
as only a poor relative—simply to
out and be a writer. On the other
l, he found it hard to get started at
hing else until, at the age of twen-
x, he went to work for a company
flew mail from France to her
can possessions. The line, which
eventually became Aéropostale, went step by step across Spain to Morocco, and then step by step south from Morocco, just as the Portuguese under Prince Henry the Navigator had dared their way at sea down the African shores. In 1930, the company began flying from Africa to Brazil, where it linked up with its South American services. The earliest craft Saint-Exupéry flew for Aéropostale attained no more than eighty miles an hour, and even the larger planes that flew the Atlantic resembled the sailing ships of the Age of Exploration more than they do today's jets. The early aircraft were extremely vulnerable to bad weather, and their functioning depended on their pilots' constant control and judgment; the radios regularly failed and the navigational aids were undependable. But if there was considerably more risk in flying in the twenties, as Cate makes plain, there was a greater sense of achievement and mastery, as Saint-Exupéry's writings show: these little aircraft extended human powers rather than dwarfed them.

One of Cate's virtues as a biographer is his painstaking willingness to describe all sorts of details in a variety of fields, from aircraft construction to publishing, and to tell his readers about the diverse personages in Saint-Exupéry's life: he does not expect that even an American reader who knows about the avant-garde bookseller Adrienne Monnier (she published Saint-Exupéry's first short story in her little magazine, *Le Navire d'Argent*) will also know about Jean Mermoz, the record-breaking pilot, a colleague of Saint-Exupéry who, in the thirties, tried and failed to interest his friend in French Fascism. The most striking figure in Saint-Exupéry's career in aviation was Didier Daurat, Aéropostale's manager. Daurat enforced firm discipline in order to take the risk and romance out of flying, to make civil aviation as routine as trolley-car lines. He wanted not acrobatic fliers but reliable ones. The paradoxical result was that Saint-Exupéry romanticized this anti-romantic. Daurat turned up heroically in Saint-Exupéry's novels, and his personality affected Saint-Exupéry's philosophy: it gave him a concept of what groups in society, and whole societies, could attain under first-class leadership. Saint-Exupéry was not trained to a vocabulary that would call it "good management," but no matter; he did feel the need to place the efforts of the men at Aéropostale in a moral or dramatic or philosophi-

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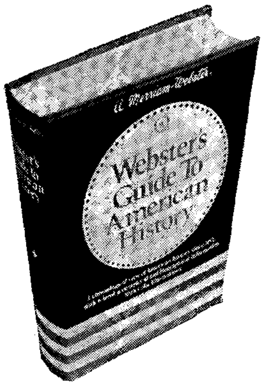

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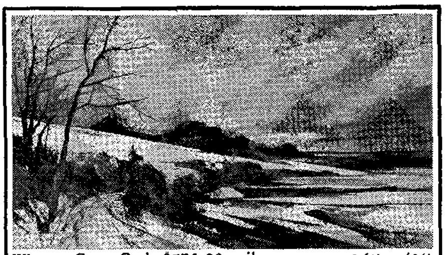

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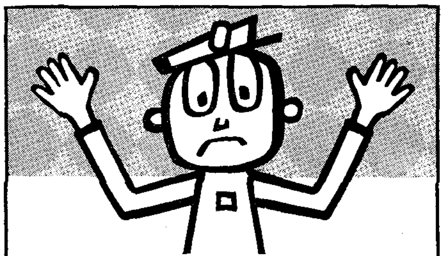

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cal context: selfless, disciplined service. Saint-Exupéry evidently required such discipline, for after the financial collapse of Aéropostale he began flying—as a test pilot, in competition—without Daurat's supervision, and he began to have accidents. And Saint-Exupéry continued to want more out of life than something for himself; he wanted people and ideas to which he could dedicate his existence. Neither he nor Cate notices that this idealist's demand for a worthy authority to obey and for a decent if difficult duty to perform—a morally guaranteed reason for selflessness—is considerably harder to fulfill than the materialist's demands for money or sex or fine clothes. Saint-Exupéry spent his life in quest of a good cause; in those last sad years of the Third Republic, he could not find one, at least in any French political party. Not that he never took sides: he was Loyalist in the Spanish Civil War, but after he went to Spain to report on the war as a journalist, he was probably more sorrowful than partisan. Over the years, he tried to formulate a political philosophy, and he left behind an unfinished utopian manuscript, "Citadelle," which was posthumously published. I do not think it a very useful work for today, but it is an example, intellectually, of what is so attractive about Saint-Exupéry biographically—a quality that appears most affectingly in "Flight to Arras": the drive to go on, to maintain the struggle and the search. The theme of Saint-Exupéry's life—and of Cate's biography—is gallantry. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, by Irwin Shaw (Delacorte). This large and consistently interesting novel centers on three big characters—Gretchen, Rudolph, and Thomas Jordache, brothers and sister, who one by one leave their misery-filled home in a small Hudson River town to seek their fortunes. The Jordaches are big in the sense of being large-scale. In fact, they are out of scale, not because they are more intense or more courageous or more talented than their friends and associates but because they give the impression, very strongly, of being freer and more resilient and more aware of the adventure that is life than ordinary mortals are. That is, they are all free of pettiness, and years of separation cannot destroy the fairmindedness that is the keystone of their

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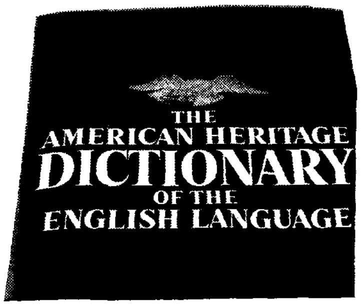

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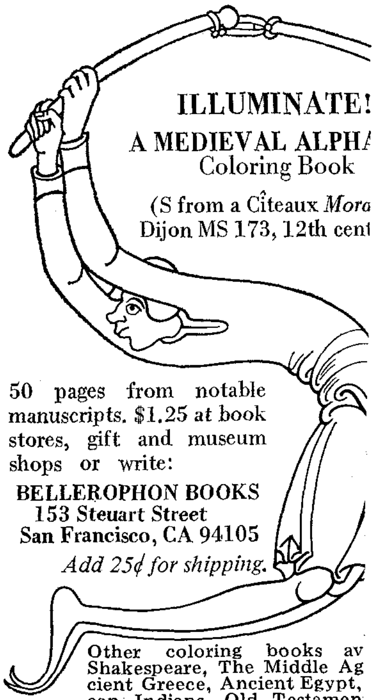

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relationship and that characterizes their attitude toward their bewildered, violently unhappy parents—an immigrant German baker with an atrocious temper, and a native American, a crumpled, complaining lady who "accidentally" married beneath her. What a pair they are, and how they managed to produce three sane, strong children is a mystery, but a mystery we accept because Mr. Shaw, a magnificent storyteller, doesn't give us time to ask silly questions; instead, he gives us a strong hint of what the future holds for the family by showing us, indirectly, how the Jordache grandchildren turn out—Gretchen's son, Rudolph's daughter, and Thomas's son. The defiantly constructive spirit of his work makes this book a triumph for Mr. Shaw. The scene moves from the tiny town to New York City (rich New York, poor New York, plain, everyday criminal New York), Texas (oil-field country), Hollywood, a yacht off the South of France, and so on.

HE EVE OF SAINT VENUS, by Anthony Burgess (Norton). Mr. Burgess tells us that he wrote this sparkling novel in 1950 but withheld it from publication because the gloomy mood of the time seemed to him unpropitious for a lighthearted work. He tells us, further, that his literary sources were two: English farce and an ancient legend of a man who married Venus by mistake. On these borrowings he has erected an edifice of laughter decorated with language. The work's serious message is that love—ordinary human physical love—is as important as such worthy activities as painting and prayer and politics.

OUCHING, by Gwen Davis (Doubleday). A broody account of a California nudie camp run by a foul-mouthed psychologist.

TE: "She Knew She Was Right," a collection of stories by Ivy Litvinov, most of which were first printed in this magazine, has been published by Viking.

GENERAL

PERCENTAGE OF THE TAKE, by Walter Goodman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A chronicle, very well and wittily written, of the James L. Marcus affair, which the author sees as a classic case history of big-city corruption. Be that as it may, what strikes one most about this tale of kickback deals involving the cleaning of a reservoir and the construc-

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tion of a power plant is the second-rate nature of the whole operation: the characters, from the soigné Mr. Marcus and his confidence-man partner, to the businessmen, labor leaders, Mafiosi, and hangers-on who rounded out the cast, were palpable frauds and mediocrities, and though they conspired with each other in terms of millions, the actual sums they passed back and forth beneath tables and in men's rooms were in the low thousands—and in the end they bungled themselves into jail. The case, then, is a classic, but a classic of clumsiness and ineptitude. Photographs.

OF A FIRE ON THE MOON, by Norman Mailer (Little, Brown). Mr. Mailer begins his account of the flight of Apollo 11 and the first moon landing with a question: Is the space program "the noblest expression of the Twentieth Century or the quintessential statement of our fundamental insanity"? It is a good question, and this is a good book. In fact, it is a marvellous book, and in the course of it Mr. Mailer argues convincingly that the answer to his question is "Both." What may come as a surprise is his real competence at describing very complex scientific and technological ideas—which may be explained by the fact, as he points out, that he spent four years as an engineering student. However, this is only a small part of the brilliance and strength of his account. As a novelist, he has that special instinct for getting at the core of an experience, even an experience as astonishing as the first flight to land on the moon. Why did we go and why have we lost interest? For a reader who has decided to read just one more account of space flight before giving up, this is surely the book.

•

On the floor of the Cow Palace, smiling and waving triumphantly to the crowd, was Jerry Lucas, the man who holds the NBA record for consecutive games played by a forward without any visible emotion.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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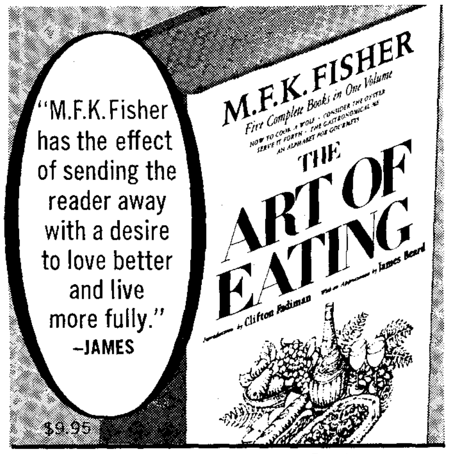

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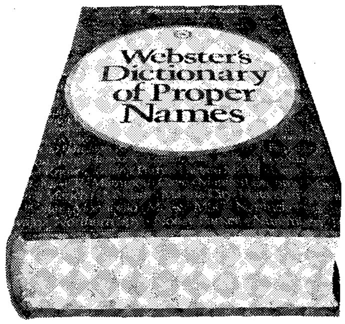

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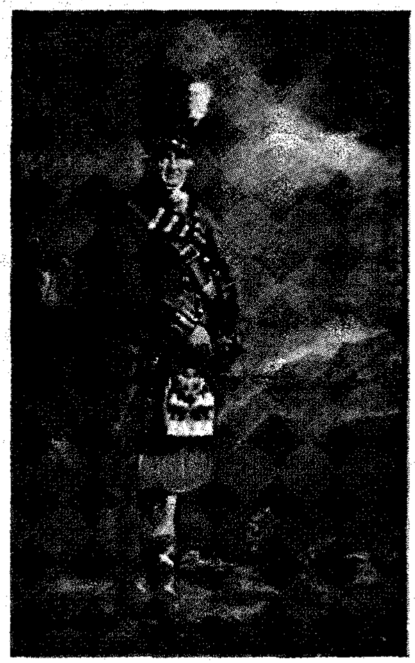

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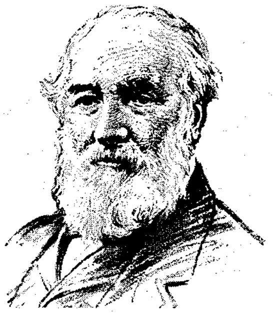

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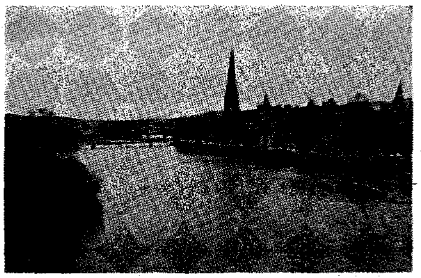

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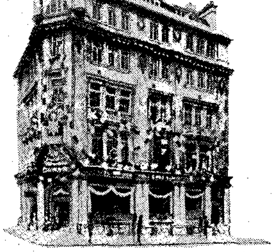

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